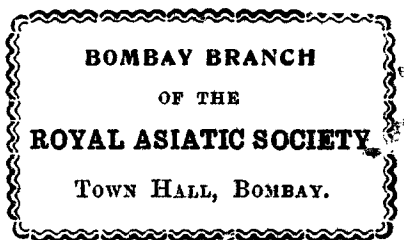




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IMPRESSIONS
THE DIARY OF A
EUROPEAN TOUR

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EUROPEAN TOUR

BY

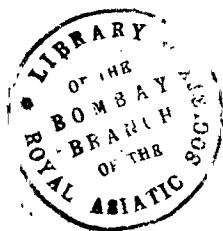
B.C. MAHTAB

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES"

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DEDICATED TO
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WITH THE HIGHEST ESTEEM
AND GRATEFUL AFFECTION
OF
THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THE Diary of a European Tour written by an Indian Maharaja in the advanced days of the Twentieth Century is not a novelty and neither is this book meant to be so. The following pages have been written simply as a record of personal experiences gained by a seven months' stay in Europe. It being my first visit to the West, the book may be full of erroneous ideas or misconceptions which I trust my readers will overlook, taking the volume in the right spirit, simply as a narrative of travel and the expression of personal thoughts and views formed in lands in many respects so very different to the metaphysical East. I shall feel most honoured indeed if this little work of mine prove in any way able to serve as a guide to any Indian Maharaja who may be contemplating a tour in Europe, or who may take an interest in the "Impressions" of a brother Indian and a brother Maharaja who has realised that ambition.

B.C.M.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN the public of Burdwan first got an inkling of my contemplated visit to Europe, not only did it create a consternation amongst the members of the Raj family, which was perhaps natural, but it appeared that my fellow townsmen, at other times almost indifferent to affairs relating to me or my Raj, were roused to take an inordinate interest. The news spread like wildfire amongst high and low ; the majority scoffing at the very idea of such a tour and declaring it to be utterly preposterous. It would be tedious to relate the innumerable requests made to me to give up the trip, which to these critics seemed almost an act of sacrilege or tantamount to a heinous crime, and all the ' obstructions ' that I had to contend with. As moreover they did not weigh with me or exercise any immediate bearing upon my tour, I shall pass them over as being, matters of merely personal concern. I must, however, mention two amusing incidents which happened prior to my departure from Burdwan.

I received a paternal letter from a great Hindu Maharaja of Upper India requesting me not to go to Europe, in his opinion it being altogether an Un-Hindu thing to do ; but in the same letter he blew both hot and cold, for he suggested that if it had been a Coronation or a Jubilee year there would have been a good excuse for crossing the *Kalapani** and seeing Europe—a rather curious admission from a *Hindu* Chief !

Again, one of my staff, my A.D.C., in short, and a relative of my own, was nowhere to be found on the morning of our departure. He seemed to have been spirited away during the preceding night. I afterwards ascertained that faint-heartedness and the fear to offend his dear wife and relatives were the real reasons for his deserting me and causing me so much annoyance and expense on the eve of my departure. Strange to say, the local Bengali paper printed a paragraph alluding to the withdrawal of this individual, almost praising him in so many words for his cowardly act by saying that no doubt his greater sense of Hinduism had prevented him from taking this trip to the *Mlecha Deshas*. † The

* *Kalapani* means literally black water—a common word used in India to denote the sea or ocean.

† *Mlecha Deshas*.—The common word used in India to mean European Countries—often used in a contemptuous way by the bigoted Hindu to all countries whether European or Asiatic where the Hinduism of their ideas does not prevail.

paper stopped there, but the public went further, spreading a rumour that, since the A.D.C. had 'bolted,' I had actually abandoned my tour; and although they knew perfectly well that I was leaving that very night, they made out that the arrangements had all been cancelled. When evening approached, however, and my luggage having been actually despatched, I, with my suite left the Palace for the Railway Station and got into our Saloon carriage (which was to be attached to that night's Bombay Mail), all the busybodies and scandalmongers who try to make anybody's business everybody's, began to realize that the *canards* they had been spreading were about to be falsified. These very worthies, in short, began to sing a different tune. I was surprised and amused to see at the Railway Station, apart from the Raj Officers, members of the Raj family and my friends, both European and Indian, the faces of many who seldom put in an appearance on such occasions, willing and eager, as it seemed, to wish me "*Bon Voyage.*"

April the 17th, 1906, will long remain vivid in my memory, for I can assure my readers that being the representative of a House supposed to have 'always up-held Hinduism in all its creeds and cults, and in the face of an almost overwhelming opposition, it

was no easy task for me to keep my head cool and carry out my intentions. But thanks to God, I never swerved from my purpose, and now that through His great mercy the tour has been completed, I am able to record and thus convey to the public at large how I have enjoyed my trip to Europe and profited by it, although the impressions it has left upon me are but crudely depicted in the following pages.

This introduction may seem strange to European readers who do not, nay, cannot understand why when a member of the Indian Aristocracy or an Indian Maharaja is writing a book on his travels, he should make such a statement, or why any fuss should be made when such a gentleman takes a trip to Europe. In Europe no such social or religious barriers exist as, alas, are still to be found in India, not I fear, to be completely removed for many a year to come. I trust, therefore, that this explanation will be excused by all such Anglo-Indians and Europeans as have lived in or visited India and have studied the Indian problem.

“ Mahtab Manzil, ”
BURDWAN,
June, 1908.

B. C. MAHTAB.

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IMPRESSIONS
THE DIARY OF A
EUROPEAN TOUR

CHAPTER I

The Departure from Burdwan—Arrival at Bombay—Embarking on board the P. & O. S.S. "Peninsular"—First day on the sea—Arrival at Aden

AFTER overcoming a host of obstacles, I left on the night of Tuesday the 17th April 1906 from Burdwan by the Bombay Mail, accompanied by my Private Secretary, Mr. Pashupati Nath Chatterjee, my Doctor, Sasi Bhusan Mukherjee, M.B., and six servants—three Hindus and three Mohammedans—a very large number of servants to take with one to Europe. I afterwards found out to my cost that they were wholly unnecessary, while they were in my way during a part of my travels. Although everywhere their comfort was particularly attended to, I fear their ignorance prevented them from enjoying themselves thoroughly.

The journey between Burdwan and Bombay was uninteresting in the sense that it meant passing through old scenery. We reached Bombay on Thursday afternoon the 19th and drove straight to the Taj Mahal Hotel, where having stayed before we soon settled down comfortably in a nice suite of rooms. I went to Cook's at once to see about our berths and to arrange to send our luggage to the steamer in advance, and about getting the Health Officer to come and examine me and my party at the Hotel. At night, I had a couple of friends to dine, which was very nice before leaving for European waters. We spent the whole of the next day in completing our

arrangements and shopping. In the afternoon, a Mr. Padshah of Tata & Sons came to see me regarding a Company they were about to start (since floated) for iron works in the State of Mourbhunj. I had not the time to go into the details of the project but I wished it every success. It is a pity such projects are not more plentiful in India. If those in India who are constantly clamouring for Swadeshi industries were able to show deeds instead of empty words, we should materially advance the Mother Country.

Saturday, April the 21st, was a day to be well remembered by all of us, for we embarked on the P. & O. Steamer "Peninsular," and were all greatly excited as this was going to be our first lengthy sea voyage. Our heavy luggage we had sent straight from Calcutta to London as cargo. Therefore, on the whole, we had not so very much with us, though after-experience showed that we could have done with quite half the number of packages with which we had left India. The Health Officer, rather an amusing old man, his favourite foible being to give one a dig in the ribs, came and saw us and gave us the necessary certificate at the Hotel. We left the hotel by a special launch ordered by Cook's people, so we got on board a full hour before the passengers began to arrive in tenders. The servants went to the Ballard Pier, where after the necessary examinations etc., they came along with the other passengers. We found that our cabins were all on the spar deck, and we soon made ourselves at home. The "Peninsular" was a small boat in comparison with the "Marmora" which we boarded at Aden. Captain Palmer was very courteous, and so were several others of the staff on board. One little amusing

incident occurred just before we started. A young Officer of the P. & O. Company, of the type that think themselves to be all-powerful, suddenly came into the cabin of my P. S. and Doctor, which was next to mine, and wanted to turn them out simply because he wished to put a friend of his own into theirs. I showed him the tickets and the cabin numbers, and a little gentle talking put things right. It is, nevertheless, a pity that the P. & O. Company entrust to such ill-mannered young men the duty of seeing to the comfort of passengers.

Our steamer left the harbour at nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, and by seven we had lost sight of land. The servants, who were also travelling as deck passengers, thanks to the polite Captain, got a covered place and were made comfortable. I had some little trouble about their food arrangements, due to their own folly, but on board the "Marmora" and the "Osiris" they managed it all right. I soon came across some "Lal Koorties"—*—young Officers whom I had met at Jubbalpore—and got to know several other Calcutta men on board. There was a Lady who was evidently enjoying herself and bent on giving to some of the young army sports on board what in Anglo-Saxon common parlance is called "a ripping good time." The next few days were uneventful, the majority of the passengers occupying themselves either by walking up and down the deck, or playing bridge, reading novels and throwing quoits. Occasionally a group of half a dozen or so would collect to watch flying fish or whales. To all of us life on board was extremely pleasant. Seeing a whale for the first time spouting

Lal Koorties—An Anglo-Indian word generally used to denote any kind of soldier.

out little jets of water was indeed a novel experience. We passed quite a school of them in the Arabian Sea. It struck me as strange the first day, when the clock was put back forty minutes and then forty, thirty, twenty etc., minutes each successive day, this being done of course to keep the time correct. Rather more than five hours represents the difference between London (Greenwich) and Indian (Standard) time.

At about midnight of the 25th we reached Aden, which looked rather pretty lit up from a distance. We transhipped on to the "Marmora," one of the biggest P. & O. vessels, which was full with Australians as it was coming from Australia. It was rather a quaint sight looking up the boat to see a number of our colonial friends, both men and women, watching us come in, some of them appearing in their pyjamas and night-gowns. They all cheered us heartily, and one of them, seeing me shouted out, "Here is a cheer for the Indian gentleman." All this was done in so nice a spirit and in so thoroughly colonial a fashion that I think that our party from the "Peninsular" were all struck by the warmth of the welcome give to us by the Australians. Afterwards it seemed to me that these good people had a code of manners of their own, differing in many respects from that of the Anglo-Saxon; the men particularly were all of a rough and ready type, everyone of them so jolly and frank that so long as one overlooked their colonial mannerisms one found them to be quite a nice lot of fellows.

The transshipment was very quickly done, and we got away from Aden by 2 a.m. On the "Marmora" we had also very nice cabins on the spar deck. The next three days in the Red Sea were a

little bit trying at times, but luckily the breeze kept up, so that with a smooth sea, a blue sky, and a fair wind we had not much to complain of. Occasionally too, a little bit of the Arabian coast was visible. With Aden, we left Indian territory, so we were now passing between Arabian and Egyptian coasts. We got to Suez on Sunday the 29th, where we came across the P. & O. S.S. "Malta," which had left Calcutta on the 11th, and on which were some very great Anglo-Indian friends of mine. Through the binoculars I soon saw them, and there was a great waving of handkerchiefs. At Suez we stopped for some hours to take in our provisions, which were brought by the native fishing boats and junks. Many Arab box-wallas came on board to sell all sorts of things, such as beads, "Turkish delight," etc., and one of them swindled a friend of mine out of four shillings for a wretched box of cigarettes. Sand-hills round about Suez and the Biblically historical lands beyond presented a scene full of weird interest. The construction of the Suez Canal in the early seventies by the great French engineer, De Lesseps, was certainly one of the greatest engineering feats of the Nineteenth Century. Its political importance, its great significance and value to all European powers interested in Asia, and particularly to England, are well known. The name of Lesseps will go down to posterity, and with it another name, that of England's great Prime Minister and statesman, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, who startled Europe at the time by buying up lots of Suez Canal shares for England without even first consulting his own Cabinet. This act of Disraeli's excited great criticism at the time, but the rulers of the Empire and pillars of the British Nation

have long since admitted the foresight and statesmanship of "Dizzy." We left Suez towards the evening and entered the Canal, passing through sandy wastes of enormous expanse on both sides, and we passed many dredgers which are constantly at work. How quickly the sand accumulates in this Canal will be realized when it is mentioned that if the dredgers were not used for two days a good portion of it would be blocked entirely. On the 30th we got to Port Said at about nine in the morning.

CHAPTER II

PORT SAID TO BRINDISI

Port Said—Impressions—Journey between Port Said and Brindisi
—The approach to Brindisi—Arrival—First night in
Europe—Amusing incidents at an Italian
Banquet—Departure for Naples

PORT Said was the first and the last glimpse we got of Egyptian soil. From here a railway line runs to Cairo. There are some fine buildings to be noticed on the quays. At the entrance to the canal is a statue of the French engineer, de Lesseps. The Arabs jumped on board to sell curios, the interpreters singing out the names of their agencies, and a general hubbub seemed to be the order of the day. We bade good-bye to acquaintances made on the voyage and transhipped on to the P. & O. "Osiris."

Before following up my narrative, I feel I must write a few lines about the Reverend Eyre Chatterton, Bishop of Nagpur, a fellow passenger from Bombay to Port Said, whose acquaintance I made on board. The Reverend Bishop was a very attractive personality, and it was a pleasant surprise to me to find that he took more broad and catholic views of the religions in India than the majority of his communion. It was a great pleasure to me to meet him again later on, at his home in the Emerald Isle, and we ultimately became good friends. The Bishop and I had many a long and friendly discussion on the

religious problems of India, and the interesting intercourse I had with him formed one of the pleasantest recollections of my voyage between Bombay and Port Said. We weighed anchor at 11 and soon were gliding away on the blue Mediterranean. From the start the boat pitched and rolled a bit, and we soon realized that she was a fast goer. There were about fifty of us on board, and though the boat was small we were all very comfortable. The first night on the "Osiris," about midnight, for the first time in our lives we experienced a somewhat boisterous sea, and almost everyone on board, including ourselves, suffered from "mal de mer." Luckily, I did not feel it very much, as I soon fell asleep, although all sorts of mysterious noises from the adjoining cabins made me feel somewhat squeamish.

May Day opened with a glorious morning, and for more than six hours the island of Crete was visible. Crete is about a hundred and fifty miles long, and was the bone of contention of the last Greco-Turkish War. The snows on some of the hill-tops made a pretty sight, and Mount Ida, the principal peak in the island, about eight thousand feet high, stood out gracefully. All day the sea was choppy, and at times almost boisterous. We entered the Adriatic at about 2 p.m. on Wednesday the 2nd, and reached Brindisi a little before 5 in the afternoon.

The approach to Brindisi, the ancient Brundisium of the Romans, is rather picturesque from a distance. Several fortifications are to be noticed near the harbour. We passed some Italian torpedo destroyers just before coming into port, and seeing them, a fellow passenger wittily remarked, "They are here to escort us." The sight of the porters on the

shores, all Italians, and all shabbily dressed, did not, I must admit, create a good impression on my mind, though, of course, it was a novelty to us to see all white coolies after the poor, brow-beaten, tawny-coloured coolies of India.

Mr. Francis Mantelli of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, the courier, who had been sent by the Company to meet me here, came on board. We soon found on conversation with him that though he was an Italian by birth and a native of Turin, he spoke English remarkably well for a foreigner, and knew about half a dozen European languages. He proved to be of great help to us, and without him I do not know how we could have managed our tour on the Continent. He got our luggage through the Customs Office with great dexterity. Those amongst the passengers who were going straight to London got into the Brindisi-Paris-Calais-Dover Express, which reaches London in fifty-four hours.

In a local phaeton we made our way to the International Grand, the best Hotel in Brindisi, where we were soon located in a fairly comfortable set of rooms.

A word on the first experience of a Custom House may not be out of place. Though, thanks to our courier, we had not to open any of our packages, I noticed several people had to open their boxes before the all-important officials to prove that they were not bringing with them more than fifty cigars or cigarettes, nor smuggling any dutiable article into the country. No doubt these formalities are to a certain extent necessary, but I found in most places that these examinations were a mere farce, and at times a veritable nuisance. Our courier, Mr. Mantelli, managed things throughout our travels on the

Continent, during our whole stay in Europe, in such a manner that not at a single place had we any trouble with any Custom House Official, and hardly a package of ours was ever opened. After depositing our things in the hotel, we took a drive round the town, which we found to be a very dirty one, and some of the Italians in the streets dirtier even than those we noticed at the wharfs. While driving through the streets, we had to stop to allow a procession of soldiers to pass, as well as a Grand Military Band followed by a number of officials in uniform. We afterwards found out that there was a local Agricultural Exhibition, and this was the procession to the opening ceremony. We noticed that the streets of the town were paved with stones. One of the interesting things in Brindisi is the Old Roman Tower which in the times of the ancient Romans marked the end of the famous Appian Way, the wonderful waterway extending from Rome to Brindisi. It was not a very comfortable feeling at first to be amongst a people whose language we did not understand, with the little impish-looking boys in the streets constantly grimacing at you. I realised the need for a courier that very evening, when I failed to make the waiter understand that I wanted some hot water. I had, in point of fact, to find out a bath room for myself before I could procure a jug of shaving water.

An amusing incident now occurred which kept us in fits of laughter for a good while. It so happened that adjoining our sitting room was a big Banqueting Hall, and that evening the Italian Minister of Public Works, whom we had seen in the procession, was being entertained by the Prefect and prominent townsmen. When the banquet was in full swing,

and while we were watching the proceedings from our room, the Doctor, who had a moment before disappeared, suddenly came panting in with a frightened look on his face.. When we asked him what was the cause of his excitement, he gave us an explanation accompanied with such grotesque gesticulations that we all burst out laughing. Not being satisfied with watching the banquet through the glass window of our sitting room, he had, it appeared, gone round to the entrance of the banquetting hall to get a nearer view of the ceremony. An official at the door in full military costume told him in Italian "prohibito, no entrata," or something to that effect. The Doctor, instead of retiring quietly, mimicked the official and repeated the Italian phrase, which had sounded so funny to him that he could not resist the temptation. This made the gorgeous functionary swear, and he looked so fierce that the Doctor, thinking discretion the better part of valour, came running back to our room. If this was the first, it was certainly not the last time that the Doctor gave us cause for merriment, as will appear later on.

Now a word about the banquet, which was interesting to me as it was the first of its kind that I witnessed. The table seemed to be full of nothing but wine glasses and bottles of Italian wines. When the party seated themselves, we noticed a conglomeration of uniforms, frock-coats, evening dress and lounge suits. There were no ladies present. The Prefect sat on the left of the Minister. Everyone seemed to be talking at once, which, needless to say, created a regular pandemonium. When the toasts were drunk, each man clashed his glass with that of the Minister. The speeches were the funniest part

of all, for though we could not understand the language, it struck me that the speakers were all, without exception, speaking in such a loud tone and heated manner, knocking the table every two seconds, that it gave the impression more of a fierce debate than a complimentary toast-making. The constant shaking of hands and shrugging of shoulders between the speeches were also very funny.

We left our Hotel next morning for the Railway Station, which seemed imposing enough from outside, but proved a very dirty place inside. Getting into the first European railway carriage, I was surprised to see the seats arranged "vis-à-vis." In travelling all over Europe, and even in the luxurious sleeping cars of England, I came to the conclusion that whatever advantages they might have, our Indian railway carriages were to be preferred.

CHAPTER III

NAPLES

From Brindisi to Naples—First impressions—Sight-seeing—Excursion to Vesuvius—An American Tourist—Professor Mattaucci of the Vesuvian Observatory—Pompeii
—The Dead City—Trip to the Isle of Capri
—The blue Grotto—Notes on Naples

AS the journey between Brindisi and Naples was my first land journey on European soil, it was of peculiar interest to me to notice the country one was passing through. Fields upon fields of vineyards, wheat fields, olive gardens and almond trees were to be seen all along the railway line. I noticed that the fields were not divided by aisles or little dams, as one is accustomed to find in India, but that nice clean paths bifurcated them here and there. Anyone travelling in the south of Italy must come to the conclusion that it is a great wine and oil producing country. In Southern Italy, or, in fact, in the whole of Italy, one notices how fond the Italians are of living near a town. In the journey between Brindisi and Naples, with the exception of passing small neat and clean-looking farm-houses studded about the fields, but not too closely situated to one another, one hardly saw a village. Some of the towns *en route* have quite large populations. The first big place we passed through was Bari, a harbour town on the Adriatic with about a hundred thousand souls.

Bari is a bigger commercial port than Brindisi ; opposite to it, on the Turkish coast, is a place called " Anti-Bari. " From Foggia we took a north-westerly direction, and after passing Bovino we came across the Apennines, many peaks of which we went through by tunnels, big and small. The little town of Benevento is picturesquely situated on a hill ; the convent there standing out prominently. In Italy, a convent is a term equally applicable to a monastery or a nunnery, and does not simply mean a place for the nuns as is the case in India, or even in the British Isles. Near and about Benevento, from the district of Basilicata, Italians of the labour class immigrate in large numbers every year to the United States of America, where they find labour more lucrative than at home. Here we passed any number of poplars, Alpine pines and elm trees. Vines hanging in festoons from one elm to another, for which they are of course trained, look very pretty. When we came to the valley of Caserta, we got a distant glimpse of Vesuvius with its cap of smoke. It was indeed a novel sight to see a volcano for the first time in one's life. We noticed the crater smoking, and though over a month had passed since the last terrible eruptions, the volcano was still very active. At Caserta, we had a distant view of the Old Palace of the Bourbons, and later on we passed a big aqueduct, constructed by one of the Bourbon Kings to bring water by artificial cascades for irrigation purposes. One thing struck me forcibly during this trip, and that was that every inch of land worth cultivating all through the country we passed by even right up to the mountain tops, was cultivated.

The approach to Naples was glorious. Vesuvius, with big streams of lava still running down its sides

and the mighty heaps of ashes which the volcano had thrown out during its eruptions, made a weirdly grand sight. We got to Naples at about five in the afternoon. Driving to our Hotel, "The Royal Strangers," outside the town and on the quays, which proved exceedingly comfortable, we passed by the Royal Palace, and the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, both very fine structures, and many palatial commercial buildings. These buildings, some of the fine streets, together with the fine statues of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Victor Emmanuel, dazzled us, and we were much impressed with our first sight of a large European city. The whole city is lit by electricity and has electric trams. On enquiry I found that the smallest towns of Italy have electric light, which is undoubtedly a great convenience and a proof of progress. The buildings in Naples, and, in fact, all over Italy, are generally of stone, and between Brindisi and Naples and in Naples itself the structures are mostly of a stone called "tufa," which resembles very much the sand stone of India, particularly the kind to be found at Chunar in the United Provinces. After dinner, for the first time we witnessed a Neapolitan 'Tarantella dance,' with a string band, tambours, guitars, mandolins and violins. The Neapolitan costumes of these dancers were very picturesque. The singing was fairly good, and the playing of castanets while dancing and keeping time with them was pretty. This kind of dancing is to be found mostly in the province of Naples.

As we were rather tired by the railway journey, we retired early, but were up betimes next day and began sight-seeing in real earnest. Leaving our hotel after an early breakfast, we drove through

some of the principal streets. The Piazza of St. Ferdinand is a nice big square. Our first visit was to the Museo Nazionale, which contains many of the finest works of sculpture ever executed, and invaluable statuary of the Greek and Roman periods, brought here from all parts of Italy, but mostly from the excavated portions of Pompeii. Apart from the statuary, the collection of ancient Greek and Italian glass-ware, bronze ornaments, cooking utensils and jewellery of the Pompeian period, over two thousand years old, is remarkable, being one of the finest of its kind in Europe. Oils and wines in casks, petrified bread and cakes found in cellars, vintner's stores and baker's shops of ruined Pompeii, and all in good preservation after thousands of years, are to be seen in glass cases. That these things should have been left standing when the City of Pompeii was destroyed by lava and ashes, and should have been found in such a well preserved condition, is really marvellous. There are so many fine pieces of statuary in the Museum that unless one is a connoisseur it is hazardous to pass an opinion on any; but in the whole collection, the victorious Minerva, Venus Callipygus, Juno Farnese, Apollo, the Farnese Flora, the Farnese Bull ('Toro Farnese') and the Farnese Hercules ('Ercole Farnese') struck me as being exceptionally fine. There is a model of Pompeii as it has been excavated up to now. It is useful to study this before going over the ruined city. The collection of Etruscan vases and Egyptian scrolls is extensive. We also had a look round the articles and paintings of Pompeian days which are kept in a private room. These show what the depravity and the demoralization must have been amongst the Pompeians, though I suppose their like is still to be

found in some parts of the world of the present day. Some of the symbolical oil lamps in this collection resemble greatly those still used by the vulgar Tantric * worshippers in India. The Museum is located in what two centuries ago was a soldiers' barrack of the old Neapolitan Kings. It has a fine façade. Near by is a very good shop where copies of the original statuary can be procured. The arcade here with a sister one in Milan, are the two finest arcades in Italy, if not in the world. Our next visit was to the Cathedral of Naples called "The Church of St. Januarius," an early Christian martyr looked upon as the Patron Saint of Naples. This was the first big church in Italy we went into, and naturally we were much struck with the ornamentation and decoration of the interior. The frontage of the Cathedral has only very recently been completed after twenty years of hard labour. The Cathedral was built in the 11th Century upon the site of a Roman Temple of Apollo, and in the crypt many gnt figures representing deities of the Greek mythology are to be seen. The pillars in the interior supporting the main cathedral are the original ones of the Temple of Apollo. Many such churches built on the sites of old Roman Temples exist in Italy, and I believe the explanation of the fact is that the early Christians took a pride in building upon the sites of such temples their places of worship as a sort of emblem of victory of Christianity over Paganism. In the interior, some of the paintings on the ceilings are genuine master-pieces. The angels, in white on the niches, and the ceiling of the

Tantric—literally means relating to the Tantra, a kind of Shashtra or code used now-a-days mostly for indecent Black Magic in India.

Church just above the high altar, have been so well painted that they stand out like relief work and at first sight one mistakes them for marble statues. This is the work of the Italian Master Domenichino. Down in the crypt is the tomb of the Saint, and, preserved in a little bottle is supposed to be the blood of the dead martyr collected at the time of his death. All this greatly impresses the ignorant Italians of the South, leading them to believe that the spirit of the saint still protects the city. The bottle of blood is made to boil on the anniversary day of the martyrdom of the Saint, when people flock by thousands to give votive offerings. This is one of the methods of the Church of Rome to secure an income. Amongst the old stone-cut figures in the crypt there is one in the wall which is explained to visitors, as well as to ignorant Catholics, as being the head of Christ, carved in the rock by some monk or other. When a torch is passed up and down the hollow eyes of this rock-cut head it has the curious optical effect of making the eyes seem to close and open each time the light passes over the face. Here also the very ignorant give votive offerings. A close observer will notice that the supposed head of Christ is only a legend made up by the priests to attract and secure offerings. The head is that of Zeus, and around this figure, heads of Juno, Venus, etc., are to be noticed, and just above this supposed head of Christ, a little winged Cupid peeps at you with two marvellously executed mischievous eyes.

That afternoon we drove up the Vomero Hill to the Museum of San Martino. It being a clear day, while driving to the place we obtained a panoramic view of Naples and Mount Vesuvius. The Museum

of San Martino contains a beautiful Church rich in paintings as well as in marble relief works. In another section of the place are interesting coaches, barges, and the old royal barge and coach of the Bourbons, all in massive gilt, which must have been very gorgeous when they were in use. Among the coaches, there is one historically interesting, as in it Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi and Mazzini drove through Naples in 1860 after it had been subjugated and annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. The Museum was in olden days a monastery, and was confiscated by Victor Emmanuel during the War of Freedom of Italy. Most of the altars in the little church are richly inlaid with jasper, amethyst, lapis lazuli, and petrified wood. In the sacristy, the walls are in beautifully inlaid wooden work supposed to have been done by a monk, each little panel representing some Italian scene. There is one painting in this church hanging just over the archway as we enter the place, which is supposed to be one of the master-pieces of Italy, the "Descent from the Cross" by Stanzioni; it is damaged; said to have been done out of jealousy by Ribera, whose master-piece is also in this church. Another wonderful painting is "Judith" on the ceiling, by Luca Giordano, said to have been painted in forty-eight hours when he was in his seventy second year. From the top of San Martino, one gets a splendid view of the harbour of Naples and the surrounding country. We took a drive through the public park of the town. At one end of it is the Aquarium, one of the finest of its kind in the world and the collection is unique. This gives one an idea of what a beautiful world exists beneath the waves. The star fishes, jelly fishes, octopuses, sea-horses are really weird creatures

to look at. All the sea animals in the place have been found in the Bay of Naples.

We started next morning after breakfast for our excursion to Vesuvius. We drove through the eastern portion of the city, and passed the little town of Portici and Resina, which are really suburbs of Naples. At a little town called Pugliano we got into the electric tramway which used to join Cook's wire rope railway, destroyed by the April eruptions. We went up as far as the line was intact. The gradient is very steep in places and one feels as if one was rising straight up into space. The place we got out at must have been quite 1,200 feet above sea level, and from it we got a fair idea of the recent eruptions. Whole hillsides round about us were covered ten to fifteen feet deep with ashes from the volcano. One could discern with the naked eye streaks of lava rolling down the sides of the mountain, and while we stood watching, Vesuvius threw out large volumes of smoke and flame, and then more lava running down, and smoking while it fell, could be seen.

Here an amusing incident occurred with a party of American tourists. As I was looking at the scenery, an elderly American came up to me and said, "Sir, are you an Indian Prince?" Being put such a point blank question, though I was travelling incognito, I had to tell him who I was, and then the American gentleman took me aback by bursting out, "Sir, it has been the greatest ambition of my life to shake hands with an Indian Prince, and will you allow me to shake hands with you?" The whole thing seemed to me so ridiculously funny, and it was asked with such a pleading look, that it was hard not to laugh outright. However, I readily shook hands with

him. But alas ! it did not end there, for, I was introduced to the American's brother, sisters, and half a dozen cousins and aunts.

On our way back, we went to the observatory of Vesuvius, where large pieces of rock and lava and relics of the former and the last eruptions are kept on show. Professor Mattaucci, the Superintendent of the Observatory, was good enough to show us round and explain everything in a most admirable way. This worthy gentleman, during the last eruptions, did not desert his post, although several other inmates of the place ran away when huge bombs were being thrown out by the angry Volcano. What interested me most in this place were the different seismoscopes and seismographs. Each records the slightest tremors and earthquakes in any part of the world, and it was with the aid of these ingenious instruments that the Professor was able to foresee the April eruption and to warn the people of Naples, particularly round about the vicinity of the impending peril. The Professor told us that the 1906 eruption was the worst since the year 1870, and had the rain of ashes continued for another twenty-four hours at the rate it had begun, Naples would certainly have become a second Pompeii. The observatory is about two hundred years old. From here we went to Cook's Hotel at a place called Eremo, where they gave us an excellent lunch. Here a maimed organ grinder played the organ and at the same time whistled most beautifully. This poor fellow told me that he walked up every day about two miles with his organ and lame legs to earn a few francs. We then started for Pompeii, passing through some towns the streets of which were still ash-strewn, specially those of Torre Del Greco

and Torre Annunziata. It was a strange sight while driving in these towns to see how the Italians dried their famous macaroni in long strings stretching from one side of the road to the other.

We were greatly impressed when we reached Pompeii and entered the Dead City. The excavations have been going on for the last century and a half. How vast the place must have been can be realized when in the last hundred and fifty years about two-fifths only have been excavated, leaving over a half yet to be dug out in search of art treasures of the ancient Romans. The unexcavated portions are about fifteen to twenty feet higher than the level of the dug out city, which means that fifteen to twenty feet deep of volcanic ashes fell on the city and literally covered up and buried it, an earthquake, one of the consequences of the eruption, helping in the destruction of this famous old city. Mount Somma, the volcano that destroyed Pompeii by the terrible rain of ashes and 'lapillo,' (a kind of stone that comes out of the volcanic craters and is commonly known as the wishing stone), is inactive now, for it is said that the eruption was so great that the volcano emptied itself to extinction. Somma, with its pointless bare head and extinct crater, with the still active Vesuvius next to it, reminds one of a defeated warrior beside an active one patiently waiting for the other to fall. Herculaneum, which was destroyed before Pompeii by Vesuvius, has not been excavated to any extent worth noticing, though some projects for the digging out of the ancient city are being considered by the Italian Government. I do not know how they will be able to accomplish this work, for, not only will they require a large sum of money, but they will have to destroy the little town

of Resina under which the ancient Herculaneum lies buried. How the excavation of Pompeii originated no one can say, but the popular version is that some cultivators while digging the grounds for agricultural purposes found some ruined pillars which subsequently led to the first discovery, and these pillars have since been identified to be those of the Temple of Isis. Since this discovery, the Italian Government has gone on steadily excavating. The Roman art treasures dug out at Pompeii, with the exception of some in the house of the Vettii, have all been removed to the National Museum of Naples. Amongst the ruins at present brought to light, the most interesting are those of the Basilica, the Forum, the small Theatre, the Temple of Apollo, the house of the Vettii and the triumphal arches of Caligula and Nero. In the house of the Vettii, some of the mosaic works in the pavements and some of the frescoes are in wonderful preservation, almost as fresh as they were in Pompeian times. Some of these frescoes represent little Cupids grinding oil, making bread, blowing glasses, all of which, I believe, prove that in Pompeian days the ancient Romans knew all these arts. Amongst minor ruins, the House of the Dog, the House of the Bear,—the former of which figures in Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii,"—are well worth looking into, and the chained Dog, done in black stone in mosaic with the white ground round it, and its eyes looking fiercely at you, is very well executed. In fact, every inch of excavated Pompeii is interesting. The ruins of the bakers' shops with tumbled-down ovens, the oilmen's stores with broken jars here and there, wine shops and ancient fountains, all make the mind wander to fancy's realm to spin out in imagination the life that

must have been when Pompeii was standing, and Rome in the height of her glory. It is wonderful how the stone pavements of the streets of this Dead City are in such good preservation, and the memory of ancient warriors dashing along with fiery steeds in chariots is kept alive by wheel marks still distinct. Carved in stone in the middle of the road that led to the lane where women of ill-fame must have lived, is a queer sign, and all these are landmarks of a civilization of the past. The little museum at the entrance to the ruins is well worth a visit, and in some of the glass cases are preserved casts of dead bodies and skulls with teeth clinging to them, as well as casts of dead dogs, to be seen in the exact positions the originals were found in. Walking through Pompeii in its present ruined plight fills one with sadness and awe. After spending a good few hours amongst these wonderful ruins, we returned to Naples by train. In the evening from our Hotel we noticed that Vesuvius was very active, and now and again threw up large flames. It was indeed a wonderful sight.

Next morning saw us on the quays near the place called "the Castle of the Egg" from its egg-shaped formation, ready to start for the Isle of Capri. There are steamers which take tourists round these places in the Bay of Naples, and the one we got into was very crowded. *En route* to Capri we passed the picturesque town of Sorrento, with its 10,000 inhabitants and multi-coloured villas. Marion Crawford, the American novelist, has a nice house here which occupies a conspicuous position on the top of a hill overlooking the Bay. The approach to the Isle of Capri is pretty. Our steamer was anchored a little bit out of the harbour to enable us to go and

see the much-talked-of Blue Grotto, a little cave in the rocks into which the Mediterranean enters, forming inside a pool of tûrquoise blue water about one hundred and fifty feet square. The light penetrating through the little opening shines upon the rugged rocks overhanging it with a weird effect. Illustrations of this place are so exaggerated that one expects a bluer grotto than one finds it really to be. Nevertheless, it is certainly a strange sight. When men dive into the pool they look silvery underneath the water, but as soon as they come up they assume a bluish hue. To enter this grotto we had to get into little boats, and the mouth of the cave is small, not more than six feet high by six feet broad. Getting inside it is really dangerous, and one has to lie flat at the bottom of the boat with one's hands close to one's sides, otherwise it would mean broken limbs or a smashed pate. As a small current is always prevalent at the mouth of the cave, the waves splashing and beating against it sometimes prevent the out-coming boats from getting away easily. Not until one is right inside the Grotto, can one realize what a weird little cave it is. From outside it merely appears like a little hole in the rocks. At a certain time in the afternoon the sun shines full blaze into the grotto, and then it looks more fantastic than ever. As the steamer waits outside Capri until all the passengers have seen the grotto, to gain more time we got to Capri in rowing boats. On arrival, we secured a phaeton and had a drive up both Capris. The lower town is called Capri Proper and the one on the hill-top Ana-Capri. In Capri there are several historical Roman ruins, the remains of the baths of the Emperor Tiberius being the most famous. This worthy gentleman is supposed to have disposed of

his prisoners by casting them over the cliffs of Capri. Nero is said to have used the Blue Grotto for his bath, and the secret passage that went down to the place from the hills above, by which this butcher used to go down and have his bath, is now closed up. Capri at one time belonged to the English, until Murat took it by order of Napoleon to stifle the British sea-borne trade. It was afterwards restored to the Italians. There is ample vegetation on the island, and it seems to be all under cultivation, excepting the very rocky parts. Round about Capri in the Bay are extensive coral fisheries. Coral is to be found in abundance in the whole of the Bay of Naples, and beautiful specimens of it are to be seen in some of the jewellers' shops in the city. After lunch at the Hotel Quisisana at Capri, we walked out to the edge of a mountainous path overlooking the Bay, whence we obtained a very good view of the Faraglioni rocks which arise in their rugged shapes abruptly out of the sea. These rocks must have originally formed a part of the island; the sea gradually having eaten into, and detached them from the main land. Little boats pass between the two rocks, and inside the bigger of the two is a little grotto. We then drove up by a winding and steep road to Ana Capri, which is not so much to look at, but affords a very fine view of the whole Bay, with the Island of Ischia, and Naples with its suburban towns. We got back in the evening after a very pleasant day's outing.

On the return journey to Sorrento, we had some amusement. A whole crowd of boats belonging to the hotels with the hotel representatives in them came near our steamer, the men trying to secure guests for their respective hotels by shouting at the

top of their voices. One singing out, "Hotel Sirene," another replying back in a challenging note, "Hotel Cocumella;" and then they began fighting amongst themselves, one throwing the other's signboard into the water, and the other using not over-complimentary words.

While at Naples, and going about sight-seeing and observing and enquiring into things, I noted the following facts, which may prove of interest to my readers. The most noticeable fact of all was the immense number of churches that I saw. On enquiry I found that there were over three hundred churches in the city. The Neapolitans still meekly submit to all the ceremonies imposed on them by the Church of Rome. Every street has a Saint of its own and in every convenient and possible nook and corner all over the place, one notices shrines, either of the blessed Virgin-Mother of the Holy Child, or of some Saint or other. Processions in the streets are of everyday occurrence, and the Southern Italians, instead of being educated, are encouraged by the priests to join in these street parades so as to provide an income for the Church. Superstition and blind faith are carried to such excesses as to appear simply ridiculous. You find the Madonna of such and such a Church taken out amidst bonfires and fireworks to bring rain if there has been a drought. If it does not rain, the people are told by their spiritual instructors that this particular Madonna has lost her spiritual power, and such and such a Madonna of such and such a place must be sought for. Another procession, more offerings and fire-works; and these go on for weeks, until of course some time or other it must rain, and when it does come, people take large offerings to the last

and therefore most successful Madonna paraded in the streets. Such is Roman Catholicism as taught to the masses in Southern Italy. Having a regard for the Roman Catholic Church myself, I must admit that one's respect for this Old Christian Church gets a rude shock when one visits Italy and witnesses how the education of the masses is neglected and how the spiritual guides of the people, the vicegerents of the Church, instead of enlightening their flocks, instead of teaching them the Truth of Religion, in their bigotry, teach the people a form of idolatry no better than that to be found in the lower forms of Hinduism. I may have misunderstood the ways of the Church, and let us hope this to be the case, but crowds of people not only join these processions, but seem to be encouraged by the Roman Catholic priests to ridiculous manifestations such as those that took place at the time of the last eruptions of Vesuvius. Then, people instead of flocking to churches in order to pray to God, were advised to carry the images of Madonnas and Saints up to Vesuvius in the expectation that these, by their miraculous powers, would stop the eruptions. When the burning lava very nearly consumed them, they naturally ran for their lives, and thought no more of either Madonna or Saint, so that one may well wonder whether this be Christianity or Paganism ! The Neapolitans are very superstitious too, and so in fact are all Italians, although the new century may bring enlightenment. In Naples, more than anywhere else, you will, for instance, find the dread of the Evil-eye. Over the door of the house of the middle classes and the peasantry in Naples, one notices a bit of cow's horn sticking out. Many Neapolitans will be seen to have suspended from

their watch chains little bits of horn either mounted in gold or silver. Even the great statesman Caprivi, when his ministry was defeated, is said to have exclaimed, "I have lost, because I forgot to wear my horn to-day." If two men meet in the street they will privately point the little charms they wear at one another so as to ward off any evil influences. The streets are infested with beggars who sometimes annoy one terribly. The people struck me as being by nature inquisitive and easily excitable, especially if they see any foreigners, and as it seemed to me, especially Indians. Naughty little urchins, for instance, will sometimes try and get behind one's carriage and try to knock off one's hat or turban. One has to take all these things in a cheerful spirit and smile and joke, and then they will cease annoying you, contenting themselves with shouting from a distance, "Indiano," "Africano" or whatever they are pleased to say in their rough patois, and with making grotesque grimaces at one. Idlers and tramps abound in Naples. Organ grinders, fiddlers, singers with mandolins and guitars will follow you about everywhere and are simply a nuisance. Then you have boys like monkeys, who will dive into the sea in the bleakest morning for a few francs, and when you throw a coin into the water they cleverly fish it out. You can get a boy to gladly pick a copper out of burning lava for a franc or two. Italians, particularly in the south, marry at an early age, and one finds in the streets girls of fifteen and sixteen, haggard looking and with half a dozen children each. One cannot help noticing the gratings and iron bars in many of the houses of Naples, resembling prison cells from outside. I thought at first, that perhaps these had been put up to prevent

burglars from breaking into the houses. But on enquiry, to my surprise I was told that these early marriages had an evil effect, and as they were mostly settled by the parents of the brides and bridegrooms, they did not always turn out to be happy ones, so that in Naples elopements were of common occurrence. These bars are put up to prevent the many Juliets from falling into the arms of their gallant Romeos, who wait in the streets below. Cases of girls having eloped with priests before whom they had been confessing, are also alleged to have happened. One hears a lot about the Italian vendettas, which generally mean cold-blooded murders. The commonest form of vendetta amongst the Neapolitan women is that if a lover, after being engaged to a girl, breaks off the engagement to get married to some one else, or gets engaged to another, then the rejected lady, thinking herself to be dishonoured, runs after her deserting lover with an open razor in her hands, the revenge being complete if she is able to make nasty gashes with it on the face of her unfaithful lover and disfigure him for life.

I was pleasantly surprised to find two reverend gentlemen from the English College at Rome waiting to receive me. Monseigneur Giles and Monseigneur Prior of the English College had been advised by a kind nun, a friend of mine of the Loreto Convent at Darjeeling, of my intended visit to Rome, and really and truly through the influence of this good Sister I got an audience with His Holiness the Pope. Bidding good-day to these kind priests, we drove straight to the Grand Hotel, where we stayed while in Rome, and found it to be both comfortable and central. Once in this famous city, we thought we would lose no time ; so, after a little rest, we started off to see St. Peter's. Driving through the city, we passed the Royal Palace, once the residence of the Popes, through the well-known Corso or the principal street. We had a look in passing at Trajan's Column, a marvellous piece of work with its battle scenes exquisitely cut in marble, and on the top of which once rested the statue of the Roman Emperor, later on replaced by the present statue of St. Peter. The world renowned square of St. Peter's then burst upon our view, with the Cathedral at one end of it and the Greek colonnade standing in a semi-circle on both sides of the Piazza. It took us some time to realize that we were in front of the Kashi * of the Roman Catholics, the grandest edifice of its kind and the largest church in the world. One word would suffice to express what our feelings were when we entered the Church, we were simply "dazzled." Its mosaic ceilings, its copies of Raphael's cartoons, all in mosaic on the walls, its High Altar and the colossal marble angels, really took our

* Kashi—Benares, the holy city of the Hindus situated in the United Provinces.

CHAPTER IV

ROME

Naples to Rome—Arrival at the Eternal City—Visit to the British Embassy—Audience with H.H. the Pope—Visit to the English Convent in Rome—A motor trip to the ruins of Hadrian's Villa and Tivoli—Strike of cabmen and its consequences—Departure for Florence

ROME ; the great city of the Romans ; the seat of the vicar of Christ ; full of history and historical interests ; the haunt of the artist, the poet, the architect, the philosopher, the student and the hurrying globetrotter ; the Mecca of the devout Roman Catholic ; the city whose every stone has a story, with all its crimes and criminals, its dark and bright sides, its hundreds of churches and thousand of priests, is indeed one of the wonders of the world. My heart actually throbbed with excitement when, after passing through picturesque scenery, our train steamed into the railway station and I realised that I was in the 'Eternal City.' The journey from Naples was interesting, and *en route* we passed a bleak mountain with the famous monastery of Monte Cassino that in bygone days has supplied many a Prelate to the seat of St. Peter's. Cassino has been the birthplace of many eminent Italians.

Nearing Rome, the first thing one sees is the ruined Appian Way and the dome of St. Peter's looming out in the distance. At the railway station,

breath away. I had no idea that a church could be so enriched and so full of dazzling art treasures. Every niche and corner of this edifice is worth examining. The four spiral columns, the carved canopy over the High Altar and the tomb over the remains of the great Apostle of Christ impress one. It is, indeed, a befitting mausoleum to St. Peter, the first Vicar of Rome, who preached in the Catacombs and suffered martyrdom for his Master's sake, and who by his faith and energy sowed the first seeds of Christianity to be watered and reared by St. Paul and others. Alas ! little did St. Peter dream that over-ritualism, over-zealousness, bigotry, the political ambitions of the Popes of the middle Ages and the cruelties of the Inquisition, would be some of the bitter fruits of his honest work.

Inside the church one gets optically illusioned. Owing to their elevation the pillars and statues all seem to be small, and yet if you measure one of the marble angels which from even ten feet away does not look more than, say, three feet high, it will be found to be quite over six feet. The well-known bronze statue of St. Peter, the feet of which are kissed by millions of pilgrims every year, does not appear to be of an unnatural size even when you look at it from close quarters, and yet it is over fifteen feet in height. One foot has been so worn away by the constant kissing of the pilgrims that a little marble cover has been put over it, so that really now-a-days this alone is kissed by pilgrims. This was done in the time of the late Pope Leo XIII. The original church was destroyed by fire in the Middle Ages, and the present structure is chiefly the work of Michael Angelo. In the nave there are marked in different places the names of the other big cathedrals of the world, showing the

lengths that they would occupy in the spacious inside. Leaving St. Peter's, we drove to the little fifteenth century church of St. Onofrio, where rests Tasso the famous Italian poet. Both the tomb and Tasso's statue over it are the work of Michael Angelo. We next had a drive up to the top of the Janiculum Hill from which we obtained a very fine view of the city, which lay picturesquely below, with the Sabine and other hills forming a beautiful background. The equestrian statue of Garibaldi on the Janiculum, looking towards the Vatican and the city, is a very fine piece of sculpture. A drive through a private park brought us to the villa Doria Pamphili, an ancient Roman villa, now occupied by the Prince of Doria, who allows the park to be used by the public every Friday. Its extensive grounds are well kept up.

Next morning, the 8th of May, after breakfast, we started to see the more ancient ruins. We first went to the famous Mamartine prisons, where the early Christian martyrs used to be imprisoned before being brought to the Colosseum for massacre. Here we saw dingy, ill-ventilated cells, with a damp malarious vapour and smell pervading them. The stones to which St. Peter and others were tied, and the well with the water of which during his imprisonment St. Peter is said to have baptized many Roman prisoners, are interesting objects. One should visit these prisons before going to the Colosseum, for here began those tortures of the early Christians which ended so cruelly and barbarously in the great Roman Amphitheatre. Then we went to the Palatine Hill with its ruined palaces, a few broken fluted marble pillars here and there, the Stadium, and the so-called remains of the walls of the time of Romulus. From

the top of the hill we got a good view of the Circus Maximus, which used to be the great Circus for Olympic Games, but is now almost wholly taken up by mills and warehouses. Then we walked down to the Forum, where there is a wealth of ruined remains. Constant excavations are being done here, and one would like to spend quite a week in the Forum itself. The arch of Septimus Severus is really the only one which stands erect, all the rest are more or less in ruins. Just before my visit to Rome, a tomb with a black stone Sarcophagus had been discovered which is believed to be the tomb of Romulus. From the Forum we walked on to the Colosseum, the largest Amphitheatre ever constructed in the world. Looking up at the ruined structure, one figures to one's self the gladiator days, and the tortures the early Christians suffered when they were tied to stakes in rows, with linen wrapped round them so as to represent human trees, and then set on fire or given over to wild beasts to tear and devour, simply to please the whims of some brute of a Roman Emperor and barbarous Roman Court. In front of the Colosseum is an empty pedestal on which used to rest the gilt equestrian statue of the bloody Nero. In the Colosseum and other Roman ruins one notices how the ancient Roman houses had no roofs. The Colosseum itself used to be covered over with a large Valarium, a kind of awning like the Indian Shamiana, serving the purpose of keeping off both sun and rain. In the ruined walls of the Colosseum some of the sockets of the poles that used to support the Valarium are still to be seen. Going through these ruins, one cannot help feeling unfriendly towards some of the earlier Popes, for, not only to ornament churches and Christian monuments, but to

decorate their own private villas and palaces, as well as those of their relatives and friends, they have shorn from these ancient Roman ruins most of the stone ornamentations that used to be on them. Pope Innocent VIII of the Barberini family regularly looted the ornamentations on the Colosseum and other edifices of the Forum, and up to this day there is a common saying amongst the people of Rome, "I Barberini Fecero ciò che i barbari *non* Fecero," which means that the barbarians did not do what the Barberini did. What I think is, that the Popes of the Middle Ages cannot be forgiven for not preserving the ancient Roman architecture, and for not keeping up during their *regime* these priceless ruins which the Italian Government are now doing their best to preserve. The Arch of the Emperor Constantine is very like Severus' Arch in the Forum. From these interesting Roman remains we went to see the little Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli or St. Peter in chains, so called because in this Church are preserved the chains to which St. Peter is supposed to have been fettered in the Mamartine prisons before his martyrdom. In this Church is the famous *Moses* by Michael Angelo. In the afternoon, passing another broken column of Trajan, with its little Forum and the Arch of Janus, we drove out to the Thermæ of Caracalla, being one of the eleven biggest public baths of ancient Rome. These are well worth a visit. The different rooms for hot and cold baths, and the remains of the old mosaic pavements are all very interesting. This bath, named after the Emperor Caracalla, is supposed to have accommodated 1600 bathers at a time. I believe in the ancient Roman days there were so many baths in the city of Rome that sixty thousand people could bathe at one and

the same time. This proves that although these Romans were very cruel and barbarous in many ways, they certainly thought cleanliness to be better than godliness. I very much wanted to see a Columbarium. So we went to the Columbarium of the Vignia Codini family. These Columbaria, where after cremation the Romans deposited the ashes of the dead, in terra cotta jars placed in the niches of the walls of the little houses, were absorbingly interesting to me, and I think that as the wisdom of cremation is now being realized by the European nations, they could do no better than copy this ancient system of the Romans, which in my opinion was excellent. Every rich Roman family had its Columbarium, and round about the place where we visited must have been the necropolis of ancient Rome. We next saw the churches of Domine Quo Vadis and San Sebastiano. In the former, a supposed foot-print of Christ is preserved. If it had been a foot-print brought away from the holy Land, one could have believed the thing to be genuine, but in this case it is said that this foot-print was left by Christ when He appeared in a vision to St. Peter. The church has been erected at the spot where the Apostle, who was actually flying from the city, saw his Master in a vision and is supposed to have exclaimed, 'Domine Quo Vadis.' That the Saint should have seen a vision of his dead Master is quite possible, but that the foot-print of a dead person should be imprinted after death is beyond the pale of the imagination of even the most credulous Oriental. But then Rome is still a pagan Rome, and this paganism has eaten into the Church of which the prisoner at the Vatican is the head. In the church of San Sebastiano is a tomb of the saint of that name.

We enjoyed going through the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, one of the largest early Christian underground burial places. These catacombs extend over twelve miles below the surface. One has to go down dark steps to yet a darker level below. The monks in charge of the place sell you little tapers, which you light, following the monk who shows you these historical graveyards. The tombs here were arranged one on the top of another in cavities made in the walls, into which the coffins were laid, and then they were plastered over, and rudely cut stones with rudely cut inscriptions were put over the plastered walls. Here lay bodies of many Popes, Saints and martyred Christians, which were in the Middle Ages removed into different churches. There are comparatively few bodies lying buried in this place now. Here in the Catacombs during the persecutions of Nero and other Roman Emperors, the Apostles used to hold congregations to discuss the Christian position in Rome in those dark days. The remains of altars are to be noticed, and in many tombs the early Christian symbols of the Cross, the fish, the lamb, and of peculiar Greek letters are most remarkable, symbols that played a great part in the struggle between early Christianity and Roman Paganism. Amongst the bodies still in the place, skeletons of some are shown to the visitors, and we saw the skeleton of a woman preserved in a glass case, the auburn hair of the deceased, still in pretty good condition, clinging to the skull.

We next drove to the famous church where St. Paul is buried. On our way we passed the tomb of Cecilia Metella, an early Christian convert, a member of an old Roman family and a Christian

martyr. It is now, of course, more or less in ruins. The Arch of Drusus which we drove through is the only old Roman Archway that is intact and in fairly good condition. San Paolo fuori le Mura, or St. Paul's outside the walls, is a fine edifice. It has a beautiful façade with a colonnaded square not quite completed yet. The church stands on the supposed spot on which St. Paul was martyred and buried after execution. The frescoes and paintings on the walls and ceilings in the interior are splendid. There is also to be seen here a very interesting collection of modern paintings of all the Popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII. Driving back to the city through the Archway known as Porta San Paolo (St. Paul's Gate),—near which is a curious grave of a Roman General called Caius Cestius, the pyramidical coned shape of the edifice reminding one of the Egyptian pyramids—we wound up our evening by visiting some shops.

We paid our visit to the Vatican soon after breakfast next day, and were taken round the precious collection of statues and paintings, which is at once immense and unique, containing some of the finest old Roman and Greek statuary; and the famous Vatican Library with its richly bound volumes and over six thousand manuscripts in Latin, Greek, French and Italian, as well as a few old Oriental manuscripts. This collection is one of the rarest of its kind in the world. The bookshelves are all painted and decorated. The room is spacious and lofty, and only students with special permits from the Pope are allowed to come and study here. It is a pity a little more freedom of access to this Library is not accorded, for in that case *savants* from foreign countries would come and hunt up references which

could nowhere else be got. His Holiness the Pope had fixed my interview with him for noon. So at a quarter to twelve, accompanied by Monseigneur Prior of the English College, we went to the Pope's apartments. We passed through several richly furnished rooms, mostly decorated with red tapestry and gilt chairs, which led to the Pope's Sanctum Sanctorum. One noticed a crucifix hanging in almost every room that one passed through. At the door of the big Audience Chamber, where the Pope generally receives pilgrims, are his famous Swiss guards. His Holiness, however, interviewed me in his private room, a spacious study, very plainly furnished in comparison with the gorgeous suite of rooms we had walked through. Here, with a few books around him, with a lot of official papers and red tapes strewn on a plain but neatly arranged table, in a small office chair, dressed in white tunic, sat Pius X, the Vicar of Christ, the head of the whole Roman Catholic Church. Nothing could be more cordial or simple than His Holiness's reception. Not knowing either French or Italian, I had to have the use of an interpreter. The present Pope only speaks Italian with a smattering of French. My interview lasted a quarter of an hour, and when I left him he blessed me, and gave me his photograph with his autograph and blessings written on it. I was touched by the kindness of this reverend old man, who certainly has a very saintly looking countenance, and I shall long remember Pius X with his look so full of gentle sadness, and yet calm and dignified. My staff were afterwards introduced and then we retired. None of us had to kiss His Holiness's hand, though I gently took it up and touched it with my forehead as a token of respect,

which the Pope seemed to appreciate. The prisoner at the Vatican is a middle sized man with a broad face, not half so young looking as his photographs make him out to be. He stoops a little and is rather corpulent, shy, slightly nervous, wearing in his face a saintly simplicity, and underneath it all a sadness and longing for the fresh air he used to enjoy when he was Cardinal of Venice. Yes, I should say Pius X is not a happy man. Afraid as he is of the hundreds of Cardinals and influential Jesuits whose words are law at the Vatican where Pius is imprisoned in a regal cell, it must seem outrageous and cruel to this good natured Pope to be so immured, for even the large and extensive gardens and walks within the Vatican walls cannot satisfy him, and he must pine for his old Venetian days. That is how I would draw the character of Pius X, and I don't think it is a bad guess at the truth. To serve the Jesuits, the Pope must be a politician, nay, even unscrupulous. Leo XIII knew how to manage them and yet remain king at the Vatican, but this poor innocent man is but a tool to be used by the influential camarilla of priests. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell the Pope all the revolting things that I had noticed at Naples and in Rome, and to ask him to come out of the Vatican to see how his Church was gradually crumbling away, how hundreds of anti-christian things were being taught to the simple people of Italy, and the grand teachings of the Man-God, Christ, were being distorted and lowered by the growth of paganism. But then I was an outsider, and not a Roman Catholic ; so silence was golden. Reading through these pages, one might think that my constant attacks on some of the ways of the Roman Catholic

Church in Italy prove that I am very much against this old Christian Church ; but this is far from being the case. What I feel is that this early Church of Christ is so full of Saint worship and idolatry, driving the very Trinity into obscurity, that it is degenerating into that identical idolatry of which every true-thinking Indian is now trying his best to shake himself free. Two things struck me as rather out of place in the apparel of the Pope, the big Emerald Ring on his finger, and the massive jewelled cross hanging from a golden chain. They were not in keeping with the all-white garb worn by His Holiness. The Pope's Secretary of State, Cardinal Merri del Val, whom I saw afterwards, is evidently a very sharp-witted and clever man, though comparatively young looking.

The mosaic workers within the Vatican turn out some marvellous pieces of artistic work, and it was most interesting watching the whole process, which must be very trying to the eyes of the workers.

Leaving the Vatican, we drove to the English College in Via Monserato. Here Fathers Giles and Prior received us with another couple of English priests who teach English Catholics coming to Rome to be trained for some brotherhood or other. They have quite a nice little library, and I took an opportunity of not only thanking these two fathers for arranging the interview with the Pope but for all their kind attentions. Then we went to the English Convent in Via Venti Settembre. It is quite a small place and was only started about eight years ago. The nuns in this St. Mary's Convent belong to the same order as their Sisters of the Loreto Convents in Darjeeling and Asansol out in India. I was very much pleased to meet these good charitable souls,

and the Mother Superior and the other Sisters there gave me a most hearty welcome, while the girls evidently enjoyed the cheers which they gave us. At the time of my visit, they had about twenty boarders and over two hundred day scholars, most of them being Italians. The Mother Superior kindly took me round the whole place. Leaving a *douceur* for a treat to be given to the children, we returned to the Hotel.

In the afternoon, our first resort was the Palazzo Rospigliosi, belonging to a Roman princely family ; it contains a small picture gallery. Guido Reni's *Aurora*, a beautiful ceiling painting, is to be seen here. The Church of the Capuchin monks, which we next visited, is very quaint. The Church itself is not of so much interest, but the crypt contains the most weird things imaginable. It is nothing but a burial place of thousands of monks of this order, but only a few are actually buried in the niches of the walls, while the bones and skulls of innumerable monks decorate the walls of the crypt, some of them having been arranged to look like ornamentations, others so joined together as to represent lamps hanging from the ceilings. The withered bodies of the mummified monks are enough to give one 'the creeps.' These burials and gruesome ornamentations have been stopped since 1870.

From here, to get some fresh air as well as a good view of the outskirts of Rome, we drove to the Park on the top of the Pincio, which at the time of the Romans was the principal park of the city and is now the chief promenade of Rome. It is beautifully kept, with statues and big marble vases scattered all over the place, but the statue of Goethe, presented by the present German Emperor after his visit to Italy,

seems rather out of place. The Villa Borghese, belonging to the family of that name—to which we proceeded—contains innumerable art treasures, Canova's reclining nude figure of Paulina Borghese and Titian's well-known painting "Pure and Profane Love," being amongst the most interesting. I also went by appointment to the British Embassy, where I met Sir Edwin Egerton, the British Ambassador. Sir Edwin and Lady Egerton are a very charming couple, and I was delighted to see some English people in a foreign land. They kindly asked me to join them at tea, and Sir Edwin showed me the nice compound of the Embassy, which one does not realize from outside. The British Ambassador being fond of gardening had some beautiful roses, and I was pleased to see that in the heart of Italy the Anglo-Saxon had not forgotten the usual afternoon game of lawn tennis, for which preparations were going on. Leaving the Embassy, I was joined by my party, and drove to the churches of Santa Maria degli Angeli, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Scala Santa, San Giovanni in Laterano, the Church of St. Cecilia, and the Jesuit church of Jesu. The first named Church contains some beautiful paintings by well-known Italian Masters illustrating the history of the life of Christ; these were originally in St. Peter's before they were replaced by mosaic copies. The Evangelist St. Mathew is buried in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and there are tombs of several Popes in it too, but the most interesting thing is in the baptistry, where there are a pair of bronze doors which originally belonged to the baths of Caracalla, and which, when swung open, give out a most melodious sound. The Scala Santa or the Holy Staircase, all of marble,

is generally covered up with wood to protect it from being spoiled by the numerous pilgrims. This is supposed to have been the staircase in the house of Pilate, ascended and descended by Christ before His Crucifixion. Emperor Constantine's mother, Empress Helena, is said to have brought it from Paléstine. I was told that pilgrims go up these steps kneeling and praying on each step, and the devoutness of some of them, particularly the women, is, I believe, very touching to witness. At the top of the stairs, in a little altar, is a Byzantine painting of Christ, supposed to have been drawn from life by the Evangelist, St. Luke. San Giovanni in Laterano is the Cathedral of Rome, and though St. Peter's is the biggest church, San Giovanni comes first in order of precedence, the Pope being the Bishop of this Church. The interior is very fine and is rich in paintings. Here a good many of the Popes are buried, and the old wooden coronation chair of the Popes is here also. Attached to this Church is Palazzo del Laterano, an old papal palace where the Popes resided before they became prisoners at the Vatican. The Church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere contains the remains of the Saint of that name, brought away in 1821 from the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The remains of the house of St. Cecilia, an early Christian convert and martyr who belonged to a rich Roman family, are to be found in the crypt of the Church. The Church of Jesu is interesting from the fact that Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit Brotherhood, is buried in it. This is one of the churches which was decorated with some of the marbles brought away from the Colosseum.

We motored out to Tivoli and back, crossing the river Anio and the well preserved tomb of the

Plautii, dating back to the 2nd Century B.C. We stopped to see the ruined Villa of Hadrian. Here in 130 A.D., or thereabouts, the much-travelled Roman Emperor Hadrian, to get away from the busy life of Rome, built his so-called villa, containing palaces, gardens, etc., in itself quite a little colony. The ruins, I was glad to notice, were being looked after by the Italian Government. Most of the Roman mosaics and frescoes found here have been removed to the Capitoline Museum in Rome. This place claims many of the statues and vases to be seen in the Museum of Naples and the Vatican Museum. In the Roman ruins, one notices the Vomitoria attached to the banqueting halls or dining rooms. These Vomitoria were used by the Romans when invited to a banquet, being resorted to when the invited guests had gorged enough and wanted to gorge more. In every Roman nobleman's house there were special slaves for this purpose, who had to await at the Vomitoria with peacock's feathers to tickle the throats of the worthy guests so as to enable them to indulge in further gluttony. With the march of civilization the type of the unworthy rural Zemindar in Bengal is, I am glad to say, dying out, but I am not so sure that there are not quite a number yet who would like to introduce the Roman Vomitorium system. For I believe the sole occupation of many is to gloat over their meals like hogs, and have servants to rub oil over them, and who pass their days mostly smoking the Hookah¹ and cracking vulgar jokes. These Vomitoria, as well as the primitive system of lavatories, etc., that the Romans had, though revolting to our minds, throw light upon the past and give us some idea as

¹ Hookah—The Indian pipe.

to how the Romans lived. The paths leading up to this ruined villa are full of dust shining like mica. These are really minute bits of crushed marble flags, which shows the enormous quantity of marble there must have been round about here.

From Tivoli, which is about 800 feet above sea level, a very fine view is obtained of the Sabine and other hills, and of many old medieval castles, villages and hamlets perched on hill-tops and located in pretty valleys. Tivoli, the ancient Tibur of the Romans, has nothing very interesting in it excepting the Villa d'Este, which is a fine old park in terraces, of the Renaissance period. It has nice fountains and a little artificial grotto, but the place has a neglected look about it. The cascades or waterfalls of the river Anio, especially the artificial ones, are very pretty. The natural fall is a narrow stream descending into the river, while the larger volume of water is diverted by pipes to fall through a tunnel in big cascades so as to prevent floods. In Tivoli one notices a very fine type of the Roman peasant woman. There are some old ruins to be found in the place, like the ruined temple of Sibyl, but they are not worth inspection. Tivoli is a little over twenty miles from Rome and we motored back into the city in exactly forty minutes, which was pretty good going. On return to the Hotel, I was delighted to find that my friend, Mr. De¹ had arrived from India to join us.

In the afternoon, not a cab was to be found anywhere. Because the cabmen had struck in Turin, right in the north of Italy, where they had had some conflict with the police, their brother

¹ Mr. De—Mr. Hari Nath De, the then Professor of the Calcutta Presidency College, now Librarian of the Imperial Library in Calcutta.

'cabbies' at Rome had struck to show sympathy. And not only did these cabmen refuse to take people, but pelted stones at the owners of private carriages and motors. So we had to go from street to street in our motor very cautiously for fear of coming face to face with these rioters. We went to the Capitol Hill and saw the Museum, which contains a good collection of ancient Roman relics, paintings and other objects of art. In the square is a bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a very fine piece of work I should say. Our next move was to the Church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, an ancient church containing tombs of the Emperor Constantine and his mother Helena. The principal object of interest, however, is a little mechanical wax doll, richly decorated and every inch of it laden with jewellery, jewelled hearts and other votive offerings, which rolls out on little rails when the door is opened. It is meant to represent the Infant Christ, or as the Italians say, "Il Santa Bambino," or the Holy Child. We next drove to the Piazza of Barberini, a fine square with beautiful fountains by Bernini. Here our motor got stuck, but after a considerable delay we started again, *en route*, at a garage, changing our car for another one. The Pantheon, which we visited next, is the only ancient Roman structure in good preservation. This used to be the principal temple of the Roman Emperors, and the niches in the interior are said to have held a complete set of the most valuable marble statues of all the gods of Olympus. In the Middle Ages this place was turned into a Chapel by the Popes and has remained one ever since. It is at present used as the burial place of notable men, and the great painter Raphael lies here, also other great

Italians as well as the last two kings of Italy. In its simplicity, this place is a great contrast to Frogmore or Charlottenberg or even the Paris Pantheon. We closed the day by seeing the Church of Santa Maria Minerva, containing a half nude marble statue of Christ by Michael Angelo.

At Rome, I noticed several things, some of which it may not be out of place to mention here. The number of priests that parade the streets of Rome reading the offices while walking is really remarkable. While driving up the Janiculum, I noticed a peculiar custom amongst some school girls who evidently were out for their daily walk with their school mistresses and nuns, walking with their lesson books open and reading aloud and committing their lessons to heart. The letters S.P.Q.R. in the days of the ancient Romans meant something sacred and national. They are perhaps used in the same sense in the official world of Rome, but almost every coffee house and small shop has these letters painted on its doors, while the emblem of the wolf and the two babes representing Romulus and Remus is also freely used. The people of Rome struck me as being less inquisitive than the Neapolitans. In the Piazza di Spagna, flower girls trying to force flowers for "button-holes" upon you, are a veritable nuisance. Rome with its numerous churches, its motley population of five millions and all its interesting objects, ancient and modern, is indeed the Eternal City.

We left next day for Florence, and as the carriage strike was still on, had to take a motor. At one place we very nearly came across the strikers, who were stoning the windows of every house they passed by, and very nearly stoned our chauffeur.

CHAPTER V

FLORENCE

Naples to Florence—The City and its environs—Sight-seeing—
Visit to the Monument of the Maharaja of Kolhapur
—Observations—Departure for Venice

WE left Rome with mingled feelings ; regret at having to leave behind ruins of great interest, and excitement at looking forward to something new—the Valley of the Arno, the Florence of Medici fame, and the Florence immortalized by Shelley. We started from Rome in a drizzle, and it was late in the evening before we got to Florence. The journey was on the whole uninteresting. The railway follows the Tiber for a good bit, and we passed the Lake of Trasimeno, round about the hill-tops of which Hannibal annihilated the Roman Army in about 217 B.C. Our hotel faced the Arno, which at the time of our visit had not very much water in it.

We started early next morning to do some sight-seeing. Driving through the city one notices how the architecture of the Florentine buildings is almost all of the Renaissance period. Coming from India, the largest rivers of Europe strike one as quite insignificant, and the Arno, which is supposed to be one of the big rivers of Italy, is in comparison with Indian rivers, no bigger than one of the Gangetic Canals in Upper India. The Arno really bifurcates

Florence, and the city lies on both sides of the river. La Cattedrale di Santa Maria del Fiore is the principal sight in Florence. It is all of marble, and the exterior is a magnificent specimen of the architectural glories of the Renaissance style. In the interior are to be found some very fine tombs and statues, but, in comparison with St. Peter's the interior is very plain indeed, for with the exception of these tombs and monuments and a fine High Altar, it is absolutely bare inside, its sombreness, however, befitting it more as a place of worship than the dazzling St. Peter's. There are some mosaic windows here which have been made of a peculiar glazed material, and they shine and look like stained glass. While we were in the Cathedral, High Mass was going on and the singing was really beautiful. The Cathedral Museum contains some interesting relics. The Campanile or Bell Tower is also a fine structure. The great Napoleon when conquering these parts of Italy is said to have been so struck with it that he is supposed to have exclaimed, "Were it possible, I would like to carry this to Paris and preserve it under a glass dome." The Battistero or church of San Giovanni Battista which is just across the road in front of the Cathedral, was an old Roman temple of Mars, converted into a church by the early Christians. Its fine bronze doors, with subjects from the Old and New Testaments most exquisitely executed in relief, are well worth minute inspection. Andrea Pisano and Vittorio Ghiberti, two great Italian masters, executed these in the 14th and 15th Centuries. We next paid a visit to the Palazzo Vecchio, which contains some interesting statuary. Originally an old Palace of the Medicis, it is now the town hall of Florence.

The Loggia dei Lanzi, a vaulted hall commonly called the forum of the Florentine Grand Dukes, contains some famous groups of statuary such as the "Rape of the Sabines," by Giovanni da Bologna. In front of this place is the famous Square called Piazza della Signoria, in the middle of which, right on the pavement of the road, is a little bronze slab with an inscription indicating the spot where Savonarola was burnt in the 16th Century by the order of the Spanish Inquisition. The Uffizi Palace, which we next visited, and which is close by the Loggia, has an extensive picture gallery. It contains some of the finest paintings as well as the finest statuary to be found in the whole of Italy. Master-pieces of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, abound; statuary, such as Venus de Medici, the crouching Venus, and many other exquisite sculptures take one's breath away, and though I suppose to an ordinary individual, who does not understand this kind of art, they must be rather uninteresting, the lover of art could spend hours and days here. We next went to the Pitti Picture Gallery, located in a wing of the Palace of that name. The Pitti is connected by a covered passage from the Uffizi right across the Arno, the bridge below being known as the Ponte Vecchio. This bridge is the second bridge of shops in Italy, the Rialto Bridge of Venice being the most famous. The Pitti Gallery also contains many art gems, such as master-pieces by Raphael, Murillo and other famous painters. Statues, vases, priceless mosaic tables, the Venus of Canova, and his beautiful bust of the Emperor Napoleon are all master-pieces. Thinking we had done enough sight-seeing for the morning, we returned to our Hotel, but after lunch paid a visit to the Medici

Chapel where several members of the Medici family lie buried. The interior walls of this Chapel are all covered with beautiful marbles of different colours. The ceiling is exquisitely painted in eight panels, representing four scenes from the Old and four from the New Testament. The marble walls are so polished that the reflection of the ceilings on them is as clear as if they were veritable mirrors. In a little room attached to this Chapel are the two tombs of Lorenzo de' Medici and Giuliano de' Medici, and over them the unfinished "Evening and Dawn" and "Night and Day" of Michael Angelo. The French poet De Musset has referred to the unfinished Night of Michael Angelo in his famous lines on a dead love :—

" Elle etait belle, si la nuit
Qui dort dans la sombre chapelle
Ou Michel-Ange a fait son lit,
Immobile peut être belle. "

To Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Florence, we moved next. The exterior has the same sort of marble work as the Duomo. In the middle of the square in front of the Church, there is a marble statue of Dante. To Dante, who lies buried in Ravenna, a fine monument has also been erected within this Church. What Santa Croce contains has been so beautifully described by Byron that I am tempted to quote the following lines from his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* :—

" In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this

The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes ;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.”
Canto the 4th, Stanza LIV.

These lines have immortalized Santa Croce of Florence. No one could do better than read Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* before going through Italy, Greece and Switzerland.

We next went to see the Church of Annunziata, full of interesting paintings. The principal object of architectural interest here is the little Chapel that one finds on one's left on entering the Church. 'This dates from the 15th Century, and the whole thing, altar-piece, cupola and all, is of chased silver, richly jewelled. In the square in front of this Church is an equestrian statue of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I. In the course of the afternoon, while out shopping, we went into a Florentine mosaic factory. This is quite different to the Roman mosaic work and resembles somewhat the mosaics done at Agra in Upper India. That night we went to hear an Italian Opera called 'Iris.' Not understanding the language, we could not follow the play nor enjoy it properly ; but the scenery was good and the music was beautiful.

We paid a visit next morning to the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, containing some good frescoes. The Pitti Palace, which we next visited, stands out on the slope of the Boboli hill with a square in front of it. It looks imposing. The origin of this place is rather interesting. It is said that a certain merchant called Luca Pitti wanted to

marry a daughter of the Medici Grand Duke of his time, but the royal lady's father declined the offer, one of the pleas of refusal being that Pitti had not a Palace worthy for the habitation of a Royal Princess. Enraged at this, the merchant became the sworn enemy of the Medicis, and built this magnificent palace, casting into the shade all the palaces of that family. This place now belongs to the Kings of Italy, who reside here when visiting Florence. The Royal Apartments are superbly decorated, and there are many priceless cabinets and tables, all in mosaic, in almost all the rooms. The Boboli gardens, opposite the Palace, look very pretty. At the Bargello or the National Museum, some beautiful specimens of Renaissance bronze and sculpture work are to be seen, as well as some fine tapestries. In the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence, we saw Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of David, and some quaint tapestries representing the creation of Adam and Eve.

In the afternoon, we drove up to the hill on the top of which is the Church of San Miniato, passing on the way many fashionable villas of the Florentine residents. On this Miniato Hill stands the Watch Tower where the great astronomer Galileo used to spend many a night watching the starry heavens. Right on the top of the hill is the little Church of San Miniato al Monte. The church was closed, so we walked about the grave-yard. From here a very fine view of Florence can be obtained, with the Arno running like a silvery streak in the centre. From here too, one gets a good distant view of Fiesole, which lies in the outskirts of Florence. Winding our way citywards, we drove to the public park or Cascine. Going along this park, we passed

the Steeplechase and Race courses of Florence, driving through some very beautiful and shady plantations. It was a Sunday and crowds of people were on the promenade, and the élite of the town were out in their best Sunday clothes. Sunday in Italy is a gala day ; so in front of the Café within the park a military band was playing.

At the extreme end of the Casicine near the bank of the river Arno stands a monument erected on the spot where the body was cremated of H.H. Maharaja Ram Chattrapati, Maharaja of Kolhapur, who, while touring in Europe and on his way back to India, caught a chill and died in Florence of pneumonia on the 30th of November 1870, at the early age of twenty-one. The monument is in oriental style with a cupola in the shape of a temple on the top of it. Inside is a bust of the late Maharaja in coloured terra cotta, and outside a little railing surrounding the place. I had arranged beforehand to send a wreath and some white flowers. These I now most reverentially laid on the monument. This place filled me with a sadness and depression which lasted for several days. As a rule, I am not poetical, but on visiting this tomb I actually wrote the verses which I quote, as being not altogether out of place here :—

“ No courtiers here thy beck obey,
No beauteous Queens here grace thy side,
Alone, alas, thy ashes stay,
Alone, by Arno's rushing tide.
The wandering winds thy fate bemoan
Forgot, forsaken, left alone.

“ Forgot, alas, but wherefor mourn
Since such is life, O lonely Chief,

Though thou in life's sweet prime wast torn,
Torn by that cruel, heartless thief
That thief whom mortals "Teacher" call,
The Fate that teacheth truth to all.

"Thy heart, I ween, was filled with love
With youthful hopes, ambitions high,
What time thy Spirit soared above,
And bade this weeping earth good-bye.
Obeying Him Who thee did call
Perchance to beautify His Hall.

"Ah ! Life is but a mocking dream
Fraught with vexation, pain and grief :
And Good and Evil ever seem
Commingled in it, Indian Chief !
What lies beyond—Ah who can tell ?
My countryman, farewell, farewell."

While laying the flowers on the monument, I noticed a very good trait of character amongst the Florentine people. When I was visiting the place, quite a crowd had gathered to watch my proceedings, but while I was placing the flowers, everyone took off his hat and not a soul spoke or even whispered, and all seemed to be visibly affected by my action. The fellow-feeling and nobleheartedness of the spectators touched me greatly. It was a strange coincidence that I should have occupied in the hotel the same room in which the poor Maharaja died.

Florence has a population of about 200,000, and there is quite an English colony here. A good many Anglo-Indians have settled in Florence, finding the climate milder than that of England.

The people seemed to me to be industrious, and even less inquisitive than the Romans.

CHAPTER VI

VENICE

The arrival—The canals, the Gondolas—The Serenade—Sight-seeing
Murano—Glass factory—The Isle of Lido—The Armenian
Monastery of St. Lazarus—General reflections

VENICE was our next destination, and we reached this unique city just about dinner time on the 14th of May. *En route*, we crossed over Italy's biggest river, the Po, and passed through the two interesting cities of Bologna and Padua. Though it was 8 o'clock in the evening when we got to Venice, yet the twilight was strong enough to enable us to see the Lagoons which the Railway crosses by a stone viaduct.

The first real surprise which the 'Queen of the Adriatic' has for you is, when on alighting at the railway station and walking out of it, you find the Gondola. One hears of the expression, "Horse, Venice has never seen," but one does not fully understand its meaning until one realizes on arrival that there are no vehicles of any kind in this water city, only the gondolas to convey you through the quaint canals. When the covers of the gondolas are up, they look like boats with coffins on them. They are, almost without exception, all painted black. Two reasons are given for these gondolas being black; one is that, in the 16th Century, to put a stop to the extravagant Venetians, who in trying to

outdo one another in the decorations and paintings of the gondolas wasted so much money, the Doge of the time ordered them to be painted in this uniform and sombre colour ; the second, and probably the truer story, is, that for some reason national mourning was ordered several centuries back, and since then the gondolas have remained black.

Going from the railway station to the Hotel Danieli, we went on the Grand Canal for a bit, as well as on several bye-canals. Everything was so still, excepting the splash of the waters caused by the gondolier's oars, that the silence of the place was really remarkable. It is really wonderful how the gondoliers, shouting to one another, only just avoid collisions which might prove disastrous any moment. One notices the multi-coloured wooden posts, in front of many private palaces, and villas, for mooring gondolas. Just before getting to our hotel, we passed under the famous Bridge of Sighs. The hotel, which is really an old palace of a Doge of that name, is fairly comfortable ; the only defect of the place, in my opinion, is the little lane that runs behind it for foot-passengers, who, singing and chatting gaily, are likely to keep you a wake for the first night at any rate.

Next morning found us eager to do the day's sight-seeing. The Piazzetta, or the famous square of St. Mark's, being quite close to our hotel, we walked on to it. Though Venice is surrounded by a network of canals, yet the little islands which make up the city are linked together by bridges, and once in Venice one can, if one chooses, do the length and breadth of it on foot. The Square of St. Mark's, with the old palace building covering three sides of

a quadrangle, and, on one end, the Byzantine Church, looking more like a mosque than a cathedral, with the Doge's Palace next to it, presents a very fine sight and is the heart of the life of Venice. The famous Campanile, which collapsed a few years ago, was being re-built at the time of our visit. The mosaic pictures in the Church of St. Mark are interesting, as the Venetian style of mosaic is again so very different from the Roman or Florentine. The square bits of glass put together are very effective, but, I should say, not so lasting as the other two kinds of Italian mosaic. In the arcades situated round about the Square, there are many interesting shops, and we particularly enjoyed our visits to the Venetian glassware and leather shops. These shops are really located in the ground floor of the old Palace Buildings, while a portion of the top is still the Palace, and the rest is public offices. We paid a visit to Salvati Jesurum's Venetian Lace Factory. To watch the whole process of lace-making, hundreds of women working out different patterns, every stitch being done by hand, was exceedingly interesting. Not only do these people turn out lace, but tapestries and carpets are also manufactured here, and the place is quite worth a visit. While the exterior of the Doge's Palace is magnificent to look at from the canal, in the interior lie all the most interesting things. The stucco work on the ceiling of what was known as the golden staircase; the marble carvings on the façades; some of the old paintings and the numerous interesting rooms, such as the Room of the Council of Ten, the Room of the Council of Three; the little holes in the walls like letter boxes in which, in the olden times, people could lodge anonymous complaints against

anyone, which were enquired into and settled by the Doge; the fine stone well in the court-yard; all these things are full of story and interest, and this old place is so full of records of past glories, as well as of murders and crimes, that to every student of history it affords opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of the famous Venice of old. In one wing of the Palace, there is an archaeological museum which also contains some of the relics of the ancient Doges. The golden cap of the Doges and the ring with which the ancient Dukes of Venice used to wed the sea, are to be found in this place. In my opinion, the little passage leading to the prisons situated below the Palace and running on to the famous Bridge of Sighs, is really the thing that one ought to see when visiting the Doge's Palace. The cells in these old prisons are damp and dark, with a roughly cut stone window to each. The guide shows you the corner of a cell where the good Doge, Marieno Faliero, was beheaded, as well as the cell in which Lord Byron is said to have slept for twenty-four hours just to experience what these awful prison cells were like. These cells were used only for political prisoners, and the prison across the Bridge of Sighs was and is still used for civil prisoners. Ponte dei Sospiri, or the Bridge of Sighs, has been rightly so named, for, what prisoner would not heave a sigh when he came to know that he was being led to dark cells from which hardly anyone came out alive, and that on this bridge he would get the last ray of sunlight for many a long day to come? Of course, these were some of the barbaric ideas of the Middle Ages, but nevertheless the things remain as landmarks of the past.

In the afternoon, we went in a motor launch along

the Riva degli Schiavoni, an Arm of the Adriatic, which joins the Grand Canal, and got out at the Island of Murano, two miles north-east of Venice. Our real reason for coming here was to see the glass manufactory, and it was not only absorbingly interesting but highly instructive to see how glass was being blown first and then gradually shapen into beautiful vases. There are several such factories in Venice, and the one we visited in this island is the largest of its kind. Every workman here is an artist. On enquiry I found that the pay of these artizans in consideration of the minute work that they have to do is remarkably low, an ordinary workman only getting five to eight francs a week. The Cathedral of Murano is an uninteresting structure, but there is a little Museum here which contains some very fine specimens of Murano glassware. They have a very interesting visitors' book here which can claim the autographs of many crowned heads and important personages not only from Europe but from all parts of the world. On our way back to Venice we went into a Gondola building yard to see how the gondola was constructed. Then we paid a visit to the Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo. Situated on the side of a small canal, it is the Pantheon of Venice. Many Doges lie buried here.

From here we went to the Isle of Lido. Here you see horses, and the trams which they drag. This is the great bathing place of the Venetian people, and the beautiful sea-beach with the Adriatic's waves beating against the shores of the Isle, and vessels and steamers at a distance, make quite a picture for the artist. Bathing machines and boxes abound in great numbers on the beach, some of them looking like sentinel boxes. In the summer, this place is crowd-

ed. The hotel and café near the sea-beach is well kept up. The tramway line runs across from the Venetian side to the south-eastern or Adriatic extremity of the Island. Lido is about a mile and a half from Venice. Before returning to the hotel, we went in and saw the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore. The flooring of the Church is made of exquisite mosaic in black and yellow marble. From the top of the Bell Tower attached to this Church, which is about a hundred feet high, one obtains a very fine view of Venice and its environs.

After dinner, we went in a gondola to hear the serenades in front of the Santa Maria della Salute, a beautiful and imposing Church, and I shall not forget this evening in a hurry. We halted near one of the many barges lit up with little Chinese lanterns with a party of serenaders in national costumes in each of them. The night was still and cloudy; and the reflections of these little lanterns on the water, the beautiful singing and occasionally the search-light from a man-of-war lying in the harbour, flashing across the Doge's Palace and making it look like Aladdin's magic Palace, presented a fantastic aspect. A girl sang so beautifully a sad, and sweet Italian song, that not a sound could be heard from any of the gondolas; everyone was so charmed and spell-bound with the voice. To the poet and the dreamer, Venice is an ideal place. Then the girl's voice died away, the barges got out of sight and all was still, and we quietly got back to our hotel and to our beds.

Next morning we took gondolas and went along the Grand Canal to see the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, which contains some very good paintings; Titian's "Ascension of the Holy Virgin" being the

most valuable amongst the collection. The Seventeenth Century Church of Santa Maria della Salute, erected as a thank-offering after the great plague, contains four monolith columns brought away from the Amphitheatre of Pola; these uphold the canopy of the High Altar in this Church. The masterpiece of Tintoretto, "the Marriage in Cana," is a very fine painting, and occupies a prominent position in the Church. As on the previous day we had not examined St. Mark's minutely, we now went through everything of interest in the Church. I suppose the soil must have a great deal to do with the terrible subsidence of the floor inside the Church. The Pala d'Oro, the famous golden Altarpiece executed at Constantinople in the 12th Century, and adorned with figures of Christ and Saints set in large natural shaped pearls, rubies and other precious stones, is indeed a wonderful piece of work. This was the famous altarpiece which the guardians of the Church so ingeniously covered up by a wooden altar, and were thus able to save from being taken away by the great robber of France. The altarpiece is still hidden by this cleverly devised cover which in itself is nicely carved. We next went to see a glass mosaic factory, and some of the mosaic pictures that they turn out here are really excellent. The wages of these people are to my mind extremely low. Eight to ten francs weekly wages is what the ordinary mosaic worker receives, while the picked men get twenty to twenty-five francs a week. In the afternoon, we had a motor launch again and went the whole length of the Canalazzo, or the Grand Canal. Desdemona's house, the Rialto with the Rialto Bridge, remind one of the Shakespearian tales. I believe many people think that Shakespeare in his "Mer-

chant of Venice" has alluded to the Rialto Bridge as the meeting place of his characters in the play, but really it is a little place called Rialto near the Bridge which the poet alludes to, for there is quite a little market there. While on the Grand Canal, we were shown the house which was once Lord Byron's residence, and we went into the Frari Church, where the great painter Titian and the Italian sculptor Canova are both buried. In the Grand Canal are to be seen fine buildings which were the palaces of the different Doges of Venice. Almost all have a neglected look, and some have even so much degenerated as to be used as pawnshops. The pretender of Spain, Don Carlos, has a fine little place on the Canal. Going through the Grand Canal, one gets a glimpse of the modern commercial condition of Venice. We then went on the Giudecca Canal.

After traversing a large sheet of water and leaving the Isle of Lido on our left, we went on to see the famous Armenian Monastery located on the Island of St. Lazarus. I was much interested in going through this monastery with its beautiful vine-yards and its quaint Armenian priests. It is strange that this little island, though under the protectorate of the Italian Government, should belong to the Armenians. The monastery dates back to the beginning of the 18th Century. It is in a flourishing condition, has a fine library and an interesting collection of manuscripts. Amongst the curios here, is a table said to have been used by Lord Byron when he was studying the Armenian language. These monks have a private press which is excellent and quite up-to-date. The Patriarch presented me with an Armenian Bible with translations in sixteen different languages, all bound in one volume. There is quite

a useful observatory attached to the monastery with a goodly number of astronomical instruments. The chair belonging to the conqueror Chengiz Khan, ancestor of the Timur that pillaged India, seems to have come into the possession of the monks in some mysterious way. In this monastery Lord Byron wrote the fourth canto of his "Childe Harold." These people have a very interesting visitors' book containing the autographs of the Emperor Napoleon III, Empress Eugénie, our King and Queen, Gladstone, and so on, while original letters from Browning, Ruskin and others written to the Head Patriarch, are shown to visitors.

Thus ended our second day in Venice, and as the programme of our tour had been cut and dried, we had to leave next day this wonderful city, which must have been glorious in the flourishing days of the Doges.

Venice, seven miles in circumference, a conglomeration of little islands, linked to each other by bridges, numbering about four hundred, with its Grand Canal and the Doges' Palaces studded on both ends of it, its numerous bye-canals and its imposing frontage on the Riva degli Schiavoni, richly deserves to be called the "Fair Queen of the Adriatic."

CHAPTER VII

MILAN

Venice to Milan—Sight-seeing—Visit to the Exhibition—The monumental Cemetery—Motor tour round the Italian lakes—General reflections on Italy

WE reached Milan from Venice on the 17th of May. The capital of Lombardy is a modernized town and in many respects it is quite unlike an Italian city. In the journey between Venice and Milan we had some little excitement, as the guard in charge of our train tried to shove a passenger into our compartment; in which, however, he did not succeed. The rich fertile plains of Lombardy looked green and fresh. When we reached Milan, the weather was very threatening and cloudy, and in fact our stay in this city was rather marred by the rainy days that we experienced while there. Milan is the most important city of northern Italy, and is a great commercial centre, with a population of 500,000 souls. I think it is a great pity that some of these Italian cities have not retained the ancient Roman names. I think, for instance, Mediolanum, the ancient Roman name for the capital of Lombardy, sounds much better than the Italian name Milano.

On our way to our hotel right in the heart of the city, we passed through the principal thoroughfares and by the beautiful Cathedral. As we had arrived

in the afternoon, after a little rest we drove out to the Exhibition grounds, where the Great International Exhibition was being held, which had been formally opened by the King of Italy sixteen days earlier. We found the Exhibition grounds so extensive that we had to content ourselves by keeping to certain sections of them. The model of the Simplon Tunnel; the show rooms containing marine objects ; and the many other interesting things that we saw, including an exhibit of radium, made us wish to pay a second visit.

As we had only two days to spare in Milan, and, as I had decided to take a motor trip to the lake districts, we had a hard day's sight-seeing to do on the 20th. Starting early in the morning from our hotel, we first paid a visit to that most beautiful structure, the Duomo. The beauty of this Cathedral lies solely in the exterior, where the marble carvings are so exquisitely done that they look fine lacework, and the whole structure, in graceful Gothic style, is a picture in itself. The only fault that one finds with the structure is its frontage or "façade" as my friends the Italians style it. This is in Renaissance style, and though it does not clash with the Gothic portion, yet I think it would have been far better if the whole thing were of one type. I heard that there was a proposal, funds being available, to change the frontage into Gothic style, which if done, would, I am sure, be a great improvement. The beauty of the interior of the Church is in its sombreness and its 'dim religious light.' The stained glass, specially that in the window just at the back of the High Altar is really exquisite. The very fine statue of St. Bartholomew, depicted as he appeared after being flayed alive, is a wonderful

piece of sculptural work, and, in my opinion, it would have better adorned a medical college than a church, for it shows the great anatomical knowledge of the sculptor, and the veins, sinews and muscles of the man have been so well brought out that one likes to examine it most minutely. The principal object of interest in the interior of the Church is the altar-piece and the mummified body of San Carlo Borromeo in the crypt. The room in which the subterranean tomb is situated has a very fine decorated ceiling, and in the centre you see a splendid silver coffin highly chased and with very finely executed silver work in relief. The priest turns a handle, and a side panel of the coffin slides down, revealing the body of the dead Saint in a glass airtight case. Though the skin is all dried up, parts of the body are in wonderful preservation. The richly jewelled Cardinal's mitre, and clerical robes are all to be seen within this glass case. From here we drove to the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. It is in a neglected condition. In the refectory of the Church, in a damp little place on one of its walls, is, in a very faded and neglected condition, the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. The Church of San Ambrogio, which is close by, is interesting as a portion of it is the original Chapel of San Ambrogio built in the 4th Century A.D., and so one may say, one of the oldest Christian churches in Italy. The quaint little tombstone, said to mark the burial place of King Pepin, the son of the great Charlemagne, is rather interesting. The tomb of the Saint is also of chased silver and richly ornamented like that of San Carlo Borromeo in the Cathedral. The National Gallery, or the Brera Palace, so called as it is located in an old

palace of that name, has an extensive collection of pictures, among which Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin" is of course world-famed. In the courtyard the only existing equestrian statue of Napoleon I is to be found. It is of bronze. Napoleon is here represented as a Roman Emperor. It is a nude figure and the work of Canova. Our next move was to the Castello Sforzesco, the citadel of Milan, an old castle now very much renovated. Here is the archaeological museum, and there is a collection of paintings mostly modern. My friend, the Doctor, who, luckily had been picking up a word or two of Italian, got lost in the building, and was at last able to find his way out by saying "uscita" to several of the guards at the museum, much to their amusement. Milan has very fine tram cars, but they are a great nuisance, and in some of the crowded streets it is almost impossible for carriages to pass. The only Roman ruins in the city that are worth visiting are the ruined Colonnades of San Lorenzo, so named as they stand near the church of that name. These columns are the most important Roman ruins in Milan and stand as a relic of past glories. Milan once being a Roman city, there were many pagan temples in the place, and the Cathedral itself stands on an old temple of Minerva.

In the afternoon we started off to see the famous cemetery of Milan, which is the second most important monumental cemetery in Italy. In the south is the crematorium, recently refitted according to the most scientific principles. Some of the very fine statues and monuments erected over the graves, each of them a sculptural master-piece, make one wonder whether one is visiting an art gallery or a vale of rest. I admit that, although I admired some of the

fine statuary in the cemetery, these monuments really were in a sense revolting to me. I love visiting cemeteries, which generally are so peaceful, but at this Milan cemetery I was so dazzled with the splendour of the tombs that a sickening feeling came over me. Everywhere you saw statues and medallions of the dead. Here you would see a beautifully carved white marble figure of a young widow with a most pathetic face bending over the medallion of her dead husband; and next to it fatherless babes in bronze or marble weeping over their parent's grave. Perhaps these things appeal to the sentimental Italians; perhaps they are justifiable in the name of human passions, grief, anguish or whatever you like to name them; perhaps it is natural that in the memory of the dead, forced by the fullness of the heart, costly monuments should be erected over the graves of the dead dear ones. But why such statues? Why a widow or widower should actually pose before the sculptor to have his or her statue accurately executed to be placed over the husband or wife's grave? In one grave I noticed that a young widow most beautifully draped in marble was crying over the tomb of her husband, who had died at the early age of twenty-eight. Supposing this very widow after a few years of widowhood married again and came with her second husband to lay flowers on her dead "caro Francesco's" grave, and saw her own statue kneeling over the tomb of the man she had been married to once, would not her own marble figure be mocking at her? I must say that these monumental cemeteries, far from being laudable, are in my opinion in every way to be discouraged. When the life is run, the course is finished and the mortal frame led to rest; let nothing be put above it

to mock the dead. I ascertained that owing to these monuments, there is always a great competition amongst the local sculptors, which often leads to the grave-yards becoming a place of exhibition of local sculptural talents. Visitors come here simply to see the monuments and compare the excellence of the statues, for this cannot be called a cemetery. A cemetery is a place where people go to seek solitude and quietness, and it should be a sombre place, a place where people could go for spiritual elevation and not a "jardin public" or a museum as the Italian cemeteries of Milan and Genoa are. From the standpoint of Christian charity, such places are the most unchristian, for, "Charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own," and in these places every possible desire to outdo one another in the erection of monuments is to be noticed. The most interesting thing in the cemetery to my mind was the crematorium, built so far back as 1876 for the use of Swiss residents, and since then improved and enlarged. The process of cremation occupies less than an hour, and the cost is forty francs per body. Paupers are cremated at the expense of the municipality. The process is on the latest scientific principles. The body is placed on a galvanized table with wheels, which travels on rails and runs into an oven inside the wall, which is so hot that it quickly pulverizes the body, and the cremated remains are gathered and put into little urns, which are placed in walls in a wing of the cemetery hall, with tablets over them, on the same principle as the old Roman Columbaria. Six bodies can be burnt here at a time. There is rather an appropriate inscription in Latin over the Crematorium, which translated would read,

“A purer element the fire
Consumes us now, pray no more
To worms, our modern minds desire
What fools forbade of yore.”

The cemetery is fifty acres in area and is closed in by colonnaded walls. I was not sorry to leave the place as the monuments had fairly got on my nerves.

We did our ‘tour de force’ next day with a 24 horse-power Fiat car, which gave us little or no trouble. We did in twelve hours about three hundred and two kilometres, that is nearly one hundred and ninety miles, with stoppages. We left Milan at seven in the morning, and although it drizzled, more or less, the whole day, and it was bitterly cold dashing along in a motor, yet we enjoyed our trip. The road taken on our outward journey was from Milan to Como and its beautiful lake. Thence via Varese to Laveno, on the south coast of the central part of Lake Maggiore. At Laveno, after an hour’s wait, we got with motor and all, on to one of the steamers that ply on the lake, went across it, and got out at the picturesque little town of Intra, where the inquisitive populace greeted us with grins and shouts. We then motored all along the lake sides, passing the town of Pallanza ; then going right to the western extremity of the lake we turned round, and passing Baveno came on to Stresa, whence we went to Arona and returned to Milan via Novara. Now that I have given an outline of the route taken by us, I shall mention some things of interest about places we motored through. The entire journey was picturesque, everywhere the soil seemed fertile, and mulberry trees especially abounded luxuriantly. At Como there is a large silk factory. The whole town could

as we approached, be seen down the valley, bristling with church spires, and the lovely blue lake at its foot. Perched high up a hill is the old ruined Castle of Baradello, where in the Middle Ages many an unfortunate prisoner was tormented to death, being put in a cage and hung out from the top of the tower to be exposed to rain and sun until death came to his release. While at Como, the weather cleared a bit, and we obtained a glimpse of the snowy Alps across the lakes. Unfortunately all day the weather was so bleak and cloudy, rainy and windy, that although the romantic scenery cheered us up, motor-ing was not over-pleasant. The quaint little town of Varese, with its small lake, is pretty, and the surrounding scenery rather wild. Laveno is more picturesque from Intra, while from the Laveno side, Intra and Pallanza, situated on the banks of the Lake with high mountains springing up behind them, make the whole scene worthy of a painter's brush. The Borromean Islands studded about the lake are very pretty. Maggiore is the biggest of the Italian lakes, being about thirty-seven miles long and in most places over two miles broad. The north side of the lake belongs to Switzerland. The principal effluents of the lake are the rivers Maggia and Ticino. At Baveno, we noticed the huge granite rocks and large quarries that supplied stones for the Milan Cathedral. Stresa would be an ideal spot to live in. The Grand Hotel des Iles Borromées, where we had an excellent lunch, is a very fashionable place filled with quite a number of English and American visitors. Stresa is a famous Italian summer resort. Monza, where poor King Humbert of Italy was assassinated, is not far off. The four Borromean Isles still belong to the descendants of the Count Carlo Borromeo

who is buried in the crypt of the Milan Cathedral. Isola Bella is the prettiest of the four Isles, though Isola Madre is the largest. Isola Pescatori, or the Fishermen's Isle, still contains a fishermen's village which in former days used to be in a very flourishing condition. Isola Giovanni is the smallest and plainest of the cluster of islands. We reached Milan at about seven p. m. with our feet simply cramped, and thoroughly done up after the day's excursion.

As Milan was the last Italian city we stayed in, some reflections in general on things Italian will not be out of place here :—

In all the Italian towns that I visited, I noticed the streets were mostly paved with stone. The pavements are rather a nuisance, for the rattling of the carriage wheels at times becomes almost unbearable. I found this particularly to be the case in Rome. I must, however, add that, with the exception of a few byelanes, we found the streets of the Italian cities kept in fairly clean order.

Electric light and electric trams seem to have been introduced even in the smallest towns of Italy.

The coachmen in Italy are on the whole very polite, but in Naples they shout and annoy you at the railway station to get a fare. They have a peculiar way of cracking their whips, which is a sign for the passers-by to make way for them. It is rather a good plan and much preferable to the Syce's * shouting in India.

That our friend, the Italian, belongs to a handsome race, there cannot be the slightest doubt, and I must admit that in the streets of the different towns of Italy that I visited, I hardly noticed a really ugly woman. The men on the whole are well-built.

Syce—the Indian groom.

Some of the Southerners are distinctly handsome, but in the streets you will also notice villainous looking cut-throats. Loafers abound in Italy, and in some places, particularly in the south, the men are proverbially lazy. This is a thing that is bound to be noticed by even the least observant of travellers. The Italians, as is well-known, are easily excitable, particularly when the honour of a woman is concerned. Still with all his excitable nature, the Italian is a good fellow, and one may sum him up as the most devoted of friends and the maddest of enemies. I must say I like the Italians, except when I come across one of the modern school who irritates one by bursting forth with unnecessary vehemence about his anti-clerical ideas. I admit that the Vatican and the Roman Church are to a great extent responsible for having retarded education and the advancement of the Italians, but nevertheless the antagonism of these modern men to the Pope and the Roman Church is really very remarkable. Socialistic movements are gaining ground in Italy, resulting in constant strikes, like the one we experienced in Rome.

Although Italy is not supposed to be a very rich country, yet it is very fertile, and hardly any fallow land is to be noticed anywhere. The beautiful vineyards, the numerous olive trees, the well-cultivated wheat and paddy lands (we noticed a good many rice fields round about the lake districts in the north), and miles upon miles of mulberry trees, show that Italy is fairly prosperous, that its agricultural population at any rate is industrious.

That in statuary and paintings Italy cannot be excelled in this world is a well established fact. In natural scenery too, with her picturesque lake districts, the Italian Alps, the beautiful bays, mountains

and volcanoes, she can well hold her own against any country, and, as to her ancient ruins and the many beautiful churches, where else are such things to be found ?

The Italian climate, particularly that of the south, resembles somewhat that of India. In the north we experienced chilly weather, but it was not unpleasant except when motoring through a cutting wind. Malaria is by no means unknown in Italy, and although the awful Pontine marshes of Rome are no longer in existence, yet round about Rome and in the south of Italy, the disease still plays havoc. The southerners believe so much in the mosquito theory that not only do they have nets over their beds, but I noticed between Brindisi and Naples, in houses along the railway line, that whole rooms and verandahs were covered with these nets to ward off the insects, which must amount to a veritable plague to necessitate such steps.

I have already said in my chapter on Naples how very superstitious the Neapolitans and southerners are with regard to the evil-eye. I suppose this will gradually wear off with the march of civilization.

The continental freemasonry, which really is bound up with socialism, and often unfortunately leads to atheism, is I think the result of the oppressions of the Church of Rome. If Italy is to be saved from atheism or the wave of anti-christian feeling which has arisen mainly from the anti-papal sentiments amongst the patriotic Italians, and is still to remain a Roman Catholic nation, then it is time for the Pope to leave his self-chosen prison and come out and mix freely with the people, to encourage monarchy, loyalty and patriotism, and to teach by the unselfish examples of himself and his clergy the

practical side of Christianity, to try and inspire in the people the Spirit of the Living Christ. If this were done, in a short time the people would rally round the Pope and become good and honest Christians. But they will no longer tolerate the oppressions of the past, nor will they stand the Pope or his Church if these are opposed to the onward march of Constitutional Monarchy, liberty and freedom.

That the great patriot Garibaldi, the liberator of Austria-ridden Italy, is not only respected and venerated as a great national hero, but is looked upon as a divine being and a saviour of his country, will easily be seen from the numerous statues to this humble inhabitant of Caprera that one notices in all Italian towns, big or small. If one goes into a peasant's hut, alongside with the picture of the Madonna or the Holy Child, there will be seen a picture of Garibaldi. Such is the way in which the Italians worship their patriots, and for this they are to be respected and admired.

CHAPTER VIII

LUCERNE

The St. Gothard Tunnel—A Snowstorm—Lucerne—Excursion on the Lake of the Four Cantons—A precocious Yankee boy—Reflections

LEAVING Milan early on the morning of the 20th May, we got to Lucerne about tea time. We ought to have arrived there for lunch, but owing to landslips on the railway we had to go by a roundabout route. The journey was one of the most interesting that we made during the whole of our stay in Europe. The view, it is true, was often obscured by rain, the clouds preventing us from seeing the snow-capped Alps, yet we saw enough to be convinced of the perennial picturesqueness of Alpine scenery. At Chiasso we crossed the frontier, where of course the usual customs examinations had to be gone through. All about the Lake of Como the scenery was fine, but it proved to be finer when we passed the Lake of Lugano. The further we went, the clearer the weather became, and the scenery at times kept us spell bound; but a real novelty awaited us soon after passing through the St. Gothard Tunnel.

Before the Simplon Tunnel was completed, this used to be considered the largest tunnel in the world. It is about seven and a half miles long, and the train going at quite thirty miles an hour, took us over a quarter of an hour to get through. Just

as the train quitted the tunnel, to our great surprise we saw snow lying all over the country, and it was snowing incessantly ! Inside the tunnel one felt very chilly, although the smoke from the engine was so very bad that all the windows of the railway carriages had to be shut. Just a moment before, we had been grumbling about the bad weather, as the heavy clouds had prevented us from seeing the beautiful snow-capped mountains, but, now, all was forgotten, as we had never seen snow falling before. We all became much excited, and, as the train stopped for several minutes, you may imagine how interesting it was to us to watch our first snowstorm.

From Göschenen to Amsteg it kept on snowing steadily. After that we noticed snow lying about, though it had ceased to fall. Arriving at Arth-Goldau we heard to our chagrin that there had been a land-slip, so that we had to go round by a different route, arriving at Lucerne at last *via* Zug. The rain had depressed us so much that even before we had arrived we had decided to shorten our stay at Lucerne and to leave it a day earlier. However, when we got to the National Hotel, with its grand view of the lake, and of the town on its shores, looking so picturesque, and the graceful peak of Pilatus with its snow cap rising almost sheer behind the town on the other side, we got quite enchanted with the scenery, and decided, be the weather fine or foul, to stay on till the day originally fixed for our departure. The hotel was one of the finest that we stayed in on the continent ; the food was excellent, and the rooms spacious and equipped with all modern requirements. My room overlooked the lake, and during my stay there, many a half-hour did I spend deep in thought, looking at the town, the Alps, the

beautiful lake and the grand scenery all around. The railway route between Milan and Lucerne is not only interesting for the scenery, and the St. Gothard Tunnel itself, but also for the marvellous loops and innumerable tunnels which impress one as a veritable triumph in railway engineering. The weather next morning being still cloudy and threatening we first went out and did some shopping.

The beautiful wood carvings, one of the principal industries of the town, proved most attractive. We then had a drive round the town, which is really quite small. In fact, Lucerne is mainly made up of hotels and pensions with a few pretty private villas on the hill-tops. We went across the bridge where the river falls into the lake, and then paid a visit to the nicely cultivated Glacier Gardens. The Glacier Mills, supposed to be the remains of a glacier that once existed about here, are interesting as they are practical illustrations of how through the force of the glaciers, holes are made by huge stones called mill-stones or grinders. The little Museum attached to the Mills has a collection of stuffed specimens of all the kinds of animals, fishes, and the like, to be found in Switzerland, the mineralogical section being particularly well equipped. The Alhambra or labyrinth is much frequented by tourists and is a great source of amusement. The monument of the 'Dying Lion,' cut out of the rock just at the entrance of the gardens, is finely executed. It is an allegorical representation of the stand of the Swiss guards at the Tuileries while protecting Louis XVI during the French Revolution. The Museum of Peace and War close by contains a curious collection of armaments, models of battle scenes and battlefields, intended to show to the people the horrors of war, and to preach

peace and good-will amongst nations, a thing easy for the simple, industrious, and peaceloving Swiss peasants perhaps, but very impracticable for those nations who pursue a steady policy of 'land-grabbing.'

In the afternoon the weather having cleared a bit, we went in a motor launch all over the lake. Starting from the front of our hotel we passed and touched at many pretty little places on the lake side. At one small landing place we got out, and by the cable railway which runs on cog-wheels on a very steep incline, we got to a summit which is called Bürgenstock, from which we obtained a splendid view of the lake, with Lucerne in the distance. We then came down by the railway and continued our journey, passing in turn Weggis, Vitznau, Beckenreid and Gersau on the way to Brunnen. This little town is very pretty. Near Brunnen we saw a massive rock, I should say over a hundred feet high, rising out of the water. There is an inscription on it in honour of Schiller, the German poet, who immortalized in verse the deeds of William Tell. This rock is called the Mytenstein. We also passed a little place called Tell's Platte, where there is a little chapel supposed to have been erected on the spot where Tell escaped from the boat which was conveying him to prison. Country people flock to this place in large numbers to worship the memory of their national hero. But many now believe that the whole thing is a myth and that William Tell never existed. We next went on to Flüelen right at one end of the lake, whence we returned direct to Lucerne. Though it was rather chilly, the trip was very enjoyable and the launch went well, taking only four hours, including stoppages, to do the trip.

I must mention here an amusing little episode, which occurred while we were on the lake. Just as we were getting into our boat, I noticed a little boy of eight or so, walking about and looking at us so intently, that I invited him to join us, to which he readily consented. The little fellow turned out to be the son of the American Consul at Lucerne. Harry Morgan, for that was the boy's name, was one of the smartest and most intelligent little lads that I had ever come across. Some of the questions he asked amazed me so much that I forgave his impertinence and precocity, which were remarkable in so young a child. The way the little fellow stuck up for his "America" was most amusing, and one could not help admiring this proof of national spirit in a lad of his age. Before getting into the launch, I had made the boatman put up the "Union Jack," taking down the "Stars and Stripes," which had been flying, and was most likely used by him to please the numerous American tourists that frequented the place. Evidently my little fellow passenger had noticed this, and as soon as we were settled in the boat, in his nasal voice he took me to task by asking, "Why did you take down our National Flag?" At first I tried to "pull his leg" by chaffing him about America, but the little fellow would not be put off, and it was not until I told him that I had no disrespect for the American flag, but that, as a British subject, I preferred the Union Jack, and therefore had the British Flag put up, was he satisfied. I shall long remember this cheery and intelligent little Yankee boy. At Bürgenstock, my friend Professor De had so stuffed the poor little fellow with gâteaux and sweets that on the return journey he was quite sick, and seeing him ill, one of my party was also

attacked with a malady of a similar sort. It was certainly somewhat interesting, although rather trying for me to have to attend to this little fellow, and at the same time comfort my friend with assurances that we were nearing the shore. I was glad enough for their sakes, as well as my own, to deposit my charges on *terra firma* again. In the evening, my little American friend wrote me a nice little note, thanking me on his own behalf and that of his mother for the treat we had given him. I missed the cheery little fellow for several days, which shows what an under-current of sympathy and fellow-feeling lies below the surface of all humanity.

Next morning we drove out to the little hill called the Gütsch, where we had also to go up by a wire railway, and from the tower of the little church, standing right on the summit, we obtained a splendid view of the Alpine ranges round about Lucerne. At noon we paid a second visit to the glacier gardens, and in the afternoon we took another trip on the lake in the same motor launch that we had used the afternoon before. We first went to Alpnach, then we revisited Vitznau, where we had tea in a pretty little café overlooking the lake. The railway up to the Rigi starts from here. As we ascertained on enquiry that the top was inaccessible owing to the recent snow-fall, the little railway train in consequence only going up about half way, we gave up the idea of an excursion up the mountains. We went on to Küssnacht, and from there, as the weather had cleared up, we obtained a very fine view of the Alps, and could just discern the peaks of the famous Jungfrau, and Finsteraarhorn, the second biggest snowy peak of Switzerland. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The sunset that evening was glorious on the lake, and

the play of lights on the mountains was really fantastic.

What little I saw of Lucerne and of the Swiss life and scenery impressed me greatly. The Swiss folk struck me as laborious and simple, and not half so inquisitive as the Italians. Lucerne was the first continental city where I noticed little wayside stands for waste paper, although, of course, I saw them in nearly all European cities afterwards. At the time, I remember, it struck me forcibly that if we could only keep some of our Indian cities half as clean as Lucerne, we would certainly hear less of those diseases of all kinds that emanate from dirt and dust. The fixed population of Lucerne, though only 30,000, gets doubled in the season by the influx of tourists and visitors.

CHAPTER IX

PARIS

Lucerne to Paris—First impressions of the gay city—Sight-seeing—The Pasteur Institute—Fontainebleau—Versailles—General notes—Departure for London

WE left Lucerne amidst glorious weather in the morning and got to Paris in the evening, where, as luck would have it, it was drizzling and very cloudy. As regards the journey between Lucerne and Paris there is very little to note. Bâle was the important junction of continental railway routes that we passed through, and here are at once Swiss, Italian and German Custom Houses. However, we got through them all without a hitch. Between Bâle and the station called Petit Croix, the stretch of country that meets one's gaze now belongs to the Germans, the result of Napoleon III's folly of 1870. It is a part of the Province of Alsace and Lorraine. At Petit Croix there is a French Custom House. The railway line between Bâle and this station belongs to the Germans.

When we got to Paris, although the evening was cloudy, yet there was light enough for us to discern the symmetrical buildings and the well laid out roads of the city. From the station we drove straight to the Grand Hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines and made ourselves as comfortable as we could, for the

place was huge and not very well managed, there not being enough waiters and so forth. The approach to Paris is very deceptive, for, in the suburbs one notices only tumble-down-looking workmen's houses, and it is not until you get right into the heart of the city that you realize what Paris is like.

We started in a motor early next morning, to do some sight-seeing. Our first move was to the famous Madeleine Church. Originally intended to be a 'Temple of Glory' by Napoleon I, it was afterwards decided to make it an Expiatory church with monuments to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Its bronze doors are very fine, but the interior is sombre. It being Ascension Day, High Mass was going on; the singing was impressive, but the congregation seemed to me restless and very inattentive. Then we got to that noble square, the Place de la Concorde, where one realizes what enormous wealth must have been spent in building parks, squares and monuments in Paris. All the four sides of this square have something or other of note. At one end right across the Seine one sees the fine Chamber of Deputies, at the opposite extremity the Madeleine Church stands out gracefully, then on the east side extend the Tuileries Gardens with the Louvre Palace looming behind, and opposite to it on the west stretches away that world-renowned Champs Elysées at the end of which one notices the beautiful Triumphal Arch of Napoleon. Round the open space in the centre of the square are the allegorical statues representing the different Provinces of France. One cannot help noticing the black draperies and wreaths over the figure representing Strassburg, lost by the French in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. In the centre of the square is the well-known Egyptian obelisk, near which the

unfortunate Louis XVI and his consort were guillotined. The sister obelisk to this is the one on the Thames embankment known as Cleopatra's Needle. Roughly speaking, if one were to draw a circle with the Place de la Concorde as its centre, one could include almost all the sights of Paris which are full of historical associations of the French Monarchy, Empire and Republic. We next motored through the Louvre Gardens, then went on to visit the exquisite little church of Saint Chapelle, the stained rose windows in which are really very fine. This Chapel of pious Louis of France is now only a show place, for no services are held here. The steeple of the church is marvellously executed, and in my opinion, it was the most graceful that I came across in Europe. The Palaces of Justice next door struck me as being very substantial looking buildings. We then visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In the exterior of this church one notices the curious animal figures forming the gables. In Notre Dame are the holy relics brought from Jerusalem by King Louis IX, otherwise known as the Pious. The morgue, which is just behind this Cathedral, is interesting to visit, though the sight may be gruesome. Some of my party were not very keen to go over this, but I made them come in with me to have a look at the frozen dead corpses kept in little air-tight rooms with glass panels. The bodies of all the unknown people who have met their ends by foul play or have been found in the streets, are brought here and preserved in exactly the same garments that they are found in. They are kept for three days in the hope of identification by relatives or friends of the dead, and then they are removed for burial. There were three bodies of men on view the day we visited the place,

and though the sight wasn't a pleasing one by any means, yet I thought this a very good and useful institution, especially in a place like Paris, where violent deaths are by no means uncommon. The Pantheon, which we next visited, resembles somewhat the Pantheon of Rome. The paintings, in fresco style in the interior, representing scenes from the ancient history of Paris are interesting. In the crypt we noticed the tombs of great men like Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and so on. The Church of St. Etienne du Mont, near the Pantheon, contains an elaborate tomb of St. Genevieve, the Patron Saint of Paris, and some interesting ornamentations. Our next move was to that place which I had long cherished the idea of seeing, the Invalides; here amongst the barracks for invalided soldiers, in the beautiful Royal Chapel, rest the mortal remains of the Great Napoleon, after having been brought away from St. Helena. These barracks are at present partly occupied by old Crimean Veterans and their families, and in one portion resides the Military Governor of Paris. The Royal Chapel, once a Royal place of worship, is now a Royal resting place of the mortal Napoleon. Right under the great dome, many feet below the floor level of the church, rests the simple and yet grand tomb of the Great Emperor. The tomb itself is made of a red kind of granite which was presented by the Czar Nicholas of Russia. The simple tomb in the centre, on a beautiful mosaic floor with marble figures of Victory surrounding it, and the peculiar light effect above and behind the altar, all contribute to the solemnity of the place. All the banners carried away in battles from the different nations by the Emperor decorate the walls. Going round at the back of the tomb, over the door that leads into the interior one

notices a befitting inscription proving that though a Corsican, Napoleon loved France. In the passage inside the door which leads to the tomb are kept the swords, the cocked hats and grey cloaks of the Emperor. Very few are permitted to see these relics. Even of the Ministers, only the Minister of War can go in here, and a few foreign Princes have been granted the *entrée*. Crimean Veterans guard the portals in the crypt that lead to the tomb, which, as I have already said, is sunk below the level of the church floor. Leaning on the circular marble balustrade one has to look down to see the tomb. The idea of so arranging it was so original that although, no doubt, it is given in the guide books, I feel tempted to tell the story here. When the French people awoke from their torpor, and realising their neglectfulness agreed to have the remains of the Great Emperor brought over from St. Helena, many designs for the tomb were made. The successful architect, before his design was accepted, was questioned as to why he had made an underground design and not an obelisk or a high monument, and is said to have replied that "as all nations had bowed to the Emperor when he lived, let them still bow their heads when looking at his tomb." A very clever and ingenious idea indeed! Since a child, I have had a great admiration for this great Emperor of the French, though, perhaps, he was a great robber and butcher. I was so moved with the sight of this tomb that a few tears fell from my eyes, at which the Crimean Veteran, who was showing me round, was much touched, and I was glad to see that though he was a humble soldier of a peaceful Republic, yet he had not forgotten his great Emperor. The tombs of the two brothers of Napoleon, Jerome and Louis, Kings of Westphalia

and Spain are also located in two little side rooms within the Royal Chapel. Touring round the city one notices many magnificent buildings, such as the Admiralty, Foreign Office, Hotel de Ville, the two fine buildings erected for the 1900 Exhibition and now used as the Modern Art Galleries. The Pont Alexandre III erected in memory of the Russian Czar's visit is very fine. The national monuments, Napoleon's Column of Victory and many other fine Arches and Columns, are the landmarks of Paris. When being pointed out Palaces and political prisons which played an important part in the terrible days of the French Revolution, one cannot help feeling a little depressed. In the afternoon we circled a large part of the city, getting a fair idea of the vastness, beauty and wealth of Paris. We first of all traversed the Rue La Fayette, at the end of which is the Grand Opera building, one of the finest of its kind to be seen anywhere. Then passing through the pretty park of Buttes-Chaumont, we alighted at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise where I spent quite half an hour looking up tombs of old French Republican Presidents, the poet De Musset, and especially the tomb of Visconti, the architect who designed Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. One of the interesting tombs in the cemetery is, of course, that of Abélard and Heloise, a popular resort with the young and sentimental who have either been crossed or disappointed in their love affairs. I think this tomb serves one good purpose, that is, of declaring to the world the fallacy of hastily taking up the life of celibacy. The central monument is a fine allegorical representation of a man and woman entering the domains of Death, with relatives and friends left behind mourning their loss. It is a masterpiece of

sculptural art. The simplicity of the place strikes one more forcibly after the almost barbaric display of sentimentalism in the Milan cemetery. Our next move was to the Eiffel Tower. On the way we passed the only fine Archway of Louis the Fourteenth's period that still remains intact. We went up the Eiffel (1,000 feet high) by a lift which stopped at every tier for people to get out and have views from the different heights as well as to buy souvenirs and to get refreshments from the shops and cafes on each floor. Half way up, is the best place to get a view of Paris and its environs. It was quite a novelty going up this wonderful tower of iron spans and rivets. The lift cannot go to the extreme top, to which narrow steps lead, but we went as far as we could, which was quite high enough, for the views were hazy and the people looked exactly like so many ants. There was a Russian lady of rank with us in the lift, and I was rather surprised at her quickness of perception in discovering me to be an Indian nobleman. Leaving the tower, we went to the Trocadero Palace, which is really an enormous hall used for big concerts, public orations and prize distributions of schools, something like the Albert Hall in London. We then had a most delightful run up and down the beautiful Bois de Boulogne, which, with its artificial lakes, its numerous flower beds on the lake sides and its shady avenues, was really enchanting. On our way back to the hotel, we motored through the Champs Elysées and stopped at the Place Vendôme to examine Napoleon's Column of Victory, which is really an exact copy of the Trajan Column in Rome, and is said to have been made up by melting the guns captured at the battle of Austerlitz. Next day, first of all, I paid a visit to the British Embassy,

where the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, received me most courteously. The Embassy is an interesting house, as it belonged to one of the sisters of the Emperor, and contains some articles used by Napoleon himself. During the morning we went to the Louvre, once a magnificent palace, and now one of the finest art museums. It is an enormous place and is supposed to be one of the largest palaces ever built. The statuary portion is not so very interesting, for, with the exception of the armless Venus of Milo and a few Roman figures, and vases and bowls brought over by Napoleon from Italy, most of the statues are copies of Italian originals. But there are over three thousand paintings in this place, all fairly well-arranged. Amongst the modern paintings those representing scenes from French history and from the life of Napoleon I were very interesting to me. The Assumption of the Holy Virgin by Murillo is supposed to be one of the most valuable paintings in the whole collection, but really there are any amount of art treasures in this place by great Italian, French, English, Dutch, German and other masters. There is a fine collection of Rubens'. Then turning to other things in the museum, the Regent Diamond, and the few crown jewels of France as well as old furniture, tapestries, and miniatures are all well worth looking through. The Egyptian and Assyrian portion and the complete collection of Etruscan vases must be of great historical value. After spending about a quarter of a day there, we returned to the hotel for lunch. In the afternoon we visited first the Musée de Cluny, where there is a fine collection of tapestry-covered furniture, old lace, etc., of Louis XV and subsequent periods. Inside this museum, in one corner, are some old

Roman ruins and a huge bath where Julian the Apostate, emperor of the Gauls, is supposed to have been crowned. I was very pleased to come across, while going round, my good friend, the Aga Khan of Bombay. In a distant land, one's countrymen are always very welcome. The museum and picture gallery in the Luxembourg Palace contain an interesting collection of modern statues and paintings. All the works of sculpture and paintings exhibited in the Annual Salon, that are purchased by the Government are brought here and kept together. We went and had a look at the Salon which is now-a-days housed in the Grand Palace, that is the bigger of the two buildings left of the last Exhibition of 1900. In the Salon, which corresponds with the Royal Academy in London, with the exception of a few paintings and statues, I did not see anything of extraordinary fine quality. That night we went to the Opera House, where a play called 'Salambo' was being staged. The scenery was beautiful, but, not knowing the French language, I could not appreciate the piece much. The interior of this Opera House is magnificently carved and decorated. Begun by Napoleon III and completed by the Republic, it must have cost a fabulous sum of money. Leaving the Opera, as the night was pleasantly cool, we had a drive round the Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, and so on. The lights in the streets and shops, and the open-air music halls, and the crowds streaming out from the different places of amusement, made up a spectacle which could not easily be forgotten.

Next morning we motored out first of all to the Pasteur Institute, which I had long looked forward to seeing. Fortunately a good many patients were

being inoculated for dog bites, so, in a way, I was enabled to see, more or less, the whole process. The serum, I noticed, was injected on both sides of the stomach. Some of the children who were being inoculated howled dreadfully, but more from fright than pain. On enquiry I found that if one were to be bitten by a mad dog after having been once inoculated, it would necessitate a fresh inoculation. So really each inoculation only means prevention of hydrophobia from one particular bite. It was interesting to be shown the process by which the serums of mad dogs were injected into rabbits, guinea-pigs, dogs, geese and so on, and to learn how their conditions changed with the different stages of the development of hydrophobia.

Though seeing these animals developing hydrophobia was instructive, one could not help feeling sad for the poor beasts. The place where the animals for experiment are kept is clean, but smells terribly. Pasteur lies buried in a vault here, and has a fine tomb. Madame Pasteur still lives in the Institution. The Professor who showed us round told me that almost all the cases treated here had proved successful, and failures had only averaged one in three hundred, and that most of these were mainly due to patients having been brought when they were in advanced stages, when they had already begun developing symptoms of hydrophobia. Rabbits and guinea-pigs are the principal animals which are inoculated and from which serum growths are obtained. Serums for plague, tetanus, diphtheria and consumption are also made here and sent to different countries. The whole place is really a wonderful institution, and I was glad I had the opportunity of seeing it.

We next motored to Versailles, passing by Long-

champ, the famous Paris race course, the Bois de Boulogne, the historical old town of St. Cloud, and the beautiful park, near which stood the Palace which was a favourite resort of Napoleon III and was destroyed during the Franco-Prussian War. We got to Versailles in about three quarters of an hour from Paris. The Palace of Versailles, with its beautiful parks and avenues, its fountains and artificial grottoes, is really well worth a visit. What a sight, with the glittering, chattering, revelling, roll-icking court, this must have been in the time of Louis XIV and his successors ! History has not, I think, done anything like full justice to its splendour. All the rooms in the Palace are very fine and full of historical associations ; amongst the most interesting is a suite of rooms occupied by the unhappy Marie Antoinette, which for its simplicity, in comparison with the grandeur of other apartments, shows that although this Royal Princess was a haughty daughter of a haughty mother, yet she knew that domestic comfort could be better enjoyed in nice cosy rooms than in those huge cold-looking gilded suites. The Hall of Mirrors, in which during the siege of Paris in 1870, Bismarck with the help of the mad Bavarian King, declared William I of Prussia, German Emperor, must stand out as a slur and a national insult to those Republican Frenchmen who still take a pride in the ancient monarchy of France. The paintings in this palace are mostly battle-scenes, and those in the room fitted up by Louis Phillipe and called the Hall of Battles form good educational examples. The Republican Government of France is to be complimented for the excellent way in which it has kept up this historical palace and preserved its priceless art treasures.

From Versailles we went to the Grand Trianon, the summer villa of the French Kings, and the favourite residence of Napoleon. There is here an interesting collection of state coaches of Napoleon, Charles X, and other French monarchs. A fine modern coach kept here, and originally built for Nicholas II, Czar of Russia, when he visited Paris and opened the Pont Alexandre III, is now used by the French Government for distinguished foreign visitors. The letters R.F. on it although standing for "Repubblica Française" curiously enough must also, at the time of the Czar's visit, have served the purpose of the *entente cordiale*, as they stand for Russia and France. On our way back we motored through the town of Sèvres, famous for its china, and were luckily able to get into the celebrated porcelain factory, the showroom of which is full of the finest examples. Absorbingly interesting, too, were the workshops where we had the whole process explained to us. The way the workmen carry out on the vases the most beautiful designs with the utmost accuracy is really marvellous.

Next morning we started fairly early, first of all, for St. Denis, to see the famous old church. We did not, however, succeed in our endeavour, as the Confirmation ceremony of a lot of young boys and girls was going on in the church. So we motored back to Paris and then on to Fontainebleau. To get to Fontainebleau, which is about forty miles from Paris, we motored through bits of very pretty country. Fontainebleau is more a village than a town, but the Palace is very fine and full of historical associations. Built by Francis I of France, neglected by the Louis, who preferred Versailles, it regained its ancient splendour and popularity in the time of Napoleon,

who was very fond of living here, and the place is full of incidents of the Napoleonic *régime*. Here in front of the portico of the palace looking towards the south, the guide will point out to you the spot where the Emperor bade good-bye to his Guards when going to Elba, and where, again, he was welcomed triumphantly for the famous Hundred Days. The rooms occupied by Napoleon are still full of furniture he used. There is the table with the dent made by his paper knife, while signing his deed of abdication, before he went to Elba. Thanks chiefly to American tourists, the original is now like a golf hole. The table is now surrounded by cords to prevent people damaging it any more. Sauntering along these huge unoccupied rooms one feels a peculiar regret thinking of their past glories. The library is fine and, I should say, the most interesting room in the whole Palace. Here there is a globe which the great Emperor used to study and on which you find still many pin pricks where the great schemer must have placed his little pins to map out his lines of conquest. The globe must have been specially made, for not only in Europe but in India, even the smallest rural towns have been marked upon it. In several rooms the fine Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries that cover the furniture are still in excellent preservation. The gardens of Fontainebleau, though nothing like those of Versailles, are very well laid out. There is a large pond near the Palace full of carp. People visiting Fontainebleau should not miss the beautiful little Imperial theatre at one end of the southern wing of the Palace erected by Napoleon III, for it is exquisitely artistic. Fontainebleau, like Versailles, is only a place of show now, though I was told the late President Carnot

used to occupy a wing of this Palace as he was so charmed with its situation and environs. The town of Fontainebleau has a population of 11,000 souls. The name is said to have originated in the following way. Louis IX of France, surnamed the Pious, who was passionately fond of sport, once, while hunting in the forest, now known as that of Fontainebleau, got lost and separated from his party. Feeling very thirsty, he found, after a long search, a spring of beautifully clear and sweet water. After quaffing his goblet he exclaimed "Quelle fontaine de belle eau,"—"What a fountain of beautiful water!"—The King was so charmed with the spot that he had a little chateau built here for himself. This chateau grew into the fine palace one sees today. The name "Fontaine de Belle eau" was given to the village that sprang up, and was afterwards shortened to "Fontainebleau." The "Field of the Cloth of Gold," where King Francis I received his friend, bluff King Hal of England, was actually situated near here. It was a strange coincidence that both going out to Fontainebleau and coming back from the place, we met no less than seven funeral processions, and an eighth was very near being added to them, for, when on our way back we were motoring through the forest, some poachers in the woods, thinking that our motor was a police car, fired at us, the bullet just missing the car by a yard or two as it was going at a good pace.

It is impossible for one who only stayed a short time in Paris to know much of the side-lights of Parisian life.

That in artificial beauty, Paris is not to be easily beaten, is, I should say, an admitted fact.

The people seemed to be very industrious, but I must say I really did not see many strong or sturdy-looking Frenchmen. The men you met in the streets, had, in most cases, a dissipated look, with sunken eyes, and dejected expressions, the result, I believe, of indulgence in 'absinthe' and various dissipations.

The numerous open-air music halls, cafés, buffets, are in themselves a standing proof of the Parisians being a gay crowd. Even the least observant cannot help noticing that while on one side Paris was a city of wonders where one could get all the material comforts and luxuries of the twentieth-century-civilized West, yet after ten o'clock in the evening you had only to peep out of the window of your hotel at once to realize that the city was a veritable "Devil's pandemonium" as well. Walking on to a music hall, you will probably be accosted in the street by men dressed as gentlemen, and who will introduce themselves as being English or American, and offer to take you to see real living La Milos, not to speak of other disgusting depravities of Paris. Many are the La Milos in Paris and many the Indian Chiefs that get allured in this city and leave a slur on their names and on their mother country. *Indian Chiefs going to Paris indeed leave many scandals behind them. Some of the stories that the manager of the hotel I was staying in told me were enough to horrify any decent gentleman, and when I showed my disgust by the expression on my face, he had the audacity to laugh outright at me, saying in French that I was indeed a novel person to show such horror at his 'gay' stories. In Europe, the allurements to immorality are a hundred-fold worse than out in India, and my advice to the members of the rising

generation of the Indian Aristocracy is, "Go to Europe by all means to see, to learn and to educate yourselves; go to Paris to see the priceless art treasures; go to all the gay cities of Europe; but don't leave behind scandals such as those that some Indian Princes have left, which make every honest man wish that he could shut his ears." It is a shameful thing that an Indian Prince has thus come to be as a matter of course branded as the most debauched and worthless creature on earth. A glance will show you that amongst men and women of Paris, whose god is Mammón, a degree of depravity exists of which no idea can be formed in the East. Atheism and satanism reign supreme. This is, however, only the dark side of the picture. Let us look rather at the bright side, the beautiful monuments, the grand institutions, the historical associations and the intrinsic loveliness of this great city of the great French Republic, and profit thereby.

CHAPTER X

LONDON

Paris to London—The Channel crossing—First glimpse of British soil—Arrival at the World's Greatest City

ON the morning of the 28th. May we left Paris, reaching London in the afternoon. The journey between Paris and Calais was not so very interesting. We had a fairly good crossing and when I saw the chalky cliffs of Dover and began to realise that I was nearing the shores of England, a peculiar feeling came over me. As the boat was moored I became so lost in reverie that one of my friends had to pull me by the sleeve to make me realize that I was blocking the way. Between Dover and London, I hardly ever took my eyes off the green English meadows. The beautiful country we passed through was indeed something new compared with any we had yet seen.

When we arrived at the Victoria Terminus, I was delighted to see my dear friend Cecil Fisher, I.C.S., awaiting me, and had the great surprise and honour of also meeting his father, Admiral Sir John Fisher, England's first sea-lord and one of the greatest authorities on her navy, who was standing beside his son to welcome me. As we proceeded to the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, where we put up, it was highly interesting to me to pass Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park and other landmarks which I had



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Our party - Remond

read so much about but had never seen. It was a strange coincidence that one of the first men I caught a glimpse of—as he passed in a brougham,—should have been Lord Curzon. I shall have to say a good deal about him, as it was so largely due to his kindness and help that I enjoyed and benefited by my stay in London, and got a glimpse of English political life and politicians of the greatest interest to me. We found our hotel rather small but quite comfortable. As it was a very bright and sunny afternoon, I went for a walk in Hyde Park with my friend Cecil Fisher, and he began to initiate me into the ways of this great city.

I have so far written these “Impressions”, in diary form, but since London was my head quarters from the 28th May till the 19th July, I must depart from this order and sub-divide my notes thereon into six chapters, namely, Social London ; Political London ; Religious and Philanthropic London ; the City of London ; Sporting London ; and the Sights of London. I deal with the British Isles in the chapters following.



CHAPTER XI

SOCIAL LONDON

Visit to Lord Curzon—Private Luncheon—Summons to attend a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace—An audience with their Majesties the King and Queen—Visit to Clarence House—Interview with the Prince of Wales—Old Anglo-Indian friends—Garden Parties—Ecclesiastical “At Homes”—Admiral Sir John Fisher

THE day after my arrival in London, I went to 1 Carlton House Terrace, to pay my respects to Lord Curzon. It was a real delight indeed to meet again the great ex-Viceroy who has been so unjustly misjudged out in India and has had his great devotion and love for India so largely ignored. Lord Curzon at the time of my visit was looking very pulled down. Lady Curzon, who, alas, was to die so suddenly during my stay in London, was at the time looking ill, but no one dreamt that her tragic end was so near. This visit to Lord Curzon was such a contrast to my interviews with him when he was Viceroy that it will long remain vividly in my memory. Here there were no body-guards, no formalities to go through to get an interview with the statesman. A note was promptly answered by the ex-Viceroy in his own handwriting. I came round at the appointed hour, rang the bell, gave my card, the butler ushered me in and I was once more shaking hands with the man who was

India's Viceroy at a time when I was just entering manhood, and who by his fascinating manners and intellectual inspirations had made me one of his most loyal supporters and staunchest friends. I was really overcome when we met, and I shall never forget the trouble that Lord Curzon so kindly took in giving me hints about life in London, not to speak of the numerous letters of introduction and the itinerary that he took the trouble to draw up for me as to what functions I should attend, what places in England I ought to visit, and so forth.

On the 2nd of June I had an *en famille* lunch at 1 Carlton House Terrace. It was really a pleasure to see Lord Curzon amidst his family, the little daughters looking bright and cheery, Lady Curzon as graceful as ever and the ex-Viceroy sitting at the head of the table chatting away with everyone, and even indulging in jokes with his children's governess, asking her reasons for the children's constant drives towards Hampstead Heath and so on. It was a simple and everyday lunch, but the reason I mention it is that it is this side of a Viceroy's life of which we in India are debarred from ever having a glimpse, and one can never judge the real personality of a Viceroy until one meets him in private life as I had the opportunity and privilege of meeting Lord Curzon in London. This was the only time I saw Lady Curzon, and I believe I was one of the last persons to see her going about, for the ill-fated lady was soon afterwards taken ill, and, on the 19th of July, ended a beautiful life, to the sacrifice of the domestic happiness of a man who in his conscientious discharge of duties out in India, had, during many a bitter moment, found his one comfort in the wife that fate has now robbed him of.

I have no intention of describing all the parties I attended while in London, but I must mention two other interesting luncheon parties. At Sir John and Lady Fisher's house in Queen Anne's Gate, I had the honour and pleasure of meeting the late Lord Kelvin and his wife, and had a very interesting talk with this really grand old man of England. When the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Ward invited me to their house in Pembroke Square I met a good number of the Ward family including the Earl of Dudley. I had been told that very few people in England really took any intelligent interest in Indian affairs, so it was a pleasant surprise to find Lord Dudley asking me so many sensible questions about this great dependency of England.

On the 31st of May, soon after my arrival in London, I got a summons through the India Office to attend Court. I was glad to see the words "in proper Durbar dress" on it, for, it is only proper that Indian noblemen, however much they may like to wear European clothes ordinarily, should in all State functions wear their own national costumes, particularly their national or tribal State head-dresses. I got to Buckingham Palace at about 9.30. p. m. The Court did not begin till after 10. Royal footmen with powdered hair and in court uniform, crowds of ladies with their huge trains arriving at this historical Palace ablaze with lights, rich in furniture and paintings, made up a dazzling sight. I was pleased to find three fellow-countrymen of mine, and it was a strange coincidence that there should have been four Indian Maharajas from four different important Presidencies of India at this particular Drawing Room. Besides myself, there was the Raja of Rajpipla from the Bombay Presidency,

the Raja of Pudukota from Madras and the Kumar Saheb of Patiala from the Punjab. Sir Curzon Wyllie of the India Office ushered us according to the Order of Precedence into the White Drawing Room where stood our beloved Emperor Edward VII in a Field Marshal's uniform, with his good Queen Alexandra on his left, in deep mourning owing to the death of her father the late King of Denmark. For a moment I was really dumfounded, for to every true and honest Indian, loyalty is a thing that is naturally ingrained in his heart, and as a loyal British subject to see my Emperor standing before me was a sight never to be forgotten. We were told only to bow and not kiss the hands of the Sovereign. When my turn came and I was introduced, it was one of the supreme moments of my life. The Queen-Empress first shook hands with me and said a kind word or two. Then the King-Emperor in a most hale and hearty voice and in a genial manner shook hands and spoke to me. It was only a standing interview of a few minutes, yet the questions that the King asked me showed that he rightly deserved to be called the most wonderfully intelligent monarch in Europe. I was so overwhelmed with emotion that though I had been told not to kiss the hand of the King, yet when His Majesty shook hands with me, I bent my head down and touched reverentially the Royal hand with my forehead, at which action the King seemed to be much moved and gave me a very kind smile. We were then taken on to the Throne Room, which was ablaze with lights, the Royal band was playing overtures at the far end of the room on a raised balcony. We had to stand behind the Throne when the procession of the King and Queen came in. First came the ladies and

gentlemen of the Court in their fine dresses and uniforms, the ladies of course, wearing black, owing to the Queen being in mourning; then came their Majesties who stood in front of their thrones; the first to pass them was the Prince of Wales, and after the other members of the Royal family and diplomatic corps had made their bows, the ladies of the Royal family and Household came in; then the wives of the different ambassadors, and then the public *entrée* began. It was a pretty sight to see the ladies in their court dresses. I noticed their Majesties stood until the wives of the Ambassadors passed by and then they took their seats for the rest of evening. The function was not over till one o'clock in the morning. We had to stand through the whole of it, of course, a thing not new to one who has had the privilege of private *entrée* to Government House Calcutta. The Drawing Room over, the King and Queen left, followed by the Court, while we were taken into a room where there was a sumptuous standing supper laid out. Here I was pleased to meet, after many years, Lady Lansdowne, who, while she was Vicereine, was always very kind to me and my little sister, both of us, of course, then very young. The Marchioness had certainly aged but she still had that fine elegant appearance which struck one so forcibly when she adorned the Calcutta Government House. When conversing with the King, one could not help noticing that His Majesty had a strong German accent. I believe this is so with all the Royal family. I was glad to see that our King was neither so grey nor so stout as a majority of the illustrated papers that one sees in India make him out to be.

On the 3rd of July I had an interview by appointment with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at Clarence

House, his London residence. The Duke received me in the Drawing room, and with him were the Duchess and the Princess Patricia. The last time I had met their Royal Highnesses was at the Delhi Durbar of 1903, and it was a pleasure to find that the Duke remembered me. He even enquired if the Mahaut* who had brought the baby elephant which I had presented to him had reached his country safely. These formal interviews are often very stiff affairs, but to put their visitors at ease and to make them really enjoy their interviews is one of the great charms of the English Royal family.

On the 14th of July, I was summoned to Marlborough House where I had a very interesting interview with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Prince who, at the time of my visit, had only just returned from India surprised me by the keenness with which he talked on Indian affairs, displaying a sound knowledge and a true judgment. Marlborough House, by the way, from outside, is very deceptive, and until one gets inside, one does not realize what a fine place it is.

One of the most pleasant occupations that I had in London was hunting up and coming across many old Anglo-Indian friends. It was, indeed, at first sight strange to see ex-Lieutenant-Governors, not to speak of Commissioners and others of the Civil Service of India, living in retirement in small flats in the west end of London. Amongst others I was most delighted to meet Sir Stuart Bayley, who, when Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in 1888, approved of my adoption by the late Maharani of Burdwan. He had aged greatly, and owing to his tall stature had begun to stoop. But the change he saw in me must

* Mahaut—The elephant driver.

have been very great, for, when he left India I was only a lad of seven.

The annual Garden Party given by the members of the Indian Civil Service in Regent's Park, to which I was invited, is really a famous function, for one comes across any number of Anglo-Indians there. Another very pleasant Garden Party that I attended was the one given by Sir Charles (ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal) and Lady Elliott down at their pretty place at Fernwood, Wimbledon Park. It was a real pleasure to see Lady Elliott again. Years ago when she was the hostess at Belvedere in Calcutta, her son Claude Elliott (now at Eton) and I were playmates and had many a romp in the beautiful gardens of Belvedere.

Two Ecclesiastical "At Homes" that I went to were interesting in the sense that they were a novelty to me, although I must say without hesitation that they were rather dull functions. One was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other by the Bishop of London. At each the guests came streaming in and each was announced to the Prelate and his wife, but the silliest part of it was that instead of walking away to the gardens after introduction, they gathered round their host and hostess to watch the rather stupid operation of seeing other guests being announced.

I shall conclude this chapter with a reference to a tea party given by some friends in Ennismore Gardens. To this the Indian Officers of the Indian Army who go every year to attend His Majesty's Court, and to act as orderly officers to the King, had been invited, and it was with no small amusement that I noticed many of the English gentlemen and ladies, shaking hands with them, offering them

chairs, cheroots, and Anglo-Indians also following suit. If these officers had met these *Burra-Sahebs* in India, they would, I am certain, never have been offered seats and cigars, if they could have got even Moolahkats * with the Hazurlogs. † From this incident I first realised the truth of a remark that an L.-G. of Bengal, who lies buried in Calcutta, had made to me while out shooting in the jungles of Bankura, "Remember Maharaja," he said, "that the Englishman at home is a different being altogether to the one out in India and you Indians spoil us by your over-politeness and constant kowtowings." This good L.-G. also told me a fact which I found to be perfectly true, that is how many Anglo-Indians after retirement feel uncomfortable and unhappy at home, where they are forced to find their level and live humbly for the rest of their lives.

The Fisher family greatly helped me to realize London. Sir John and Lady Fisher and their good daughters showed me the greatest courtesy. While I was in London one of the daughters was married, and I was much interested in the ceremony, which took place at the great church for fashionable weddings, St. George's, Hanover Square. I need not enlarge upon the affectionate attention of my greatest civilian friend, Cecil Fisher. To one and all I owe my hearty thanks for many a pleasant afternoon and evening, and it was through them that I enjoyed the opportunity of coming into contact with men like Lords Kelvin, Tweedmouth and other celebrities, as well as many people who had made fortunes and were living in Park Lane, the centre of fashionable London.

* Moolahkats—Interviews.

† Hazurlogs—The mighty ones.

CHAPTER XII

POLITICAL LONDON

Mr. John Morley, Secretary of State for India—Interesting lunch of political men at Lord Curzon's—Visit to the House of Commons, an impression—Reception to Lord Ripon at the Hotel Cecil

IN this short chapter I shall deal with politics and some of the English politicians I came across while in London. On the 31st of May I went to the India Office and had an interview with the Secretary of State for India. Mr. John Morley, though a man well over sixty, is clearly fully awake to the responsibilities of his position. He has one of the keenest observing faces I have ever seen. At the time of my visit he had not been so very long Secretary and he very frankly confessed his ignorance of India. I had a most interesting discussion with him on such things as the Indian National Congress, the Partition of Bengal, Lord Curzon's Administration and many other interesting Indian problems, and, being a Conservative myself, I was much pleased to see that Mr. Morley was not one of those Radicals who have nothing but illogical arguments to put forward. Since I saw him in London, many things have happened in India, and it has been a pleasure to me to see that the great strength of mind that he has shown in some of his actions, is just what I should have expected, and that I was not wrong in my

estimate of his character. Some of even the best intentioned English Liberals are liable to blunder over Indian affairs. India is one of the knottiest of problems to Englishmen. But since Indian administration is a sacred duty of England, it should never be brought on to the platform of party politics. India is awakening, it is true; and while it is the duty of the English Government out in India to direct the legitimate aspirations of the people of India into safe and proper channels, it is the duty of every Englishman at home not to give Indians false hopes, nor to encourage the people of India with the idea that she could become a Colony like Canada or Australia when such dreams are so surcharged with racial impossibilities. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the present political heat-wave in India is due to a certain extent to the impolitic, ill-thought, ill-inspired encouragements of the Radicals and disappointed Anglo-Indians in England. Since India's Ruler lives in the west and her Government is also a westernized one, she must, no doubt, to a great extent be westernized; but to westernize her in her entirety would be an act of folly. One result of the 'sympathy' from foolish Radicals and disappointed Anglo-Indians in the House of Commons has been not only frothy speeches by platform agitators, but fanatical outbursts in all parts of India. One notices a very large number of orators in Hyde Park, and one finds little crowds collecting round each of these 'tu'pennyha'penny' speakers; but the English public go there for the sake of amusement mostly, and not to be excited by such speakers, simply because being a free people they like every one to have his say. But this policy is not altogether healthy in my country, filled with emotional, sensitive, sentimental races, and

there liberty of speech, may, therefore, easily be carried too far. The Press in India is another creation of the Anglo-Saxon, and thanks to his idea of liberty, he has made it one of the most scurrilous and mischievous Presses in the world. It is, therefore, very necessary for men like Mr. Morley and other Liberals to be particularly careful in their promises to India and Indians. Change has to come, must come in India as well as everywhere else in the world; but never 'bustle' the East. Bustling the East was perhaps the only crime that could be ascribed to Lord Curzon—his reformatory were so many and so frequent, his energy and activity were so great, that they were far too much for the rather slow oriental mind thoroughly to grasp. One result has been a great deal of clamour and unpopularity as the reward of one of the most unselfish and untiring Viceroys that India has ever known. I have here digressed somewhat from my narrative and plunged into a discussion of Indian politics, but I hope this won't be considered to be quite out of place in a political chapter.

I met Mr. Morley again at a very interesting luncheon party given by Lord Curzon to give me an opportunity to meet a few English politicians, distinguished ex-Viceroy, and Anglo-Indians. Lords Lansdowne and Elgin were unavoidably absent from it; but besides Lord Curzon, Mr. Morley and myself, there were the ex-Premier Mr. Balfour, ex-L.-Gs., Sir Stuart Bayley and Sir Hugh Barnes, and Sir John Hewett now L.-G. of the United Provinces. The Right Honourable Mr. Arthur Balfour, though apparently reserved, struck me as being a charming person to meet. This will always remain vividly in my memory, as during the lunch we had a very

prolonged and interesting discussion on India and her political situation, and it was amusing to see the party hits that Mr. Balfour had at Mr. Morley, the Secretary of State returning them in a quiet unassuming way.

On the 5th of July, Mr. Ellis, Parliamentary Under-Secretary to Mr. Morley, very kindly took me into the Distinguished Strangers Gallery of the House of Commons to hear a debate. That evening, Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, made his excellent defence on the Denshewi affair in Egypt, which, unfortunately, however, I could not stop to hear. It was very interesting indeed to watch parliamentary men like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Messrs. Asquith, Morley, Fowler, Haldane, Churchill, Bryce, and others defending the Government side, and Mr. Balfour, the Leader of the Opposition, with others of the Conservative Party on the Opposition Benches. I listened to the debate with interest for about four hours, and but for another engagement, I should have stayed on. Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, was sufficiently reserved, yet a good many of the Irish Members got so excited that they were even less well-behaved than the Municipal Commissioners in a rural Municipality of Bengal. I could not help smiling when certain members got up and asked many injudicious questions, to which Mr. Morley very quietly but very curtly and firmly replied. One could not help thinking that the questions put to Mr. Morley by these discontented Anglo-Indians, whose disappointments in their official ambitions are probably the cause of their having turned into such *true sympathisers and supporters of poor India*, were most trashy. Mr. Morley's replies seemed to me to the point, but to ignore such questions as much

as possible would be the best policy for any Secretary of State for India to pursue. These "friends of India," by asking a string of questions on the Partition of Bengal and now and then displaying a forced zeal for the so-called National Cause, may dupe some Indians, particularly the Bengalis, but must be disregarded by all Indians of sober judgment who are able to look beneath the surface. Though I must say Mr. Morley has been one of the best Secretaries of State for India, yet being a Conservative myself, I think on the whole a Conservative Government is much to be preferred in India. For, though so far we have fared well, yet a Liberal Government is at times rather a dangerous thing for India. The Liberals are so fond of making mighty promises of liberties to India, that in practice they sometimes make a hash of everything, and the Indian prefers a direct 'nay' to an indirect 'yea' which is rather the way with the Liberal party, and which 'yeas' often come to nothing. Taking a special interest in politics, this visit to the House of Commons was very interesting to me, and had I stayed longer in London I should certainly have tried to pay more than one visit to the British Parliament. I was very sorry not to hear a debate in the House of Lords ; but at the time of my stay in London very few debates were going on, as the Upper House was busy sitting as Select Committees.

I shall conclude this chapter with a reference to an "At Home" kindly given on the 11th July by Sir Cowasjee and Lady Jehanghier of Bombay at the Hotel Cecil, which I attended. We were invited to meet the ex-Viceroy, Lord Ripon. I was quite a baby when Lord Ripon was Viceroy of India, and, therefore, I was pleased to make the acquaintance of

this well-meaning ex-Viceroy, although I think his Ilbert Bill was unfortunate. Give us Indians nothing if you like, but don't encourage us to entertain false hopes or aspirations that are neither good nor healthy for us.

CHAPTER XIII

RELIGIOUS AND PHILANTHROPIC LONDON

The Archbishop of Canterbury—The Bishops of London and Stepney
—Fulham Workhouses—The Salvation Army—The
Church Army Organization—Dr. Barnardo's
Homes—Visits to the slums

I have reserved this chapter for a few words about the ecclesiastical dignitaries I came across, the slums I visited, and some of the charitable institutions which I went over in London.

On the 13th June, for instance, I went to Lambeth Palace and had a valuable interview with Dr. Randall Davidson, the Right Hon. and Most Reverend Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England. I found him to be a most sympathetic man, and we had quite a long discussion about the work of Christian Missions in India. The Archbishop kindly took me round the Palace, which, with its wealth of historical associations, I found in every way of the most engrossing interest.

I went on to Fulham Palace, in the afternoon, and had a very pleasant conversation with the Right Hon. and Right Reverend the Bishop of London. I thought Dr. Winnington Ingram a very receptive and intelligent man, and no one can help noticing his great personal charm. Fulham Palace has very extensive gardens—a great attraction in the Metropolis.

On the 6th of July, I called on the Right Rev-

erend Cosmo Gordon Lang, Bishop of Stepney, a comparatively young-looking man but well up to his work. It was through his kind offices that I was able to pay a visit to the slums, to which I shall refer later on. I must here express my great thanks to Bishop Copleston of Calcutta, for, it was entirely due to the kind letters of introduction that he gave me to the different prelates in London that I was enabled to see these great Churchmen.

On the 18th June, through the help of the India Office, I was enabled to see the Fulham Workhouse and Infirmary. This institution does excellent work. The Babies' Ward, the Infirmary Wards as well as those where tramps are lodged, I found to be excellently arranged, and I was allowed to see the system of Entry Registers. Fulham is under Parliament so that it is a semi-State and not simply a parochial institution.

I paid a visit to the Salvation Army Head-quarters in Queen Victoria Street, where there are only the Offices of the Army. Accompanied by Mr. Jolliffe, Head-quarters Secretary, I and my party went to see one of the Night Shelters for men. Here either for one night or for every night of the week anyone of the poor labouring class can come in and find shelter, which means a neat simple little bed for either 2d. or, for a little better one, for 4d. with a meal from a penny upwards. In fact, a man of this class could get fair food and shelter for 3d. to 6d. per night. If a labourer wants good lodging for a week, he can secure it by paying half a crown for his bed, and can obtain food at the above rates. This is a real Christian charitable institution, and there can be no doubt that though the Salvation Army is ridiculed in India, where their tomtomings and singing

“ Sally in our alley ” sort of tunes in bazaars, are liable to make them appear ludicrous, in England, the British Colonies, and on the Continent of Europe it does some real good work. There are, besides this home for men which we went to see in Middlesex Street, many others in the city, and some for women too. All these places seemed very cleanly kept, and the beds looked quite comfortable. I tried one, and saw the cooked food, which seemed excellent for the price. The best time to go to see these places is in the evening, when people come in after their day's toil. We next went to see a workshop in Whitechapel also maintained by the Salvation Army. Here they turn out furniture, doors, and the like, not only for their own homes, but for others. The idea of running these workshops is really to find work for the destitute, idlers and unemployed of all sorts and denominations. Many of the unfortunate workmen who come into the night shelters work in these places. Although one may have differences of opinion with the Salvationists about their religion and modes of preaching, one must admire General Booth's energy. It cannot be denied that in England at any rate the Salvation Army does good work by lending a helping hand to the destitute, and in trying to lead them to live a healthier and purer life and earn an honest livelihood. The features of the differences between the tenets of the Salvation Army and of Protestant Christianity are chiefly two. (1) The Salvationists have no Baptism or Holy Communion : (2) Their marriage formula though in the same style as that of the Protestants is somewhat different. There is one good trait in the mode of preaching of the Salvation Army which is to be found in their night shelters. Here they hold Divine

Services every evening when all the boarders have congregated, but none are compelled to join the prayers which are quite voluntary, nor are they turned out if they don't attend the services. Now, in India, there are certain Christian Missions, some of them Medical Missions even, where unless people pray they are not taken any notice of at all. I know one particular Medical Mission where one or two who had gone to get medicine were not attended to simply because they had refused to join in the divine service that was held in one of the rooms of the dispensary.

We also went to see the working of the Church Army, organized by a Mr. Carlisle some twenty-four years ago. It is a good deal based on the Salvation Army principles, only this institution is entirely in co-operation with the Church of England. From their Head-quarters near the Marble Arch in Bryanston Street, Mr. Carlisle, whom I had met at the Bishop of London's Garden Party, deputed Mr. Whittle the Secretary of the Association to take us round to see a working home for men and a similar one for women. In the men's home, wood-chopping seemed to be the chief occupation, and for this the inmates were getting 10d for every hundred bundles of wood that they made up after chopping, and out of their earnings they had to pay 6/- a week to the home for food and lodging; a shilling a week was allowed each for pocket money, and the balance they deposited with the Church Army, from which they occasionally drew for the expenses of their families. When they leave the homes after having procured a better job elsewhere, they can take away their deposits. In these homes women get board and lodging free, and in turn sew and knit, the work being sold, and the profit going to the Church fund. The Church

Army also finds situations for men, a class that is carefully attended to being discharged prisoners. It is a good organization, but not, I think, so well managed as the Salvation Army.

A place I was most interested in visiting was Dr. Barnardo's Home for waifs and strays. We went to this place after driving through the city to Stepney Causeway, right at the East-End of London. I found this institution very instructive, and I strongly recommend Indian Noblemen to visit it, for, homes like these in India, though not needed in the same way as they are in England, would be of use, although, of course, on different lines. Dr. Barnardo's name will go down to posterity for the foundation of this much-needed institution. It is really marvellous how many crippled boys are enabled to learn some trade or other and thus fit themselves to earn an honest livelihood. Carpentry, tailoring, mat-making, blacksmith's work, brush-making are taught here. The statistics show that picked-up nameless waifs have become tailors and carpenters and clever artizans, all earning honest livelihoods, either in England or abroad. Quite a few of them have even become doctors, parsons, schoolmasters, barristers and so on. Many emigrate to Canada, and the little pamphlets and albums giving their history and careers are very interesting. Mr. Baker, who has succeeded the late Dr. Barnardo, seemed to me to take a real interest in his work.

I had long intended to visit the slums of London, and after seeing the wealthy side of life I wanted to see how the poor and needy fared in this Magic City. "Oh, the slums of London! Go and see what poverty is like in London, and then you will understand that even the poorest Indian is better off than

the London poor." Many a time had I heard this exclamation from Anglo-Indian friends out in India, so, while in London I thought I would not lose the opportunity of seeing something of London poverty. Acting on the Bishop of London's advice, I mentioned to the Bishop of Stepney, when I called on him, that I would like to see some slum-work. So one evening, dressed in plain clothes, I went in a cab to Oxford House, Bethnal Green. Here Mr. Woolcombe, the head of the house, showed me round the workmen's and boys' clubs started by the Oxford Mission, which were all very interesting. Some of the men, especially in the alleys, were dressed in what once must have been some discarded suits of the well-to-do ; some were deliciously dirty. In one of the clubs I joined in a game of billiards with some of the men, who seemed to enjoy the visit of a dusky Indian, and cracked jokes, and seemed quite at home. I had to shake many dirty paws, but I did not mind that in the slightest. If I was not what I am, I would not have minded devoting my life to work amongst suffering poverty-stricken humanity. Mr. Woolcombe told me that one or two streets that we walked through are quite dangerous at night time, as hungry folk will rob you if they know you have money on you. Then there are many criminals who hang about these places. Slums are gradually becoming a thing of the past, at least many dirty streets are disappearing through the activity of the London County Council, who are building large rows of tenements to be occupied by these poor classes at a low rent. But, even now, whole families are to be found living in one small ill-ventilated room. This visit to the slums impressed me greatly, and I don't think I was ever so thoughtful as I was that evening,

when I remembered that only a mile or two away baskets full of food were being thrown out of hotels, restaurants, and private houses, while here men and women were actually fighting for a crumb of bread. God help such institutions as the Oxford Mission, which tries to reduce vice in these purlieus of the East End, and to teach the inhabitants Christian ways. A London pariah, like all pariahs, has no real religion, and poverty simply drives them to sin and crime. Talking of poverty in London, I shall never forget the sight I noticed at Epsom Downs when I went to see the Derby being run. Here while the rich and mighty were enjoying their lunch on their coaches and drags, as soon as a party threw away the remains of their repast, like small fish that rush after a morsel of food when thrown in the water, the gipsies ran to pick up these scraps. I saw some pick up the peels of oranges, crumbs of bread and put them into their mouths. It may be a selfish observation, but I thank God that in everyday life such a sight does not exist in India, though it is a poor agricultural country in some respects.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CITY OF LONDON

General aspects of the City—The Traffic—The Buildings—The London Policeman—Shops—Theatres—A Visit to the Lord Mayor—Lunch with the Lady Mayoress—A Drive in the State carriage to Guildhall and back—A dinner at Claridge's—The Penny Banks—New Scotland Yard—Rowton Houses—London Fire Brigade—The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—The Royal Mint—The "Times" Office—London Law Courts—The Temple—The Thames Embankment—London Hotels

I come now to the Metropolis itself. London is too large for anyone to appreciate it *en masse* like Paris, Vienna, or other fine Continental cities. It has grown up 'just anyhow,' and though there are many fine buildings from the architectural point of view, it is difficult to judge them as a whole, because they have sprung up here and there. With the exception of some of the buildings in Regent Street or on the roads leading to the Victoria Railway-Station and a few other parts, there is hardly a place where you will find two houses alike. Taking them individually, there are many fine buildings, such as the Houses of Parliament, that can well hold their own against some of the finest buildings in the Continental cities, but the truth of it is that London is far too big to be brought into one perspective.

I must, at the outset, say a word about the traffic,

which is the most salient feature of London. This is so huge that no pen can adequately describe it. To give just a vague idea, consider that if for one minute all the vehicles in the most congested and busy parts of the city were to be stopped, it would mean bringing to a standstill thousands upon thousands of cabs, motors, 'buses', carriages, and carts, in one heterogeneous mass. One notices with surprise that even a trotting pace in these business streets is rare, but it is really marvellous that there is no real congestion and that everything goes on like clock-work. And to what is all this due? The reply is "the London Policeman." I had heard many things about the London Police before I went to England, and, judging from the Police out here, I could not at first believe the praises about the London Policeman. But after what I saw with my own eyes, I at once came to the conclusion that what I had heard was by no means an exaggeration, and that the most casual observer must notice the marvellous dexterity with which the London Police regulate the traffic. If a little girl wants to cross the road, the "bobby's" quick eye notices it, a finger goes up and, whether the King's or the Prime Minister's carriage be passing at the time, everyone must obey the Policeman's finger, and all traffic is brought to a standstill. It is all done like magic. The admirable clock-work organization is the best I have seen anywhere. The amount of queries the London "bobby" has to answer makes one wonder how he is able to keep his temper. He is the very essence of good nature. There is a proverbial saying in London, "If you are in trouble, seek a Policeman." In India, in almost all places, it is just the opposite. Here if the Constable Sahib is asked any question, he will, in

the first place, greet you with "I am not your father's servant, oh my brother-in-law, that I should show you the way" or some such vulgar expression, and, if you are still persistent, he will probably, in nine cases out of ten, after using such complimentary words as mentioned above, out of pure 'cussedness,' direct you the opposite way to that you wish to go.

As I did a fair amount of shopping, a word or two about the shops in London, especially those in Piccadilly, round about Bond Street and Regent Street, won't be out of place here. At the very beginning, however, let me say that even the best London shop cannot beat the best Parisian as far as taste in displaying things is concerned. Huge emporiums like the Army and Navy Stores, Harrod's place down at Knightsbridge, Liberty & Co., and others, are really wonderful in the way they stock everything almost from a pin to an elephant. Going to a London tailor is a novel experience. The man that fits you for a pair of trousers does not appear again, the waistcoat fitter being a different individual altogether, and when you have the whole suit on you, the boss of the show, perhaps, comes round (a thing he does not often condescend to do either), gives a criticising look, points out something to the particular cutter or fitter who is *talab karrowed* * and then, with a smile, departs. It is strange how some of the most expensive and fashionable shops in London have very insignificant frontages. I remember having to drive up and down Bond Street before I could find the King's hatter, to whom my tailor had recommended me, and who had a very small shop indeed. You will find the more fashionable shops often very particular about their customers, and some-

* *talab karrowed* means sent for.

times they will refuse to serve you unless you have been recommended by some respectable old customer of theirs. In the same way a hatter, when you go to buy a hat, will ask you who your tailor is, and so will the bootmaker. This business etiquette in London strikes one forcibly after the Whiteaway Laidlaws out in India. The shop assistants are very polite, almost painfully so, and sometimes a shopgirl will speak to you with a most demure little smile on her face, or come up boldly to you with her chin in the air, the difference of manners depending, I suppose, on temperament.

Now a word about the theatres in London. I visited a good many of them, such as His Majesty's, the Lyceum, the Aldwych, the Comedy, the Covent Garden Opera House and others, as well as the Palace and Empire Music Halls. It struck me that all the theatres were small, and none had the magnificence of the Grand Operas of Paris, Vienna or several other notable theatres on the Continent. Even the most ordinary theatre (amphitheatre as it is called) in Italy, is much bigger than the best London theatre. The Hippodrome, supposed to be an institution particularly for juveniles, is one which young and old frequent, and is, certainly, one of the best places of its kind anywhere. I sent my servants one day to see the performance, and they thought real *jadu* * was being performed there. The London 'Zoo' and the Hippodrome I think are the two places that Indian servants most like visiting. Maskelyne and Devant's at St. George's Hall, is another great place for amusement. I saw, amongst other actors, Beerbohm Tree, Ellen Terry, Lewis Waller, Edna May, Ellaline Terriss, and

jadu means magic.

I heard Melba and Caruso sing. The fuss that is made over some of the stars of the stage makes one wonder how such folly and stupidity can exist side by side with the great advancement, learning and civilization of London. With the exception of the piece that I heard at the Grand Opera and the Shakespearean play I saw at His Majesty's, all the modern pieces that I went to struck me as being most unintellectual, though I admit most of them were amusing, for, one could not help laughing at the little social skits and political hits introduced. This shows how the public taste is now degraded, and how people hanker after sparkling musical comedies and avoid Shakespearean and other classical and intellectual plays. I suppose the fact of the matter is that in London, the 'City of Hurry,' people have so much to do during the day, that they don't want to go to a theatre to be made to think, but for fun and frolic. This is, I think, the reason why these up-to-date comedies are so popular. All London theatres begin about 8.30 p.m., a very good custom I think, for the whole performance is finished before midnight. During the play, the safety screen is always, by a wise regulation of the London County Council, rolled down once to assure the more hysterical element amongst the play-goers of their safety from fire, and to prove that it is, as a matter of fact, in working order.

My visit to the Mansion House was a most pleasant experience. Sir Vaughan Morgan was at the time Lord Mayor, and his niece Lady Mayoress. I had left cards on the Lord Mayor, and then I had written about a visit to the Guildhall, to which I got a kind reply inviting me to lunch at the Mansion House before visiting the Guildhall. I went to the

Mansion House on the 12th July. The Lord Mayor sent me first of all to the Police Courts, which are situated within the premises, to hear cases. One peculiar custom here is that if the Lord Mayor cannot attend the Court, an ex-Lord Mayor is procured as a substitute. The sitting magistrate hears and decides all cases, but the papers have to be signed by the Lord Mayor. This struck me as being rather a peculiar arrangement. On the day of my visit an ex-Lord Mayor was trying cases, Sir Vaughan Morgan being busy elsewhere. The Mansion House is a splendid place, and the Banqueting Hall, called the Egyptian Hall, is very fine. I was shown the Plate Room, where all the beautiful silver vases and plate are kept. Every Lord Mayor, after his one year's term is over, leaves behind him all these beautiful things, adding a piece or two to mark his term of office. Amongst the historical objects here, perhaps the most interesting is the Sword of State presented by Queen Elizabeth to the then Lord Mayor, when she gave Freedom to the City. Since the great Queen Bess gave this freedom there has been a privilege, never I suppose put into practice, under which the Lord Mayor can at any time shut the gates of the City for State reasons. Even now, when the King pays a State visit, the Sword of State is presented to His Majesty by the Lord Mayor, as a token of giving the King the Freedom of the City for the time being, so to speak.

Luckily on the day of my visit, the Lord Mayor had to go in State to the Guildhall to attend a Common Council Meeting. So I not only got an opportunity of seeing Guildhall, but saw the State coach and four, and the gorgeous flunkeys with a single mounted Police Officer doing the outrider's

work. Mr. Evan Spicer, the then Chairman of the County Council, and I were both invited by the Lord Mayor to go with him in the State coach. By the side of our friend Monsieur le Prefect in his gorgeous robes, Mr. Spicer and I cut rather a poor figure in our civilian clothes. The mace is carried on such occasions by an Alderman or some official designate, and the State Sword is carried by another man who has to go in the Mayor's carriage. The sword carried is another one, as the Elizabethan sword is now only used on Royal visits. So in this fashion we arrived at the Guildhall, and the crowds in the City streets wondered who this Indian was sitting beside the Lord Mayor. But the fun, as you will see, began on the return journey.

I found the Guildhall very interesting. The Council chamber is a round room with chairs placed in a circle, the Lord Mayor's seat being on a high pedestal in the centre. Visitors' galleries run round above. I was asked to sit on the Mayor's left and the Chairman of 'the L. C. C.' on his right. The Lord Mayor opened the proceedings by alluding to our presence and to the fact that strange to say, this was the first time that the Chairman of 'the L. C. C.' had been to the Guildhall to a Common Council Meeting. Mr. Spicer and I had to get up and make short and suitable replies. Then the business of the day began. Strings of questions relating to Sanitation, Public Works, and so on were dealt with. After staying for a while, as I had to lunch with the Lady Mayoress, and as I did not find the debate over lively, I came away with the Lord Mayor's permission, and was just pondering how I could get a cab, when, lo and behold! at the portico stood the State coach with its escort, ready to take me back to

the Mansion House. Then there was some amusement. The people rushed, thinking the Lord Mayor was returning. When they saw this dusky Indian with an Indian cap on sitting alone in the carriage, they began to whisper, and laugh, and cheeky brats made faces at me. It was with the greatest difficulty that I kept my composure, and nearing the Mansion House I nearly burst into a hearty laugh, which I just checked by pretending to blow my nose, when I heard a young girl of nineteen or twenty, trying to direct her mother's attention by coming close up to the carriage, and pointing at me, say "Lawks Ma, there goes a living Indian Prince." Though I enjoyed my drive in the State coach, I was glad to get back to the Mansion House. Here I lunched with the Lady Mayoress, her husband, and some friends who had been to Japan and some parts of Southern India; so there was no lack of conversation. The Lady Mayoress was the Lord Mayor's niece, as I have already said. It is a custom of the City that if the Lord Mayor be unmarried or a widower, he can choose some female relative of his family and instal her as Lady Mayoress.

Claridge's Hotel is still supposed to be one of the most fashionable hotels in London, and there even Royalty entertains. All the waiters have powdered hair and wear kneebreeches. I attended a festival dinner here, which was being given in aid of the Union Jack Club (since finished and opened by the King in State in the summer of 1907), then being built for soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy who were homeless. It was a notable gathering, dinner being served at small tables. Sir Walter Lawrence had kindly sent me the invitation. The Lord Mayor attended the function in State and there

were many prominent individuals like Lord Strathcona and others. At this dinner I was pleased to meet, after many years, Sir George White, Commander-in-Chief of India. The dinner was served in great style, as the famous Hotel does things very well.

I had heard about the Penny Banks of London; so with the help of the India Office I paid a visit to the head-quarters of these Banks in Victoria Street. Sir George Bartley, one of the directors, and in fact one of the earliest promoters, kindly took me round the place and explained to me the system which I found to be interesting. He afterwards took the trouble to send me papers relating to these Penny Banks, and I have often thought since my visit to this place whether or not such Banks would be useful in India, particularly in big towns, where labourers can well afford to save a few rupees a month. We have savings banks, but I think the Penny Banks have some peculiar advantages. The Penny Banks were started in 1875 and have now several branches all over London.

A place I was very much interested in visiting was New Scotland Yard. Having in my boyhood found much pleasure in reading detective stories, (and in such books one constantly comes across the name of Scotland Yard), I was glad to visit this bureau of criminal investigation. New Scotland Yard has a nice lookout on the Thames embankment. On arriving at the place, I first called on Sir Edward Henry, K.C.V.O., Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, whom I had known when he was Inspector-General of Police, Bengal. He kindly arranged that I should be shown everything of interest, and I found the Telegraph, the Criminal Investigation, the Photo-

graphic and the Finger Print Departments as well as the Museum, well worth seeing. Col. Woodhouse, the Assistant Commissioner and Mr. Macnaughten, (another Anglo-Indian) the head of the Criminal Intelligence Department, took me round. Sir Edward Henry's scheme for taking and recording fingerprints has been very successful, and he has greatly improved the Investigation Department. There is one very curious case on record in which a man was hanged for murder, his guilt being proved by the impression of his finger on a cash box which he had stolen.

While in London another place of interest that I visited was one of the Rowton Houses, the one situated in Hammersmith Road. Mr. Dulake, Secretary to the Rowton Houses, Ltd., was good enough to show me round the whole institution. These Rowton Houses may be called cheap but comfortable hotels for the working classes. They are for men only, and the inmates have each a little partitioned bedroom or cubicle, which costs them 7*d.* per night or 3*s.* 6*d.* for a week. Then they get hot and cold baths, a very big lounge, and a library room free. There is a nice kitchen with a very good bar, and the whole thing is excellently managed. With food, the expenses come up to about 10*s.* 6*d.* a head per week. The charge for food per head is 1*s.* a day, for which three good meals are provided, the meat and the loaves of bread looking clean and wholesome. These houses were started some six or eight years ago, and there are at present six of them in different parts of London, and in each three to four hundred boarders can be accommodated. Most of the boarders book for the week, but some for the night only, or engage the beds day by day. They

do this because day-labourers cannot afford to book for a week at a stretch, having no money to spare, and the principle here is to pay cash when booking. Every boarder has a little locker in which he can stow away his things. The key of each locker is different, so nobody can tamper with another man's goods. These institutions have been started by a commercial company on a paying footing, as well as to do philanthropic work by helping labourers to get night shelters or cheap lodgings. The scheme is working well, and, at the time of my visit, was paying a dividend of 6 % to shareholders. There can be no doubt that in these houses labouring men can live very comfortably for a little over 2*l.* a month, getting excellent accommodation and good food. I found everything in the place spick and span, and the food and drinks that were being supplied to the lodgers, excellent for the money. The lodgers present were rather amused at my going up to the bar and paying for a glass of lemonade and drinking it. There was an old street musician here, a quaint old bachelor of seventy-five years. He told me that he had been living in this place for the last six years. In the day time he went out earning 2*s.* to 3*s.* a day by playing on his deliciously old and greasy violin. He began life as an engineer's workman, and in his old age is a street musician. His manner of playing the violin was too comical for words.

One morning I paid a visit to the London Fire Brigade head-quarters in Southwark Bridge Road, the Chief Officer, Captain Hamilton, kindly taking me round the whole place. As soon as the fire alarm bell rang horses were brought round, fire escapes and engines got out, and the vehicles dashed off

down the street at an almost breakneck speed, which was nothing short of marvellous. Then, again, the fixing of ladders against a building, pumping water, men climbing up and down the ladders and jumping into canvas sheets, slipping down ropes, all in the nimblest way, were things worth watching. All these are shown to visitors in the court-yard, as men have to practise them every day. The L. F. B. has ninety branches within a radius of nine miles, and they have about two hundred fire engines and three hundred and sixty horses. The horses they keep on the hire system, paying about 60% a year per horse to certain livery stables who supply these animals. Fire alarms are of course innumerable in the City. The average annual number of fires in London is about forty to fifty thousand, a daily average of seven to twelve. According to the Registers, July and December seem to be the worst months for fire.

The Bank of England, commonly known as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," on account of its conservative ways, is another place to which people visiting London generally go. Here the places where bullion is kept and the fresh crisp banknotes are printed, are the most interesting.

As I had seen the big mints in India, visiting the Royal Mint on Tower Hill was not a novelty, though here things are done on a larger scale than in India, and with better and more up-to-date implements. It was very interesting to watch engravers working on new dyes, but the work of engraving must be very trying to the eyes.

The "Times" printing office in Printing House Square was another place that we visited. Mr. Walter, Jr., the son of the proprietor, kindly took

us over the premises and showed us the printing machines, the process of setting the types, the casting of moulds and plates, and the method by which the papers were printed at the rate of twenty thousand copies per hour, and as soon as they came out of the press, turned, collated and folded. Everything was done by machinery which in itself is a triumph of ingenuity.

When the Bishop of Calcutta kindly gave me some letters to his friends in London, he gave me introductions to two judges, and through their kind offices I visited the Law Courts. I went in first to Justice Sir Henry Buckley's Court, where I listened to the proceedings for about an hour. On the day of my visit, he was trying cases for winding up Companies. The Lord Chancellor kindly asked me to go into his Court, where, with Lord Justice Sir H. H. Cozens Hardy, he was trying an appeal of a gas company. It was interesting watching the proceedings, and the barristers seemed to me to conduct their business admirably, and with the greatest decorum.

While in London, I attended two or three Divine Services, one of them in St. Paul's Cathedral, but I thought none more solemn and peaceful than those I heard in the Temple Church. I went there with Sir Andrew (Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal since 1903) and Lady Fraser, who were residing at the Grosvenor Hotel at the time. The singing was good, the service simple and at the same time impressive and imposing. Afterwards Sir Andrew took me round the Hall of the Middle Temple, which was very fine. One of the things that I missed doing in London for want of time, was visiting some of the very fine Halls of the different City

Guilds, which I believe are well worth inspection.

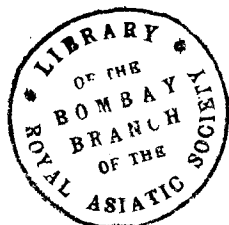
A word about London Hotels won't be out of place in this chapter. In comparison with some of the Continental hotels that we had stayed in while touring, the London hotels from outside, at any rate, struck me as being inferior, and I believe, as regards management, the politeness of waiters, and the cuisine generally, they lag behind foreign hotels. The Alexandra Hotel in Hyde Park Corner, in which I stopped during our stay in London, was fairly comfortable, though the Cecil and the Grosvenor are supposed to be more fashionable. The new Ritz Hotel is said to be the most expensive in London. The Savoy is famous for its suppers, Prince's and the Carlton for lunches and dinners. I was the guest at the Savoy of some friends who had asked me to go to a theatre, and then to supper afterwards. The service seemed very good, and the whole place was ablaze with lights. The crowd was very cosmopolitan, and one finds supping at the next table an Edna May or a Phyllis Dare. To give an idea what a lunch in a fashionable restaurant is, I may mention here that at the Carlton or at the Ritz you could spend over five guineas upon a luncheon for two.

I must say that though, with the exception of a few buildings overlooking the river, the south side of the Thames embankment has a tumbled-down appearance, the City side of the river is very pretty indeed. If on a moonlight night you look up the river towards the Houses of Parliament, with Cleopatra's Needle standing out, and in the background the graceful towers of St. Stephen's—in one of which hangs "big Ben"—you will find the view quite picturesque. Some of the bridges across the Thames.

particularly the Tower Bridge, are fine pieces of architecture or of engineering skill.

Another thing I enjoyed when in London, was going through the Twopenny Tubes and Underground Railways. They afford a most ingenious and useful means of getting about, and it is really quaint to think how hundreds of thousands are going above and below this wonderful city all in the quest of wealth or a living. But one sometimes gets into the most awful draughts while going through these tubes. It is really to be wondered at that this net-work of underground Railways does not cause subsidences in a city with such enormous structures above ground.

Though it may be a bit out of place in this chapter, I cannot help mentioning the Temple Flower Show, to which I went one evening. All lovers of flowers ought to see this. Never before had I seen such a display of beautiful flowers, mostly of varieties which are not to be grown in India.



CHAPTER XV

SPORTING LONDON

Epsom Downs—Derby Day—Royal Ascot—Cricket at Lords'

JUST a day after my arrival in London was the Derby. I took a coach and four for the occasion, and with two Anglo-Indian friends drove out to Epsom Downs. Driving out one caught glimpses of English country life and scenery. On the road we met many a noisy party, with bottles in their hands, some amongst them, almost on the point of collapse, lying down on the roadside, perhaps for the rest of the day. That is how many of the casual class 'see the Derby.'

Epsom Downs on Derby Day is indeed a sight to be well remembered. The race-course is peculiarly shaped, and at a glance one can understand that Tattenham corner is a very dangerous bend for both riders and horses. The amusements that go on between the races outside the course are a sight in themselves. Men on stilts catch pennies in their hats, which are thrown to them by the spectators from stands and coaches. Jugglers, singers, castanet-players all swarm around. Unlike Ascot, which is really a fashionable meeting, Epsom is the people's race-course. The crowd on Derby day would, I should say, approach five hundred thousand souls. The Derby, the great race of the day, was won by a horse named "Spearmint." I noticed 'bookies'

innumerable standing outside the course. The King was in his box within the Jockey Club enclosure. Through the kind offices of my friend, Cecil Fisher, I had received an invitation for Mr. Darcy's stand, which is on the other side of the course, but faces the different stands, and enables one to get a good view of the whole spectacle. Some of the coaches and fours drove up in great style. Mr. Darcy is a wealthy Australian gentleman, who lives near Park Lane, and most hospitably invites friends to his stand and gives a magnificent luncheon. We drove back late in the evening, getting a little wet on the way, as it had begun to drizzle.

On Ascot day I motored out to Ascot with Sir Curzon Wyllie, and, without him, I would never have been able to enter into the Royal enclosure, though I had got a ticket for it, for there is a rule that to enter the Royal enclosure one must wear a frock-coat, and a top hat. The gate-keeper objected at first to my entering, for though I was wearing a frock-coat, I wore my own national head-dress. Sir Curzon came to the rescue, saw the King's Chamberlain, and I was permitted to enter as a distinguished visitor. The racing was very good. The Ascot Cup was won by a horse called "Bachelor's Button." At Ascot you see some fine dresses, for, next to Goodwood it is the most fashionable meeting, and is a great occasion for ladies to show off their frocks and frills. The crowd was interesting. Several noblemen were pointed out to me, and I had a good look at the late Duke of Devonshire. The King was gracefully acknowledging everyone's bows from his box. It took us a little over a couple of hours to reach Ascot by motor, but it was a charming drive through pretty country. We got back to the city

late in the evening, and, as I was dining out that night, I remember it was a bit of a rush.

Amongst the sights I missed seeing, to my great regret, were Henley Regatta, Ranelagh, Goodwood and Newmarket.

The Cricket ground at Lords is a fine one. The afternoon that I went there, the Oxford and Cambridge match was on. The crowd was immense, and to watch from the pavilion the keenness on the faces of spectators of both sexes, and to hear the cheers that went up when a good run was scored or when a good hit was made, or when a ball was well caught, did one's heart good. Though I never played the game well or regularly, I have always been very keen on cricket. There is no doubt that it is one of the games that keeps the Anglo-Saxon in condition.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON

The Museums—Picture Galleries—Madame Tussaud's—The Tower of London and the Crown Jewels—The Houses of Parliament—Westminster Abbey—St. Paul's Cathedral—The London Zoo—"The Old Curiosity Shop"—Parks and Squares of London—How to see London—London life and crowds

A good many of the modern sights of London are well worth visiting. I must pass very briefly over the museums. The Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington is comparatively new, and at the time of my visit the building had not been completed. The collection in the museum is large and varied. The Imperial Institute which is close to the South Kensington Museum, contains quite a good collection of Indian agricultural and industrial products, naturally of great interest to me. The Natural History Museum, is so to speak, a part of the British Museum, and is such an enormous place that although I paid two visits of about two hours duration, I was not even able to go over it all. I must mention the extensive Geological and Mineralogical Departments, while the Gould collection of humming birds is unique.

The British Museum is a storehouse of knowledge so far-famed that it is really useless to deal with it in detail. But just let me put down my thoughts upon the Library, Reading Room, etc. Cecil Fisher and I went together to the British Museum. We

were taken right through the Library as well as the place where books are stored, where I saw racks upon racks filled to overflowing. I found that even my little brochure, "Studies", had found a place here. For, a copy of every publication in the British Empire is kept in the Museum. Going through these rooms, we passed suddenly through one of the dummy bookshelves forming a door, on to a rotunda gallery from which we looked down into the Reading Room, where hundreds of people were reading in such deep silence that even the drop of a pin could have been heard. The sudden opening of the bookshelf-door was like drawing on one side a magic curtain, and I thought the spectacle of the people below deep in study very impressive. It all seemed so idealistic ; there below in the great hall was a real field of knowledge, a room full of noble aims and high aspirations, with its wealth of memorials of all the wisdom of all the ages. Every day there are about seven hundred readers in the room, and every day the librarians have to take out and re-place about five thousand volumes, each reader being allowed a maximum of seven books a day. The arrangement of the Library is, I believe, unique, and the shelves moving in and out on rails is an ingenious and convenient contrivance. The immensity of the Library will be understood when I say that £7,000. i.e., Rs. 105,000, is spent annually simply on book-binding, and that is far too little, as it hardly covers the cost of even one-fourth of the unbound volumes received during the year.

Regarding other collections in the Museum, those of the Great Seals, coins, Egyptian mummies, Etruscan vases, and the many other interesting things

that I saw simply took my breath away. If it had been possible, I would have gone day after day to this noble institution, of which every Englishman is so justly proud.

The Whitehall Banqueting Hall forms a part of the Royal United Service Museum, where any number of interesting military and naval relics are to be seen. There is a very good collection of Napoleonic relics, including the skeleton of Napoleon's famous Arab charger "Marengo". Relics of Charles I, of England, including the shirt which he wore when executed, with the blood stains on it, are preserved in a glass case. This stained shirt, although of historical value, is rather a gruesome object. Charles I was beheaded in the court-yard of the old Whitehall Palace of which the Banqueting Hall alone now remains.

Acting on the advice of Lord Curzon, I visited the Sir John Soane Museum, which is in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and contains some very interesting things. The way the paintings are hung and folded up in folding doors and hinges is ingenious. There are a good number by Canaletto, a fine Turner, and a set known as "The Rake's Progress" by Hogarth. Some of Sir John Soane's plans and sketches of designs for the beautification of London by arches, buildings and so on, are so suggestive, that one could almost wish they had been adopted.

The Wallace Collection at Hertford House, Manchester Square, is simply superb, and in its way unapproachable. The priceless paintings, the splendid examples of armour, both European and Oriental, the exquisite snuff boxes, and, perhaps above all, the beautiful French furniture, the pride of the prince of collectors, Sir Richard Wallace, make up perhaps

the noblest gift ever presented to the nation by a single donor.

That the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square stands almost by itself as an exhibition of pictures, goes without saying. The Italian and other foreign masters are well represented, but as I had seen examples of most of them on the Continent, it was a pleasant change to see the fine Turners, Reynolds, Gainsboroughs and other pieces of the English School. Some of Turner's paintings, although mere dabbles with the brush, are at the same time pictures full of colour and light.

The National Portrait Gallery, which is really a part of the National Gallery, although in a separate block, contains many portraits of historical interest. The Tate Gallery on the Thames Embankment, contains a unique collection by Watts, Millais, Leighton and other English masters.

It is very interesting to compare the Salon in Paris, with the Royal Academy. It struck me that though some of the paintings in London were as good as those in Paris, the sculpture was of a very inferior type, and, on the whole, I was not able to give the Royal Academy the palm.

In India we have shows of clay figures depicting comic as well as historical scenes from the epics of the Mahabharata, Ramayana and so on, but the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition are really perfect. Here will be found portrait models of all the crowned heads of the world, as well as great men and women, past and present, dressed up and arranged to look lifelike. The "Chamber of Horrors" I found rather disappointing. It is a wonder how Madame Tussaud got hold of such an excellent collection of Napoleonic relics. One of the

surprises of the show is a lady sitting down at a desk with catalogues placed in front of her, almost everyone mistaking the figure for a live one. I myself remember going up and asking for a catalogue, and it was not until I heard laughter behind me that I found out my mistake. There are so many figures and folk about that it is quite easy to mistake live figures for wax ones. I remember I was standing quietly in a corner watching people as well as looking round when I suddenly found myself being stared at by a young lady who was just about to raise her finger to point me out to the other members of her family, thinking me to be a wax figure of course. The scared look on her face when I moved was a study.

The old prison cells and the places of execution were to me the first points of interest in the Tower of London. Sir Hugh Gough, then Keeper of the Jewels, showed me the Crown Jewels, which are kept in a quaint little room upon the top of the gateway. I could not help wondering why these jewels are kept here. It would be more sensible to keep them either in the British Museum or in St. James's Palace.

I was shown over the Houses of Parliament by the Right Honourable Mr. Ellis, M. P., P. C., then Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Secretary of State for India. I was also lucky enough to be shown round Westminster Abbey by Bishop Weldon, who explained to me minutely many of the glorious associations of the graceful old pile. If, like St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's Cathedral stood isolated with a large court-yard, it would no doubt look grander and more impressive than it does hedged in by buildings on all sides. The Statue of Queen

Anne in front of it is too wholly out of place and out of keeping. The interior is lofty but plain compared with Italian churches. Nevertheless this second largest Church in the world is without doubt an imposing structure. In the Church are many fine monuments of England's great men, the one of Wellington being exceptionally fine. The Crypt, the Whispering Gallery, the Stone Gallery and the Library are all worth going through. From the Stone Gallery one obtains one of the finest panoramic views of London.

London's famous menagerie is very large and fairly well kept, though I noticed that cleanliness was not a rigid maxim here. Many of the animals that, owing to climatic drawbacks, one cannot see in the Calcutta Zoo, interested me greatly. The idea of having macaws, and parrots on stands in rows in the roadside may be very convenient for visitors who wish to feed these birds, but I think that keeping them in cages would be less cruel. At the time of my visit, the Prince of Wales' collection was the rage, and that portion of the Zoo was crowded every day. The London Zoo, though one of the biggest I remember having seen in Europe, is not so well laid out as the Dublin Zoo in Phoenix Park, or The Calcutta Zoo, which, after the improvements made by Lord Curzon, can well compete with the London one and certainly, as far as cleanliness is concerned, is kept in better order.

Old London is fast disappearing, and I was glad to see the alleged original Old Curiosity Shop mentioned by Charles Dickens. Here in a dusty, dingy little room I found a pair of old folk who showed me round and sold me curios, models of the old shop as well as alleged authentic letters of Charles Dickens.

One should however be careful in buying anything of the kind, as in most cases these relics are frauds.

The old Palace at Kensington was very interesting to me. The gardens are prettily laid out and the rooms contain a good collection of portraits of the Royal Family. The suite of rooms that was occupied by the late Duchess of Kent, and the room in which our late beloved Queen-Empress Victoria was born are not now shown to the public, as they are occupied by the Princess Beatrice. But in some of the apartments thrown open to the public many little souvenirs of the late Queen's childhood are to be seen, such as doll's houses, early letters and sketches.

Though London can boast of numerous monuments like the Albert Memorial; the Nelson Column; some of the statues in Trafalgar Square; the Crimean Monument; the monument to the Duke of York, as well as statues of Kings and Statesmen in the City and at Westminster, I think that she really cuts a very poor figure in this respect.

There can be no doubt that as the *maidan* is the life of Calcutta, so its beautiful parks are the life-giving lungs of London. The difference between the Calcutta *maidan* and the London parks is that the former is open and barren, the latter contain noble lawns and beautiful little lakes, and have shrubs, bushes and flower-beds studded all over them. Hyde Park is of course world-renowned. Regent's Park and Battersea—the latter decidedly the people's park—fill a splendid function in ministering to the health and happiness of the people.

The best way to see London life, in my opinion, is to go on the top of a "bus" and there listen to the conversation always going on with the bus-

driver. He has to answer innumerable questions, and discusses freely Balfour or Asquith or any of the leading politicians. Go again any afternoon and sit quietly on one of the benches near Rotten Row and you will see landaus, phaetons and carriages of all kinds going up and down with ladies and gentlemen of all sorts and conditions. This indeed is really a wonderful sight. In one carriage you notice a lady with her umbrella up, and her chin in the air, pretending to keep the sun off, while in reality she is trying to cut some rival or other who has offended her ladyship. Then again you see a gorgeous carriage and pair, the grooms with powdered hair, and a frail looking old lady sitting inside it. You walk on to the riding track and you will see some fine English horseflesh and some English beauties riding most gracefully, and quite at home in the saddle. Suddenly you see a young dandy coming along screwing his eye-glass saying "How do you do?" in a most *blasé* fashion, and then the party goes off at a canter. This is the London of the fashionable. Then of course come dinners, theatres, and the obnoxious Bridge parties which last till long after midnight, and occasion sleepy eyes and dissipated looks in the morning, and often the taking of dangerous "pick-me-ups" recommended by fashionable medicos. This is another side of London life. Then again you have men—the real men—toiling away at their desks, having hardly time to think of their meals even, and ladies always busy with a wondrous wholeheartedness, doing some philanthropic work. I say wholeheartedness because such ladies don't seek notoriety by getting up a Fancy Bazaar or sale of work, but are the real mothers of men and the pride of England. They may not shun

gaiety altogether, but they take their pleasure in moderation, and you will not find them driving up and down the park to show off their dresses from Paquin or Worth.

There is yet another side to London life which is wholly unlovely. Unless he goes where he can find great intellectual institutions, and courts the society of great men ; unless he mixes with men of social position who command national respect, any Indian Maharaja visiting London is in danger of seeing the dissipated and hideous sides of London life rather than the intellectual circles of this great city of the world. London is really a very fascinating place and, while Londoners find it a pleasure to get away for the week-end out into the fresh country from the stifling smoking city, visitors find it hard to tear themselves away from this city of cities.

CHAPTER XVII

ROUND ABOUT LONDON

Kew Gardens—Hampton Court—Windsor Castle—Greenwich
Observatory—The Crystal Palace—Woolwich Arsenal

TO do Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Windsor and Eton in a day was rather a tiring programme ; but in a motor we were able to get through it.

The Kew Botanical Gardens are so extensive that anyone interested in Botany could spend weeks here. They are tastefully laid out, and the Rhododendron walk is really a delight to the eye. As we had arrived early in the morning we could not go into the hothouses, which are not opened till 1 p.m.

From Kew Gardens we motored on to the historical old Palace of Hampton Court. The State Apartments, the picture gallery, the orangery and the famous old vine which has supplied grapes to the reigning Sovereign for centuries, are one and all historical. In the gardens there is a large maze with a pretty hedge, and it was a real surprise and pleasure to me to find that the maze I have in Dilkusha, a summer palace of mine at Burdwan, must have been almost *in toto* copied from that at Hampton Court. The gardens and the flower beds in front of the Palace are very pretty and neatly arranged. Most of the living apartments in the Palace are allowed by the King to be occupied by

old pensioners and widows of military men. At the time of my visit Lord Wolseley had quarters here.

After lunch at a little wayside hotel near Hampton Court, we motored on to Windsor. Before going into the Castle, we went to Frogmore, where I laid a wreath on the tomb of the Great Queen. Many people, I believe, have blamed Queen Victoria for having decided to bury the members of her family here instead of at Westminster Abbey ; but I am sure that the peacefulness of the place must have really influenced the widowed Queen to lay her beloved husband's body to rest far away from the noise and the bustle of the Metropolis. I also laid a wreath on Prince Albert's tomb, which is next to the Queen's and the whole Sarcophagus of which is magnificent. Beside the late Queen and her Consort, their daughter Princess Alice lies buried here. The whole interior of Frogmore mausoleum is richly decorated. Close by is the mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent. The Raja of Rajpipla joined my party here and then we all went together over the Castle. Through Sir Curzon Wyllie's good offices we had procured the necessary special permission of the King. The Royal Apartments, the various paintings, busts, relics, are all neatly arranged, while the view is very fine. The Castle gardens are beautiful, the Park both fine and extensive. The three-mile ride, a long stretch of road from the foot of the Castle down to the end of the park, which extends on both sides of it, is picturesque. The Castle really looks prettier from a distance. I must say that as far as exterior beauty is concerned none of the English Royal Palaces can compete with either Versailles or Fontainebleau. We went into St. George's Chapel and Albert Chapel within the Castle

compound. In the former, ceremonies of the Royal Family, such as baptisms, weddings, take place. The latter was first intended as a mausoleum for the Prince Consort, and an empty sarcophagus is to be seen there. Here the late Duke of Albany and the late Prince Albert Victor are buried.

Leaving Windsor we motored on to Eton. The provost, Dr. Hornby (since retired), to whom Lord Curzon had kindly written about my proposed visit, met us and took us round, showing us everything of interest. The Henry VI Chapel is very interesting as well as the school rooms, the wooden walls of which are covered with names of students notched on them with dates, a practice among Eton boys when about to leave school, and, amongst these names, I came across those of Gladstone, Salisbury, Roberts, Curzon and many other distinguished men. Another interesting name to be noticed is that of Shelley, the poet. We also went over the new buildings. It was curious to be pointed out the first original fives-court in a corner of one of the walls of the Chapel. From this, many fives-courts have been copied in other schools and colleges all over England. The play-grounds are extensive and we watched several fellows at play, and met many, both 'wet Bobs' and 'dry Bobs,' in the streets.

From this great school we motored back to London. Our outward route lay through Richmond, and the race course of Kempton Park, and on our way back we passed through Isleworth, getting a whiff of strong soapy smell from Pear's Soap Factory.

The day that I visited Greenwich I was not at all well; but nevertheless I enjoyed my visit. There are a few sailor's homes and hospitals about the place, but most of the buildings are now utilized for

the Royal Naval College. The painter's hall, the museum and chapel are shown to the public. In the hall are paintings of Admirals, Naval battle scenes and a good many of the principal relics of Nelson. The museum contains models of old and new battle-ships. The chapel used by pensioners living here must have formed a part of the palace. It was a pleasure to visit the famous observatory. Here I called upon the Astronomer Royal, who very kindly took us round and showed us the different telescopes and the time-recorders in the various observatories. Some of the photographs of the different solar eclipses, stars and nebulae taken at the observatory are very clear and wonderfully sharp. We stopped to see the time-ball fall at 1 p.m.

By the time we got to the Crystal Palace, I felt so ill that I could hardly walk through the enormous glass house erected by Prince Consort from the materials of the great Exhibition of 1851. It is a sort of a museum containing plaster-of-Paris models of many of the statues in London and even in Calcutta, some Egyptian models, buffets, a theatre and a concert hall. The time of course to visit this place is in the evening, when the grounds are illuminated and there are fireworks. It is a great pity that the whole place has a neglected look about it.

The India Office will generally arrange for an Indian Maharaja to visit the Woolwich Arsenal, and it is certainly worth seeing. The workshops where they make shells, guns, gun-carriages, cartridges and the like were highly instructive. Through the kindness of the officer who met me at the Arsenal and showed me round, I had a peep into several workshops in the place not shown to the general public.

CHAPTER XVIII

OXFORD

The scenery between London and Oxford—Country around Oxford—
The Colleges—The College Walks—A lost letter—Sir
William Anson—A tumble into the Isis—
Woodstock, Blenheim House

IT was with a genuine eagerness that I left London from Paddington Station on the 9th June for Oxford. It is a pleasant run through the charming meadows of the Thames Valley.

We put up at the Randolph Hotel, situated near some of the colleges. Soon after our arrival, I and my friend Cecil Fisher, who had accompanied me to Oxford, and who being an Oxford man was a good practical guide, left our hotel and spent a delightful summer evening strolling through Magdalene, Merton, Balliol, Christ Church, and some other Colleges.

Addison's Walk at Magdalene looked so peaceful that we walked up and down it more than once. The Cathedral of Christ Church with its graceful spire made a lovely picture in the gloaming which I shall ever recall with delight.

An unhappy accident somewhat marred for the time being the joy of the afternoon, for, while going through the famous Bodlean Library, I dropped the letter of introduction that Lord Curzon had very kindly given me to Sir William Anson, an ex M.P.

and Warden of All Souls' College. This losing of the letter vexed me much, although when I went and called on Sir William, he was most kind, seemed to understand my embarrassment, and assured me that if it had fallen in the streets no doubt somebody would pick it up and post it to him. This actually turned out to be the case, for when I went to lunch with him the next day, the letter was there. Now this is a thing that would never, I imagine, have happened out in India, for who would have taken the trouble of putting a stamp on a letter lying in the street or posting it? The incident affords a pleasing illustration of the influence of the traditions and associations of this great seat of learning.

I had another exciting adventure during the afternoon. Engrossed in thought about some of the colleges and the beautiful college grounds that I had seen, I was walking with my friends on the banks of the Isis where all the college house-boats lay moored. We crossed all right in a punt; but as we neared the opposite bank, just as I was putting my foot on *terra firma*, the bow hitting the bank, drew back smartly, and I had a dip in the Isis. Luckily for me, the water was only knee-deep there, so I got simply a wetting.

Next morning, we started fairly early and visited Trinity, New, St. John's, Wadham and Keble. At New College near the Chapel door, I was pointed out the great linguist, Professor Margoliouth. In the chapel of this college, the well-known window painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds is worth studying, as the colouring of it is so very soft. As well as the Colleges themselves, all the College halls at Oxford are of historic interest. We called on the President of Magdalene, and taking a walk through the fields,

watched the men playing football. Keble is supposed to be the cheapest college in Oxford, and hence it is often crowded, for parents who want their sons to graduate at Oxford, and at the same time cannot afford a heavy outlay, naturally send them here. After lunch with Sir William Anson, we were conducted by him through All Souls' to which his rooms are attached. I particularly appreciated my visit to the Library of All Souls', while the rooms occupied by Lord Curzon when he lived there as a Fellow, were of peculiar interest to me.

Another pleasant experience was a drive out to Woodstock and Blenheim House, which was built by the first Duke of Marlborough. This, the family seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, is a fine old place, standing in a magnificent park. There is, too, a huge monument erected to the memory of the first Duke. The present Duke, whom I had met at the Delhi Durbar, was entertaining the yeomanry of the County who were encamped in his grounds. So I contented myself with leaving cards on him, and after having a look round the place and being shown through a few of the rooms by a major-domo, returned to Oxford.

I had another walk through some of the Colleges, and a peep into the Indian Institute, and attended a service in Magdalene Chapel, where the singing of the choir-boys was simply exquisite. Oxford reminded me of Rome somehow, not that there is any similarity between the 'Eternal City' and this 'Great Seat of English Learning,' but there is an ancient and sacrosanct atmosphere about the City which calls up memories of Rome. Oxford, indeed, impressed me greatly, and right gladly would I have extended my visit over weeks instead of days.

CHAPTER XIX

BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, ETC.

Birmingham—Kenilworth—Warwick—Stratford-on-Avon
—Manchester—Bury—Derby

ONE of the most interesting tours that I made in England was to Birmingham and Manchester. Leaving London on the afternoon of the 24th June, we got to Birmingham in the evening. The wonderful English summer days were now so long that although we did not reach Birmingham until 7 p.m. it was quite day-light still. Birmingham is approached through avenues of chimneys. Beyond motoring through its principal streets, and passing some of the principal buildings (including Chamberlain's great place, Bingley Hall), we really saw nothing of Birmingham's industries.

We motored out next day to the interesting ruined Castle of Kenilworth, bits of which are still in fair preservation. Wandering about here, one could not help wondering how many State prisoners must have been tortured in this place in the Middle Ages. The ruins of Kenilworth are a little disappointing, and beyond their associations, there is nothing that deserves any close inspection.

Warwick is quite worth a visit. The Castle with its beautifully kept grounds, and the Church of St. Mary were both sights worth seeing. The Earl and Countess of Warwick allow the public to see

the old reception rooms, the paintings and the collection of armour in the Castle. There are two very interesting objects here; a helmet used by Oliver Cromwell, and an old muzzle-loading gun with a revolving barrel attached to it, from which, it is said, Colt, the revolver maker, turned out his first revolver. In the conservatory in the grounds, is to be seen what is now known as the Warwick Vase. It is of marble and originally came from the wonderful ruined villa of Hadrian at Tivoli near Rome. In the Church, among other interesting tombs, is that of the great Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite.

Leaving Warwick, we motored on to Shakespeare's birth place,—Stratford-on-Avon, a quaint little town and, as seen from the other side of the river, rather pretty. We motored straight to the place shown to the public as the house of Shakespeare, in which he is supposed to have been born. Both the house and the relics, which mainly consist of prints and manuscripts, were at any rate interesting, whether genuine or not. Signatures of Scott and Carlyle, said to have been scratched by them on the window panes when visiting this place, are noteworthy. The tomb of Shakespeare in the church in which he is buried is not an elaborate one. Hearing that the rather famous novelist, Miss Marie Corelli, lived in the town, I left my cards on the authoress of 'Thelma.' We returned to Birmingham by train, and, after collecting our baggage, started off for Manchester, which we reached late the same evening.

On the next morning leaving our hotel early, we drove through a part of the city to a place called Openshaw, where we were met by Mr. Carrington,

the Manager of Messrs. Armstrong & Whitworth's armour-plate and gun works, who showed us over this enormous place. The things we saw, such as wonderful machines lifting huge tubes of iron; melted steel being poured into moulds to make 12" guns for H. M.'s Navy; the big planing machines; the appliances for boring and rifling the barrels, and the way the metal was tested and prepared, were at once instructive and wonderful. The perfect ease with which, by electrical force, these mighty sheets of iron were rolled, savoured of the marvellous. It was a pleasure and an education to visit these works, and I shall long remember the trouble Mr. Carrington took to try and explain to a non-mechanic all the interesting processes. I was told that the firm had another big place at Newcastle. The workshop at Openshaw covers fifty-three acres of land, and it took us three hours to walk over it.

We drove straight from Openshaw to Trafford Park, Salford, where the famous Manchester Ship Canal begins. Through the kindness of the Ship Canal Co., we went on the Canal on a steam launch and saw some of the docks and some of the big grain store-houses. The two most interesting things were perhaps, the Grain Elevator and the Bridge-water Canal. The Grain Elevator was a novelty, and the way the grain was lifted out of the ships, and then passing through long tubes with a long trough in the centre, was finally weighed and packed, the packages being mechanically carried and dropped into barges ready to receive them, was really wonderful to watch. We saw both maize and wheat being handled in bulk in this way. In one of the store-houses was a full ship-load of bananas, each bunch suspended from a little rope hanging from the

ceiling. Every week no less than 60,000 bunches come from the West Indies, shipped mainly from Port Kingston, Jamaica. The Bridgewater Canal passes over the Manchester Canal by a bridge, and the way the bridge swings round to let ships pass, water being dammed up on both sides, is a thing that really cannot be explained or illustrated, although when one sees for oneself how very simply the whole thing is worked, it is difficult to realise the immense ingenuity of which it is the outcome. At places on the Ship Canal, by the way, the odour of the water reminded one of parts of the Venetian Canals. By the time we got back to our hotel in the afternoon, we thought we had done quite enough for one day. Early next morning, we started by train for Bury, where Mr. Whitehead, one of the Directors of Armstrong and Whitworth's met us and took us in his motor first to see the Bridgehall Paper Mills of Weighley & Sons. As I had seen paper mills before, there was nothing specially new about the process, although, of course, these works were fitted with more up-to-date machinery than one can expect to see out in India. The paper for printing the "Times" is supplied from this place, in rolls a mile long. The material used for making the paper is a kind of grass called 'Esparto' coming from some parts of Spain and South Africa. It is like the Sabai grass used in the Indian paper mills, but in my opinion, the Sabai is a finer quality of grass than Esparto. The wood pulp, also used in these mills, comes mostly from Norway.

We motored on to the Peel Mills, where cotton is spun into threads for weaving. The spinning machines here were much larger and more perfect than those that I had seen out in India. Near these

mills, it should be mentioned, stands a small house in which the great Statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was born. To rise from a humble printer to a Baronet and Prime Minister shows what talent 'Bob Peel' must have had.

After a delightful luncheon at Mr. Whitehead's house, a pretty little place in Swiss chalet style, standing out well on a high bit of ground about 600 feet above sea-level, we motored out to the Dorrington & Woolford Co.'s Mills, where we saw the next stage of cotton industry. Here thousands upon thousands of dhoties,* pieces for turbans, and the like were being manufactured for India, and, chiefly, for Calcutta. The rapidity of these up-to-date weaving machines in turning out these goods is really wonderful.

I greatly enjoyed a visit I paid to a small mill belonging to the brothers Holt. Mr. Thomas the elder was present, and, in his own hale and hearty manner, showed us over his compact works, where chiefly materials for fancy waistcoats, bed-covers and table-covers were being manufactured. Mr. Thomas Holt was a typical 'Lancashire lad' and I was amused and pleased with his bluff manners. When I was about to leave, he said "We don't see many of ye on our side of the world and I am right glad to meet yer. Ye are a fine specimen of yer kind too." When I chaffed him for not wearing a fancy waistcoat from a material turned out at his own place, he smilingly replied that he kept such a waistcoat for Sunday use only. I admired this old man for his enterprising spirit. It is to such men of a hard working type that England's industry owes its growth and prosperity.

Dhoty—the ordinary garment of natives in India, particularly in Bengal.

Our last visit was to a mill belonging to Mr. John Whitehead, where bleaching, dyeing and printing materials were being done. All these different processes were interesting to me and I can commend the experience to others.

Reviewing these industries, I could not help coming to the conclusion that, for India to progress in true material advancement, she must be trained by her protectress, England. Indians, too, must produce the intellect, the energy, and the capital to start such undertakings all over India on a sound and lasting footing. My brother countrymen who show their energy for *Swadesbism* by encouraging hooliganism in the name of exclusive dealing, should go to places like Bury to see for themselves the qualifications and spirit which could alone justify true *Swadesbism*. Outcries of *Bande Mataram** cannot advance India nor the Indians, but talent, culture, brains and money, all these must form a part of the programme of national advancement.

Bury is really rather a pretty place. Surrounded by little hills and not like a common manufacturing town shut in by mills on all sides; with its stretches of green meadows between the little clusters of houses, it is quite ideal, yet it is the seat of a gigantic industry.

On our return journey to London we got out at Derby, where the annual Agricultural Show was on, and, as the King was coming, everything wore a gala look. Cabs were hard to get, and some of us had to walk from the railway station to the Show. I managed to attract a cabby who was driving away, paying no heed to my shouts until I showed him a

* *Bande Mataram*—the great national cry since the agitation of the partition of Bengal, meaning "Hail mother."

gold piece, (half a sovereign), an inducement which made him relent and pick me up. As we drove to the Show grounds, we passed through crowds of people lining both sides of the road awaiting the arrival of the King. The Show was somewhat spoiled by rain, which began to fall soon after our arrival, and kept on steadily all day long. The sheep, the cattle and the fine horses, were really worth seeing. Some of the prize pigs, too, were said to be valued at hundreds of pounds; they were bigger than Jersey cows and could hardly walk. The exhibition of poultry was very good, too, as well as some of the fruit, vegetables, and beautiful butter that were being shown. But the section of the Show where agricultural implements, such as ploughs, mowers and chaffcutting machines were being displayed, interested me greatly. Of course, the ploughs that I saw would not, I suppose, do for India. For, in the first place they were so heavy that they required horses to pull them; and secondly, they would till the land in quite a different way to ours. I strongly recommend all Indian Princes, especially those that take an active interest in agriculture, if they visit England not to miss going to this Show at Derby, which is one of the finest of its kind held in England. The Parade Stand was full. We got in all right, but had to give up our seats every few minutes to someone or other of the fair sex. The King was present at the Show, but we didn't see him at all. The parade of the prize-winners went on for hours. It was a very fine sight, and, at times, amusing incidents would happen, such as, when a cow became obstinate, and the men holding her would roll over in trying to steady the beast. Some of the Royal cows got prizes.

We got to London late in the evening, not long after the King's Special, which shot past us at Bedford. Thus ended a little tour of education and instruction that has remained very vividly in my memory.

CHAPTER XX

CANTERBURY

The City—The Old Church—The Cathedral—The Deanery
—The Weaving School

In my school days, I always obtained good marks in history, especially English history, and since my boyhood the cold-blooded murder of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral has stuck in my memory. So it was with the most lively interest that I found myself on Sunday July 8th on my way to visit Canterbury. Canon Holland, to whom the Archbishop of Canterbury had very kindly given me a letter of introduction, was, unluckily, not at home, and we even failed to find, at first, the Head Verger of the Cathedral. So we started sight-seeing, beginning with the Church of St. Martin, supposed to be the oldest in England, dating from the second Century A. D. Old Roman tiles are to be seen in this quaint little church, where St. Augustine is said to have baptized the Saxon King Ethelbert, whose wife, Queen Bertha, was for centuries believed to have been buried here, a legend which, however, has lately been disproved. The cemetery attached to the church is small, but quiet and peaceful.

As it was a Sunday we could not go over St. Augustine's College, within which are the ruins of the Abbey named after that Saint.

The Cathedral is a very imposing example of

Gothic architecture. It is one of the few churches in the world in which the altar is higher than the nave. The altar in this Cathedral is as a matter of fact twenty-five feet higher than the floor of the nave. The Chancel is really a church built upon a church. The beautiful tombs of the various bishops, the Black Prince's tomb, and what is called the Prince's Chantry, are of the greatest interest. The tombs of Henry IV and his Queen Consort, by the way are, in bad condition, and should be restored. Henry IV is the only English King that lies buried in the Cathedral. Quite a number of the Gaunt family are buried here, and besides Henry IV's tomb are to be seen those of his brothers, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and Thomas, Duke of Clarence. Among other interesting tombs are those of Bishop Stephen Langton of Magna Charta fame, and Sir George Rooke of Gibraltar. The cynosure of all comers is, however, the spot where Archbishop Thomas à Becket fell after being murdered by the knights of Henry II. The spot shown is not an altar, as so many historians have described it, and as it is drawn in so many imaginative pictures of the scene. It is a place where once a pillar must have stood, and near which was a little chapel dedicated to the Benedictines. That the stone has been accurately placed is now incapable of proof. But, evidently, Becket must have been closely followed by the King's knights when coming from the cloisters into the Cathedral, and this spot is located very near the door through which the Archbishop had to enter, and near which he was probably cut down. The Head Verger, who kindly shewed us round, has published a little book, an excellent guide for tourists, who can at once pick out the objects of interest in

the Cathedral by glancing through this helpful little volume. The crypt of the Church is wonderfully well-lighted and lofty. In fact, it is itself a fairly lofty church, and is supposed to be one of the finest crypts in the world. That the Cathedral has been greatly added to and altered since its erection in the 3rd or 4th Century A. D. is easily noticeable from the hopeless jumble of Saxon, Norman, and early Gothic architectures in the interior, and especially from the sudden transition of Norman arches into Gothic. The coloured windows are exceedingly beautiful, the stained glass in some being the finest that I have seen anywhere. The stone chair, on which from the earliest times, the Primates of England have sat and have been enthroned, is still used, every elected Archbishop of Canterbury coming here to be enthroned. Amongst recent tombs in the centre of the open space of the cloisters, are to be found the graves of the late Archbishop Temple and Dean Farrar, while their monuments are placed in the Cathedral. The exterior of the Cathedral is very imposing, and really it was hard to tear oneself away from this beautiful building with its splendid associations right down from Saxon times.

Canterbury itself is an interesting old city, and has some fine buildings. We went to call on the Dean, whom we had come across in the Cathedral, and who had kindly asked us to tea. The Deanery is a fine old house and the garden very nice. The mulberry trees in the garden are very ancient, one being supposed to be quite five hundred years old. The old city wall skirts the Deanery. I envied Dean Wace his nice quiet home. The Dean, like so many others I met, has family associations with India, where

several of his brothers are living. The links which bind the Empire together one constantly finds being thus illustrated as one travels in Europe.

Just as we were leaving Canterbury a lady stopped our carriage and offered to show us over the weaving home, which I wanted to see, and kindly volunteered to open the place. I was pleased at this lucky opportunity of having a look over the little industrial cottage. The looms were not working, but we examined a lot of dress materials, table covers, tapestries and carpets that had been woven there. Canterbury is renowned for its weaving industry which has been established in the city for centuries. The Huguenots, coming across from France during the church persecutions, started the industry here. It had been on the decline of late years, but has received a fresh impetus, and is regaining its former fame through the enterprise of a local citizen. I bought some pieces of dress materials, table linen, etc., which seemed excellent. Talking of Huguenots, in the Cathedral there is a little chapel of the Huguenots, where the remaining few Huguenots in Canterbury can attend services in French.

Other interesting 'sights' of Canterbury are the King's School and the Archbishop's Palace. The King's School has also a chapel to itself in the Cathedral, in which services have been held ever since the school was started some centuries back. The Archbishop's Palace is a fine looking old place. Canterbury being the ecclesiastical metropolis of England, the Archbishop comes and stays at this Palace from time to time.

The country around Canterbury is very fertile, and hops are grown in abundance. Hophoasts, which from outside look like churches with crooked pin-

nacles, make a pleasing and characteristic feature in the landscape.

On our return journey to London we travelled with two barristers whom we had met, sight-seeing like ourselves, in the Cathedral, Mr. Tobin K.C., and Mr. Rutledge. They proved most agreeable *compagnons de voyage*, and as they were Conservatives like myself, we had much in common. Mr. Tobin told me that he had a brother out in India who had died at Kurseong * twenty years ago, and, when I told him that I had some properties in Kurseong, he was much interested and anxious to learn all about the place where his poor brother had lived and died. Mr. Rutledge showed me, as I explain hereafter, much kind attention when I visited Liverpool.

* Kurseong—in the District of Darjeeling, Northern Bengal.



CHAPTER XXI

PORTSMOUTH

Our Arrival—Admiralty House—Submarines—The “ Victory ”—
The Vernon Torpedo School—Firing a Mine and a Torpedo
—Whale Island Naval Barracks—Sussex and Hants Cricket
Match—Cowes—Isle of Wight—Osborne—Osborne
Naval Cadet School—Concluding Remarks—
Flying Visits to Brighton and Bedford

ANOTHER very interesting and instructive trip that I took from London was to Portsmouth. Sir John Fisher and Admiral Douglas did all in their power to make my visit thoroughly enjoyable. Portsmouth is only an hour's run through Surrey and Hampshire, both very pretty counties. It was mid July, but the green meadows were still refreshing to the eye and the grass was not yet burnt up.

At Portsmouth Harbour Station, Admiral Douglas, G. C. B., Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, met me with his staff, and we went direct to Admiralty House where I was entertained in a princely fashion. At Admiralty House, I occupied the Royal Suite of Rooms, which in itself shows how right royally I was entertained.

We reached Portsmouth about eleven o'clock and soon after drove out to the dockyards, and, getting into the Admiral's own launch, went to see a submarine, the working of which, and especially the

appliances for fixing and firing torpedoes, proved very novel and suggestive to me.

We went on board Nelson's old Flag-ship "The Victory," which is still the Chief Admiral's Flag-ship at Portsmouth. We were shown the spot on deck where Nelson fell and the place in the cockpit where the great Admiral died.

The "Vernon,"—another superseded old battleship on which is located the Naval Torpedo School,—is interesting as the headquarters of torpedo instruction. We were also shown many little magnetic and powerful implements, including one in which one had to draw a pig.

The Admiral had arranged for me to fire a mine, which I did by simply pulling a trigger, with the result that there was an explosion a good distance away in the harbour, a practical illustration to me as to what these mines could do. I also fired a torpedo—a blank one, of course,—and it was exciting to watch the thing go through the water.

We went on to the Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert," and had a look round the Royal Cabins, all nicely fitted up. In the harbour, we saw the first "Dreadnought" (since finished and launched) being constructed.

Whale Island, with the Naval Barracks where the Naval gun-practices were shown to me, affording one a fair idea of how all the different kinds of guns in His Britannic Majesty's Navy are handled, was our next objective. The targets and rotatory Bull's-eyes that have to be aimed at and hit are ingenious, and it requires good eyes and constant practice to be able to score a bull's eye. I went into one of the barracks to see the dormitory arrangements. We then returned to Portsmouth and went into the principal

Naval Barracks, where we saw Swedish gymnastics being practised by the sailors. The Admiral had most thoughtfully arranged some Naval musical drill, with guns, which I enjoyed immensely.

Hearing that the cricket match between Sussex and Hants was on, we went to the ground and watched the game, and saw some fine cricket being played.

I shall always remember a pleasant dinner party at the Admiralty that evening. Besides Sir Archibald and Lady Douglas and family, Admiral Barry, Commandant Drury Lowe and several other distinguished Naval Officers were present. I remember we had a great game of 'Snooker Pool' after dinner.

Next morning, after breakfast, we embarked on the Admiral's Yacht, the "Fire Queen," and steamed to Cowes. To be afloat on the Solent, the scene of those grand Naval Reviews, of which we read in India; to go to Cowes with its associations with the Royal Yacht Squadron; and to visit the great Queen's favourite residence, Osborne, was indeed a treat. We went in great style, for, to show me the speed of torpedo destroyers, the Yacht was escorted by four destroyers, two on each side of her, and we felt quite grand when, as soon as the Admiral's Yacht came abreast of each one of the battle-ships and cruisers lying about Spithead, the bugles sounded and salutes were fired. One of the ships that fired a salute was the "Eclipse." I had been on board of her when she was at Calcutta in 1899, and it was on her that I first made the acquaintance of my esteemed friend, Admiral Douglas. The view of Osborne House and the approaches to East and West Cowes are grand, and the yachts moored in the harbour make a pretty picture.

We disembarked at Cowes and first went and saw Osborne House. Designed and built by themselves, it was the favourite residence of the late Queen and her beloved Consort, the good Prince Albert. The King gave this seat to the nation after Queen Victoria's death. Only the reception rooms, fine, but at the same time, very simply decorated, are now open to the public. The private rooms of the late Queen and the late Prince Consort are closed to everyone, except the King, and such members of the Royal family as His Majesty shall permit to enter. In the room in which Queen Victoria died, flowers are placed daily, fires lit in the winter, and everything from the contents of the ward-robcs downwards has been left as it was when the late Queen passed away. None even of the Royal Family are allowed to enter this room without the express permit of the King. It is said that even the umbrella has been left in the stand as it was during the life-time of her late Majesty. The gardens of Osborne are extremely pretty. From the windows of Osborne House one obtains a fine view of the Solent, and the whole aspect of the spot strongly reminded me of the Italian coast.

We went over the workshops, the dormitories, the gymnasium and the class rooms of the New Naval Cadet College that has been founded by the King within the grounds of Osborne. It was opened only a few years ago, and with its foundation will always be associated the name of the great sea-lord, Sir John Fisher. Captain Sinclair, the Chief Naval Officer in charge of the place, showed me round. The barracks have been built on the same principle as those at Portsmouth, only they are better equipped and more modern. Princess Henry of Battenberg,

better known as Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of the late Queen, has a nice house in the Isle and is Governor of the Island.

The Isle of Wight is pretty and snug, about thirty miles long by ten broad. I thought it much warmer than England. We had only a glimpse of its chief town, Newport, some distance from Cowes. Battle-ships can ride on the river Medina which runs through the Isle by Cowes, and which no doubt, for Naval purposes, is very useful.

I shall long cherish this visit to Portsmouth, not only for all the knowledge I gained and pleasure I enjoyed, but for the genial manners and friendliness of all the Naval Officers that I came across, and the extreme kindness and courtesy of Sir Archibald and Lady Douglas. It is needless to say that Sir John Fisher was the good genius who really made my visit such an immense success. While at Admiralty House, Portsmouth, I met the Hon. Sir John Madden, Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria and West Australia.

I must here mention two flying visits I paid to Brighton and Bedford, as they both belong to the south of England. I went to Brighton really to see my esteemed friends, Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser, who were staying there. Brighton is a cheery and picturesque sea-resort. On the pier are cafés and amusements of all sorts. The little sailing boats in and about the harbour looked very dainty, and the day I was there being a Sunday, the crowds on the promenade and the sea-shore were a wonderful sight. This place is famous for its fine hotels, and is a favourite watering place with both rich and poor.

I ran down to Bedford one Sunday, also, so as to look up some Anglo-Indian friends. One of the avenues in Bedford seemed to me to be the only

pretty part of the town, excepting, of course, the embankment skirting the Ouse, which is quite picturesque. I had a look, from outside, at the well-known large Boys' Grammar School, which accommodates nine hundred boys. Calling on the friends I had come to see, I found that they were both away, but I met the boys and girls, a section of the family that I had not come across in India. I found I was not unknown to them, for one of the boys, as soon as I rang the bell, came out and said, "Are you not the Maharaja of Burdwan?"

CHAPTER XXII

LIVERPOOL

Departure from London—Death of Lady Curzon—Liverpool—
Mr. Rutledge—Luncheon at the Conservative Club
—New Brighton and Blackpool

AFTER a stay, on and off, of two months in London, we left—a great wrench to all of us—and went on to Liverpool.

The day of our departure was a very sad one to me. Three days earlier, Lord Curzon had written to tell me the sad news of the serious illness of Lady Curzon, and, on the night of the 18th July, that beautiful lady passed away. Since Lady Curzon's illness in 1904, the great ex-Viceroy of India had gone through so many strains and trials that this last cruel blow staggered and crushed him. As the funeral was a private one, I could not attend as I should have liked to do as a mark of my profound sympathy and respect. The only little attention I could pay was to send a wreath of flowers through Sir Curzon Wyllie. Scarsdale, where the burial took place, was a place I had looked forward to visiting, and I had been actually invited by Lord Curzon to go and spend a day or two there with his father Lord Scarsdale, but after this great bereavement all such plans were upset. I did not, as a matter of fact, see Lord Curzon again before I left England.

Sir Curzon Wyllie kindly came to bid me good-bye at the hotel, and, before going to the railway station, I had another peep both into the National Gallery and the Kensington Museum.

Leaving London by an afternoon train, we got to Liverpool in the evening. There is a good view of the river Mersey just before getting into Liverpool. The Adelphi Hotel we found to be very comfortable, and rather in the style of the Grand in Paris.

Next morning, having procured a motor, we devoted ourselves from nine till noon to going about Liverpool, passing the Town Hall, Museum, Library, Royal Exchange and other notable buildings, and going for a spin round Sefton Park. St. George's Hall, which we found tastefully decorated, is a fine building in the Athenian style. In the square in front of this building is a monument to Wellington like those to Nelson in London and Dublin. With the two equestrian statues of the late Queen and the Prince Albert, this monument makes the square remind one somewhat of Trafalgar Square.

The Walker Art Gallery contains a very fine number of modern paintings by men such as Poynter, Millais, Constable, Solomon J. Solomon, and others. The Roscoe collection, too, is very interesting, and the whole place is well kept up.

Mr. Guy Rutledge, a local barrister, had invited me to lunch at the Conservative Club, a hospitable and friendly act typical of the Englishman at home. I had, it will be remembered, met this gentleman with another friend of his in a railway carriage when returning to London from Canterbury, when he had asked me if I contemplated visiting Liverpool to let him know about it. I took him at his word, and in

the result, his unfailing courtesy during my stay in Liverpool is one of the pleasantest recollections that I have of my visit to England.

There were some leading Liverpudlians at lunch kindly invited by Mr. Rutledge to meet me. Besides myself, the party consisted of Mr. Rutledge; Sir Thomas Roydon, Bart., a great ship owner and the local head of the Conservative party; Sir Charles Peters, an ex-Lord Mayor, ship owner and leader of the Conservative Party in the Municipal Council; Alderman Maxwell, a Director of the Cunard Line and Chairman of the Watch (or Police) Committee, and a Mr. Wollard. My host, while proposing my health, referred to India and eulogized Lord Curzon's administration, to which I had to make a suitable reply.

Accompanied by Mr. Rutledge and my suite, I went in the afternoon to see the Royal Insurance Company's buildings, and had a good view of Liverpool and the surrounding country from the top floor. Going on to the Town Hall, I left cards on the Lord Mayor, who was away at the time. We then visited the docks and went aboard the "Lucania," a Cunarder, and the "Majestic," a White Star Liner, both large vessels with spacious cabins. The "Lucania" was gorgeously fitted up; but comparing the two vessels I thought that the cabins of the White Star vessel were better arranged than those of the other. The second class cabins of both these ships were, in my opinion, superior to the first on the P. & O. Co.'s vessels that ply to India. The "Lusitania" (which has been launched not so very long ago and has made several "records" with her famous turbine engines) was then under construction, but we only had a good look at her

from a distance. From the docks, we took the Overhead Railway and went all along the riverside jetties. It is, however, impossible to convey any adequate idea of the extent of the great Lancashire port.

Getting down at one of these Overhead Railway Stations, we crossed in a steamer to Birkenhead, on the other side of the river. Then we motored on to Blackpool or New Brighton, as it is called, a pretty place on the Irish Channel, with a nice promenade. Mr. Guy Rutledge was good enough to come and dine with us at the Adelphi in the evening, thus most pleasantly winding up a busy day.

We had time next morning before we left Liverpool for a walk round the gardens attached to St. George's Hall, and through the local Museum and Public Library. The Picton Rotunda Reading Room holds fifty readers at a time, and has five hundred thousand volumes in the library. Attached to it is the Picton Lecture Hall.

From Liverpool, we went on to Dublin ; but before beginning my Irish diary, I shall devote my next two chapters to the two cities of Scotland that I visited later.

CHAPTER XXIII

EDINBURGH

Arrival—First Impressions—Sight-seeing—Portobello, etc.—
Dalkeith—Rosslyn—Dr. Patrick.—Mr. Carstairs

I really paid my flying visit to Edinburgh from London, travelling by the night mail on the 8th June and reaching Edinburgh early next morning.

From the windows of my carriage in the early morning, I noticed the difference in the character of the northern scenery. The hilly formation of the country, with flocks of sheep grazing right up on the hill-tops and, in the back-ground, the picturesque Cheviot Hills, made quite a change from the green meadows of the south.

After breakfasting at the North British Hotel, we started off sight-seeing and spent a very interesting morning. I left a card on Dr. Patrick—to whom Sir Andrew Fraser had given me a letter of introduction—and then drove up to the Castle, the walls of which could, one might say, speak volumes of Scottish history. Queen Mary's bedroom, (where James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England was born); the banqueting hall whence the poor Douglas boys, the last of their clan, were dragged out in the middle of a banquet, despite the vain protestations of the young King James II, and executed; the Argyll Tower-prison, and the little Chapel of

St. Margaret—one of the finest chapels in Great Britain—were all full of venerable interest. From the Castle ramparts one obtains a fine view of the city. The Crown Jewels kept in a room in the Castle did not strike me as being exceptionally fine, though no doubt their historical interest is very great. Leaving the Castle, which perched upon a hill gives Edinburgh a look of Athens, we visited the Cathedral of St. Giles, with its spire of peculiar shape, reminding one somewhat of the bell-tower of an Indian temple. Inside the Church is a fine monument, the Argyll memorial. The place where John Knox used to preach; the brass tablet which marks the spot where one Jenny Geddes threw her cutty-stool at the then Dean of Edinburgh for preaching high-church views; the Montrose monument; and the memorial tablet raised to the late R. L. Stevenson, form the chief objects of interest inside the Cathedral. In the Parliament House, where the Old National Parliament of Scotland used to sit up to the 17th Century, that is until the Union, is an interesting collection of paintings and statues of distinguished Scotsmen. In the Advocate's Library, is to be seen the original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's immortal novel, "Waverley." In Parliament Square, the equestrian statue of Charles II; the spot which is supposed to mark Knox's grave; and the Red Market Cross, where the Duke of Argyll was executed, and the place of public proclamations, are the principal things pointed out to a visitor. The Heart of Midlothian, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, is to be seen in a tablet form paved in the street. We next paid a visit to the County Council Chambers. The old and new Council Halls are, it should be noticed, full of paintings and busts of the past Lord Provosts

of Edinburgh. The County Council Museum has, amongst other interesting objects, the famous "Burn's Collection," consisting of papers and manuscripts, of the great Scotch poet. Here is zealously treasured the original manuscript of the famous song "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Driving up Calton Hill, we passed the Royal High School. On Calton Hill is a time-ball tower. Luckily we were in time to see the ball fall, and could distinctly see the gun being fired from the Castle simultaneously. The Fountain Observatory, also called the Burn's Monument, and the unfinished National Waterloo Monument, are the chief attractions on the top of Calton Hill. From this point, we got a good view of the city and also of the Firth of Forth, though it was a little hazy. In the city, one admires perhaps most of all the 'lions,' Waverley Monument, the national memorial to Sir Walter Scott. It is something like the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. Amongst public buildings, the Post Office buildings, with a fine equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in front of them, as well as buildings like the Carnegie Library, the New University buildings and M'Ewan Hall deserve notice. Dr. Patrick, whom I had called upon in the morning, came to our hotel after we had finished lunch, and with him we started off first to John Knox's house, where some relics, mostly pictures and caricatures, of the great preacher were to be seen. We had to drive a good bit out of the city on our way to Holyrood Palace. This old Palace was deeply interesting. The alleged bloodstains on the wooden panel where Rizzio was knifed after having been dragged from his Royal mistress's ante-chamber, are still to be seen, if carefully looked for. The Abbey of Holyrood, when in

good order, must have been a magnificent structure, for even its ruins are 'glorious'. The site of the tombs of the Scottish Kings in the Abbey which was desecrated, is now covered up, and some of the remains have been reinterred, a brass tablet marking the restoration done by the late Queen Victoria. People are not allowed to photograph the Abbey ruins, though with a snap-shot camera it is possible to deceive the watchman. The National Museum of Antiquities, to which we repaired after leaving Holyrood, is well worth a visit in the sense that it contains a unique collection of early British flint weapons of the Stone Age dug up in the different parts of the British Isles, mostly in the north. There is, too, a picture gallery which contains some good paintings of well-known Scotsmen. We next paid a visit to the National Gallery, which contains a fine collection of paintings both ancient and modern and belongs to the Royal Scotch Academy. Some of the Raeburns here are excellently executed. We went over the churchyard of old Grey Friars' where we examined the monument to the martyrs of the Scottish Covenant. In the graveyard there was a little tomb with a white stone dove on it, marking the grave of a little girl with a feminine simplicity. We had only a peep into St. Mary's, the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral at Edinburgh, as an evening service was going on. I dined with my friend Col. Clark of Kankinara * and a friend of his, and afterwards took a stroll up and down Princes Street, the finest thoroughfare of the city. It was a lovely moonlight night, and as one met crowds and crowds of people one seemed to get a glimpse of Edinburgh city life.

* Kankinara—a jute centre near Calcutta.

Next morning we were astir early. In a motor, we had a run through the three little fishing villages of Portobello, Joppa and Musselburgh, prettily situated on the Firth of Forth. Motoring on to Dalkeith, we were able to get into the grounds of Dalkeith House, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The house, which is really a palace, is a fine building, and the grounds are pretty and extensive. There are many treasures of art here, such as cabinets and commodes of old Louis XIV style presented by King Charles II to the ancestor of the ducal house, the Duke of Monmouth. Some of the family paintings, too, are quite good. From the trophies of different countries collected by him, one gathered that the present Duke had travelled a good deal. Lord Francis Scott, one of the sons of the Duke, was, at the time of my visit to Scotland, an A.-D.-C. to Lord Minto, the present Viceroy of India. The demesne of about two thousand acres, contains farms, stables, deer park, a bit of old oak forest, and a little game preserve, and is surrounded by a wall. The little family chapel at the entrance gate contains the tombs of the late Duke and the present Duke's eldest son, killed some years ago by an unfortunate shooting accident.

From Dalkeith, we motored out to Rosslyn. The stone-carved Rosslyn Chapel, now in partial ruins, but mostly in good natural preservation, is really well worth minutely examining. The carvings inside are exquisite and can well compare with anything that I saw on the Continent. It is certainly a little gem of a chapel. The ruins of the Castle, which with the Chapel belongs to the Earl of Rosslyn, are not very interesting. Some simple Scotch village lassies at this place were very inquisitive regarding

our nationality. Their fresh bonny faces have a charm in themselves and induce one to be frank and friendly towards them. It is the same with the Irish, and I remember well many an interesting chat that I had with Irish cabmen and agriculturists, and Irish peasant women about their agricultural difficulties, and the emigration scourge. The intelligence of the country folk all over the British Isles is really a very pleasant trait.

From Rosslyn we returned to Edinburgh, skirting many beautiful bits of country. Dr. Patrick most kindly acted as our guide in a visit to Edinburgh University, the Library, and the Senate Hall. The University buildings are imposing. The library contains a large and valuable collection of books and, among other interesting things, is to be seen on a roller a beautifully illuminated and illustrated copy of the Mahabharata * in Devanagri, which is a proof of how the Britishers treasure old things whether Oriental or Occidental ; while we Indians, neglect our own art treasures at home, or rather, do not know how to appreciate them properly. The Royal Scottish Museum is really an amalgamation of the Natural History, British, and Kensington Museums in London on a bijou scale, and is, on the whole, worth walking through. Motoring out to the Forth Bridge, an ugly but fine specimen of engineering skill, we passed by the Craighleith stone quarries, a huge reservoir of stone from which modern Edinburgh may be said to have been built. It being a clear afternoon, we could see some of the peaks of the Pentland Hills. On our way back, we were permitted to motor through Dalmeny, a large place with two houses, the seat of Lord Rosebery. There

* Mahabharata—the great Hindu Epic.

must be many thousands of acres here and it is full of lovely trees, and shady glens, as well as large tracts of farming lands and game preserves. We saw any amount of rabbits running about the place, some of them being black, and some really fine pheasants. At the Barnton Golf Club we had tea with some friends.

Dr. Patrick of the "Chambers' Encyclopædia" was very kind and showed me round some of the institutions in a thorough manner. The courtesy of this elderly Scotsman and thorough gentleman is a thing I look back upon with pleasure when I recollect my visit to Edinburgh. While in Edinburgh, I went and dined with a retired Commissioner of my Division in Bengal, and it was a pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs and their son. I saw that my Anglo-Indian friends had not forgotten the Indian dal* and curry, and they told me that they even had it for dinner. After thus spending two delightful days in this beautiful city, we returned to London.

* Dal—a kind of pulse used with rice in India.

CHAPTER XXIV

GLASGOW

The Trossachs—The City—Impressions

I did not go to Glasgow until September, (after my return to London on the conclusion of my Irish tour), but as I wish to put my Scotch chapters together, I shall write about my visit here.

Leaving London on the night of the 13th September, we got to Glasgow next morning, and put up at St. Enoch's Hotel, near the Midland Railway Station, quite a comfortable little place. After early breakfast, we motored out to Aberfoyle, thirty-five miles from Glasgow, and drove for about eight miles further over the Trossachs to the Trossachs Hotel on Loch Achray. When we started from Aberfoyle it was so misty that we could hardly see anything, but by the time we reached Loch Katrine, it began to clear up, and some really fine mountain scenery spread before us, the peak of Ben Vane standing out nobly. The scenery on Loch Katrine, which we crossed by steamer, is picturesque, particularly Ellen's Isle, mentioned in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." At Stronachlachlar, we disembarked and drove to Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, passing Loch Arklet on our way. Loch Lomond is extremely pretty, and near Inversnaid there is quite a fine waterfall. From a distance, the valley between Ben Reoch and Ben Bhreae looked very like the Gap of

Dunloe at Killarney. From Inversnaid, we went by steamer to Tarbet on the opposite side of the lake, where our motor, which had come round from Aberfoyle, met us, and we motored back to Glasgow, skirting Loch Lomond for quite a long time and getting glimpses of the graceful peak of Ben Lomond. The weather had quite cleared up and it was delightful. On our way back to Glasgow, which we reached towards evening, we passed through Dumbarton, the busy town of Alexandria where the Argyll motors are manufactured, and the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. Thus ended our first day at Glasgow.

Glasgow's great boast consists of the Municipal Buildings or the City Hall, the interior of which is all made of granite, alabaster and Italian Marbles. It is something like the City Hall of Belfast, only in an entirely different style. The Lord Provost, Dr. (now Sir William) Bilsland, who had kindly intimated to me that he would be present, took us round these Municipal buildings, and then asked me to put my name down in his distinguished visitors' book. The Art Gallery which we visited next, contains some very fine paintings, the special feature of the collection being its number of original Turners, Burne Jones, Millais, Titians, Rembrandts and Raeburns. The University buildings, overlooking Kelvin Park, are imposing, and the cloisters in the interior are fine, but the Senate room is quite small. Professor Reid, one of the Professors of the University, took us round and showed us the library, a big hall called the Bute Hall, where degrees are conferred. Glasgow University is about forty-five years old, but the old University buildings stood on the spot now occupied by St. Enoch's Hotel; so the present buildings are only a little over thirty years

old. There are no residential quarters for students, only the Principal and the teaching staff being housed within the College premises. In one of the many class rooms, there is an old chair with a piece of black stone fixed into the seat. It dates from the time of James II of England, and has, I believe, some legend attached to it, and even to this day a medal called the Blackstone Medal is awarded to the meritorious student who wins it. The Kelvin Grove Park is picturesquely laid out. Glasgow is in many ways quite a fine city, though it is ugly as all commercial towns are. With a population of nearly one million souls it is the second biggest city in the United Kingdom. Some of the undulating streets remind one somewhat of the streets of Rome. Buchanan Street and Sauchihall Street are the two principal commercial streets in the city, and they are lined with numerous, and in part, excellent shops. St. George's Square, in front of the Municipal buildings, with the equestrian statues of the late Queen and her Consort, and the statue of Scott on a Corinthian pillar, has quite an imposing appearance. At noon, I went to the City Hall again, as the Lord Provost had kindly asked me to luncheon, when I met the City Chamberlain and Town Clerk. After lunch, joined by my party and accompanied by Mr. Samuel, the Lord Provost's Secretary, we went to see the work-shops of the North British Locomotive Company at Hyde Park, Springburn. These are supposed to be the largest works of the kind in Europe, and they supply Railway engines all over the British Isles, South America, British Africa and even to foreign countries like Belgium and Italy, and for our Indian Railways. I saw several engines being constructed for the East Indian Railway (the

main line down our way in Bengal) and for the Indian State Railways. In this huge place some seven to eight thousand hands are employed daily, turning out seven to eight hundred big locomotives every year. I noticed that all the engines in the workshops are driven by electricity. Our next move was to the Pinkston Power Station of the Glasgow Corporation, which generates all the electricity that works the electric Trams of the city. From here, about six hundred and fifty cars are driven daily, each car having the capacity to hold fifty to sixty passengers, while the fares are a ha'penny for three quarters of a mile and a penny for three miles. Some of the engines here are huge, the flywheels alone weighing one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty tons. Here is also generated all the electricity required to drive the machines in the workshops. We ended our busy and instructive afternoon by paying a visit to the Corporation's Electric Lighting works.

Glasgow struck me as being very well looked after, and a place where the City Fathers were doing really good work. The Municipality of Glasgow is, I believe, one of the best in the British Isles.

CHAPTER XXV

DUBLIN

The Arrival—Sight-seeing—Lord Aberdeen—Dinner
Party at Viceregal Lodge—General Remarks

ON the 21st of July, we left Liverpool in the morning, and, after a smooth crossing *via* Holyhead, got into Kingstown (Dublin) in the evening. This was not really my first sight of Ireland, for, in June, during Whitsuntide, I had paid a flying visit, crossing the Irish Channel to visit some friends at Dublin and staying for a week-end. During that short stay, excepting a visit to the Zoo in the fine Phoenix Park, and driving through the city to go and look up my friends, I hardly saw anything of the City. From Kingstown, we trained into Dublin, and drove straight to the Shelbourne Hotel in Stephen's Green, a fairly comfortable place in which I had stopped during my previous visit.

On the 22nd of July, all of us had a motor tour through the city, passing some of its principal buildings and churches. Dublin reminds me of a city built for pleasure and beauty, but so neglected as richly to deserve the name of 'dirty' Dublin. The smell of the Liffey at some points is awful. Phoenix Park is a glorious place. It extends over three hundred acres and is one of the finest parks in the British Isles. The Viceregal Lodge, though not very palatial, is nicely situated. The Well-

ington Monument in the park stands out well, though it is an ugly structure. The Wicklow Mountains round about Dublin, on a clear day, undoubtedly make a pretty picture. After breakfast, next morning, we motored out to Dublin Castle, and had a walk through the Royal Apartments, which are well furnished and nicely kept up. The paintings of past Lord-Lieutenants in this place are interesting. The Throne Room, a large square hall, is used by the Lord-Lieutenant for his Levees and Drawing Rooms, and the Lord-Lieutenant is supposed to reside in the Castle for about six weeks in the year. The Royal Chapel, adjoining the Palace built during the reign of George III, has some good stained glass windows, and some beautiful wood carvings in old bog-oak.

At noon, by appointment, I called on Lord Aberdeen, the Viceroy, who is a Liberal Peer, and, during our conversation, it struck me that he had got hold of some erroneous ideas about the Indian Government. Though very shy and nervous in his manner, I found him an extremely courteous and nice man. The house, as I have said before, is not anything out of the ordinary, but the grounds are beautifully kept. I met Lady Aberdeen in the gardens, which the Viceroy was kind enough to show me round personally. Lord Aberdeen is, more or less, a Home Ruler, and seems to be very much in sympathy with Irish grievances, which no doubt must be remedied to a certain extent as time goes on; but Home Rule for Ireland would, in my opinion, be a fatal mistake. Ireland has always been attracted by foreign intrigue, and it would be foolish of England to give her sister Isle the opportunity of creating complications at home or abroad.

Lord Aberdeen was kind enough to arrange for me to see the Museum and Trinity College. In the afternoon, after some shopping and tea, we went to see the Dublin Museum, where Colonel Plunkett, the master, met us, and took us round. The most interesting portion of the Museum is the collection of Irish antiquities of the Stone, Copper and Iron Ages. We next had a look into the National Library; the reading room is a rotunda and the arrangement of the reading tables I thought rather primitive, like so many things to be found in the Emerald Isle, where vegetation is abundant and civilization is also allowed to vegetate. The reading room is capable of accommodating about a hundred readers at a time. The National Picture Gallery, among other interesting paintings, can claim a few Turners, a good Titian, and a couple of small Rembrandts.

That evening I went to dine at Viceregal Lodge. There were about fifty covers laid, and small tables had been arranged. I took Lady Aberdeen in to dinner. Well-informed and intelligent, she was very enthusiastic and sympathetic about the revival of Irish industries. The Viceroy took in Lady Hawksbury. There were quite a number of Canadian ladies present who had a distinct Yankee accent when they spoke, but I believe the Canadians strongly object to being told so. The dinner party was followed by a small and early dance.

Next morning, we motored out to the Hill of Howth, right on the northern shore of Dublin Bay, from which one obtains a pretty view of the Irish Channel, Dun Drum Bay, and the islands of Lambay and Ireland's Eye. From here one also gets a fine panoramic view of the Wicklow Moun-

tains, with Kingstown, and Bray lying at the foot of them, and a promontory jutting out indicating Wicklow Head itself. Motoring back to the city, we went to Trinity College. Professor Mahaffy, the great historian, and a professor of the College kindly met us, and showed us round. The College library contains a large collection of rare and valuable volumes, including the well-known book of Kells, being an illuminated Gospel of the 8th Century A.D. and supposed to have been written at a place called Kells in Ireland. The illuminations are beautiful, and the marvel lies in the minuteness with which they have been executed. The library is a fine room of oak panels. The meeting hall, the dining hall of the students, and the park of the College were all interesting. Bishop Chatterton of Nagpur, whom I have mentioned before, and who is a Dublin and Trinity man, joined us in our rounds, and it was a pleasure to meet his Lordship again, for he is one of the very few ecclesiastics that I have come across who views things in a broad and catholic spirit, while remaining a staunch adherer to his Church and Faith. Leaving the College, we went with the Bishop to Christ Church Cathedral, a fine edifice of the 13th Century. Formerly known as Strongbow's Church, in the crypt there still exists intact the Danish Church of the 10th Century. This church has been lately restored at great expense by Mr. Roe of Dublin. In the afternoon, we went to see the Botanical Gardens at Glasnevin. The greenhouses are large and, at the time of our visit, the numerous varieties of geraniums in bloom were quite a sight.

CHAPTER XXVI

RATHDRUM

Whaley Abbey—Home life—Hay-making—Occasional Incidents—
Motor Trips—Visits to Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny and Lismore,
Co. Waterford—A Jaunting-car accident—Dublin Horse Show
—Viceregal Garden Party—Visit to Enniskerry—Powerscourt
—Kilruddery—Miscellaneous Trips—Glendalough—De-
parture for London via Dublin—Concluding Remarks

SENDING my staff by the Dublin-Waterford Railway on the morning of the 25th of July, I motored from Dublin to Rathdrum, a little village amidst the Wicklow Mountains. I got there about noon, after two hours and a half's run through Bray and a very picturesque tract of country. At Rathdrum Station there is a hotel, where my staff stayed. It is a fairly comfortable place. Seeing them settled down into their rooms, I motored on to Whaley Abbey through the little village of Ballinaclesh, commonly called Clash. Whaley Abbey is situated three miles from Rathdrum. The present house is a small but comfortable bungalow with nearly two hundred acres of land around it. Here my friends, Colonel and Mrs. Jarlath French-Mullen were residing with their daughter, nephew and nieces, and I had come to stay with them as the result of a long-standing arrangement made many months before I left India. As these good folk had been stationed at Burdwan for a fairly long time,

and I had come to know them intimately, my stay at Whaley Abbey was in many ways the most enjoyable and peaceful during my whole European tour. It was a genuine comfort to get settled down for a bit, after constant travelling, and it reminded me of home. Whaley Abbey was my head-quarters from the 25th of July to the 8th of September, and during my stay I visited several interesting places in the Emerald Isle, mainly by motoring, and so covered a good bit of Ireland. Regarding these trips, I have confined my visits to Killarney and Cork and to Belfast to separate chapters, reserving this chapter to my quiet life at Whaley Abbey, with the mention of certain trips to Dublin and other places in the Wicklow Mountains. Whaley Abbey is a well known place, and the ruins of Buck Whaley's house * are still to be seen in the avenue that leads up to the present house from the first lodge gate. Some think that the name Abbey was given because there was a monastery here and that the ruins are the remains of it. But reading through Buck Whaley's *Memoirs*, I don't think there is much doubt left as to these ruins being the remains of Buck Whaley's house. It does not necessarily follow that an abbey, so called, must be a monastery. Earl Wicklow's place in the vicinity is, for instance, known as Shelton Abbey. What I think is that, when the name of Whaley Abbey is mentioned, people generally make the mistake of verifying it with the Whalley Abbey in Lancashire (England) where undoubtedly ruins of a monastery exist, as I have seen illustrations of them.

The little village of Rathdrum is interesting from the tourist's point of view, for, though there is

* See Buck Whaley's *Memoirs*.

another little station up the Dublin-Waterford line called Ovoca, yet people get out mostly at Rathdrum on account of the hotel, and go and see the "Meeting of the Waters" in the Vale of Ovoca, and the tree under which Thomas Moore, the poet, is supposed to have sat and written many of his poems. The vale is undoubtedly pretty; but, thanks to the American tourists, Moore's tree is a withered unsightly object, and bears no resemblance to that full of foliage depicted on photographs and post cards. The people round about say that the way the bark of the tree has been peeled off by some of the 'Yankee doodles' is the cause of its withered condition. Several times I motored from Whaley Abbey to the Vale, and sat on the stones and listened to the rustle of the little river; the peacefulness of the place seemed to draw me to it.

My life with my friends was a simple and a quiet one, but thoroughly enjoyable. I remember on some of the mornings joining the juveniles of the house in finding out what number of eggs the hens had laid, and for fun as well as for something to do, I used to join with the younger element of the house in trying to make hay. This did not, however, please the labourers, for our hay-making gave them extra work afterwards. I remember, one afternoon, mowing the fields, seated on a mowing machine drawn by horses. My valet, an Indian Mohammedan, used to go and mow the fields often, both for recreation as well as for the sake of bravado, for, evidently, by his flowing beard and sturdy appearance, he had quite captured the hearts of the two house-maids at Whaley Abbey. During this respite, I took the opportunity to go through a lot of office work concerning my own estates, which I

had arranged with my manager to have sent to this place. Having been brought up by an excellent father to take an interest in one's affairs, it was a pleasure indeed, after two months constant sight-seeing, to do some work, and to see the delightful red-taped little files piled on my table.

The other distractions that I had in this quiet place were occasional motor trips to Dublin with some of my friends. On the 20th August, I remember going to the local otter hunt meet. We stayed for a couple of hours, during which there was no kill nor find. The way the hounds went along the river-banks, occasionally giving tongue, and the men waded through the water, was a novel sight; but unless one is one of the huntsmen, one could not possibly enjoy the sport. Simply walking along the banks watching the hunt naturally became rather tedious.

On the 21st, after breakfast, I motored to Kilfane near Thomastown in co. Kilkenny, where I went to see the sisters and mother of the late Sir John Power, Bart., who, when on a visit to India with one of his sisters, came and stayed at Burdwan, and we became good friends. He was killed in the Boer War. It was, in a way, a sad visit, for naturally the sister, who accompanied the late Baronet out to India, was reminded of the dead by seeing the face of one who had entertained them both. They have a nice country place. The dowager Lady Power and the two sisters have the house, while the title, without any property, has gone to a cousin. Talking of the superstitions about peacocks that Europeans have, a topic which naturally arose from my seeing a lot of peacocks about, Lady Power was deeply moved, for, she told me she was the first to have introduced

peacocks, and, having lost both her sons in the terrible South African War, she thinks that by bringing the birds, she brought ill luck into the family. After spending a good part of the day with them, I returned to Rathdrum in the afternoon. The route I took going to Kilfane was through the little town of Shillelagh and then through Clonegall and Bagenalstown, and it was interesting watching the country folk amongst whom, especially those of the fair sex, you certainly see not only beautiful faces but real types. I well remember that passing through Clonegall, we met a young lady with a child in her arms, and when I saw her face, it reminded me of a friend of mine, who was with me, and who had also seen the picture in question, of the face of the Madonna in Murillo's famous painting of the Virgin and Child that is to be seen in the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence.

Next day, the 22nd of August, I started off to see some other friends, another branch of the Powers that I had visited the day before in Co. Kilkenny. Of this branch the *paterfamilias* was a Commissioner of my Division when I was quite a boy, and his children were my playmates. I got the early morning train from Rathdrum and reached Waterford for breakfast. Leaving it after lunch and taking another railway route, I got to Lismore in the afternoon. Mr and Mrs. A. W. B. Power met me with a carriage, and we drove from the station to Lismore Castle. This fine old place belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. The property originally belonged to the Irish Desmonds, then to the Cork Lords, and ultimately came into the Devonshire house through marriage. Mr. Penrose, the agent, and a friend of Mr. Power, showed us round the

Castle grounds. One obtains some quite picturesque views of the surrounding country from the Castle windows. The river Blackwater runs just below the Castle. We had tea in the court-yard, where my old playmates, who were tiny mites in the bygone Burdwan days, came and joined us, and I could hardly recognise in the fine looking lassie and the tall young man, my two playmates, Sylvia and Grattan Power. After tea, we drove on to Glencairn Abbey, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Power. It is quite a nice house built in Abbey style, with pretty grounds and about five hundred acres of land all around it. I had a walk with my host through his gardens and then we had dinner. Poor Mr. Power was quite an invalid at the time of my visit, and I was much grieved to learn of his death not so very long ago. Next morning, after tasting some grapes and apples grown in their little orchard, I bade good-bye to my hospitable friends, and taking the train at Tallow Road, reached Waterford at about noon. My motor met me here, and early in the afternoon I got back to Whaley Abbey.

The 26th of August was a day that I shan't forget in a hurry, for not only I but some of the members of my host's family nearly lost our lives through the carelessness of a drunken jarvey. It so happened that we were having afternoon tea with some people at a place called Glen of the Downs, which lies on the motor route from Dublin to Rathdrum. The first ill omen was when we were about half-way to this place, when one of the outer tyres of the motor burst, and we had to walk for a couple of miles before we could obtain two jaunting-cars and reach our destination. The motor followed us up and we started back on our return journey.

But from the very beginning we were in for misfortunes, and soon after our start, we were, as near as possible, in collision with a motor coming from the opposite way. A little further on, another outer tyre burst, and as the chauffeur had not got another spare wheel, we had to abandon the motor and walk to a place called Ashford and there, amongst a drunken crew, with difficulty obtained two jaunting-cars. After jogging along for a bit in this most uncomfortable of vehicles, I found to my dismay that the jarvey of our car was not quite sober. Everything went on well, however, till we were in the Whaley Abbey avenue, where at a bend of the road, the most shady part of the avenue near the ruins of old Buck Whaley's house, which he is supposed to haunt everyday, the jarvey mistook the turn, and before we knew where we were, there was a bump and a crash and the car, the jarvey, the two young ladies who were on the car and myself, were all deposited in a ditch close by. It was pitch dark. Suddenly in front of me I saw the younger of the two girls praying—she seemed to me miles off—while the elder girl had become silent after a groan. My knees had received such a hard knock from the rocky soil that for the moment they were paralyzed with pain. Then I heard another crash. My friend Colonel French-Mullen, who with his wife was in the second car following us, had wisely got down at the first lodge gate and was walking up the avenue. Seeing us disappear, he plunged after us, with the result that he fell against the car, which was lying with horse and all on one side in the ditch. The poor Colonel had a real black eye for several days. Luckily, Mrs. French-Mullen had run to the second lodge gate not very far away, and had brought some

lanterns : then we were able to realise what happened. The younger girl had escaped with a bad shaking only, and had been praying out of fear. The elder girl was quite unconscious for a long while, having received a kick just below her ear from the prostrated horse. It was a marvel that she was not killed. The jarvey lay complaining of broken ribs, but the car and the horse had both escaped with only a few scratches. The whole escape was miraculous. Then began for me a painful experience, for, my knees had been bruised so badly that they were very sore, and, while the father and mother attended to their young daughter, who had now got into a hysterical state, I had to help the elder girl, in a semi-conscious state, up the avenue, across the hay-fields to the house. It was hard work trudging along with my painful knees, and at the same time replying to the half-sane queries of the half-unconscious girl who tottered rather than walked, and was hardly able to stand erect. However, I reached the house with my charge safely, and then we had to find the trap and the jarvey, on whom my friend, the Colonel, attended. Luckily, the Colonel being a medico himself, we all got medical relief, and we found that the jarvey had really had no ribs broken. He went away next morning with a happy smile and a couple of sovereigns in his pocket, though he fully deserved a thorough thrashing, for, had he not been drunk, and had he listened to me and lighted the lamps of the car, which in a half savage manner he had refused to do, nothing would have happened. But indeed the whole thing was marvellous, and I feel that it was only through God's mercy we all escaped death that terrible evening. The elder girl passed a very bad night and in the morning was

worse. We found that she had very nearly broken her neck, for she had fallen on the side the car had capsized and was really underneath the car, having by her own strength freed herself. Her neck was bad for a very long time. I was however thankful to God to find my young friend on the fair road to recovery when time came for me to depart from this dear and good family. The bruises on my own knees lasted for a month, though after a few days I was able to walk with a fashionable limp.

On the 29th of August, I motored to Dublin with some of my Abbey friends, and leaving them with their relatives in the suburbs, motored on to the Shelbourne, near which I had obtained for myself and staff rooms for the Horse Show. My friends joined us at lunch and then we all motored on to the famous Show at Ball's Bridge. There was a tremendous crowd. After conducting my party to their seats, which I had taken beforehand in the main stand, I had to go on to the Viceregal box, as Lord Aberdeen, having noticed me in the crowd, had kindly sent an A.-D.-C. to ask me to his box. There I made the acquaintances of Lord Powerscourt, Lady Dunraven and Lady Jersey. This Horse Show is really a fine one, and the many hunters, mostly Irish, and the good jumping that one witnesses fill the heart of a lover of horses with joy. This is also a great meeting place of friends and acquaintances. Among others, I met Mr. Finucane, a retired Bengal Civilian, and Lady Anthony Macdonell. The Kuar Saheb of Patiala who was present, like the thorough sportsman that he is, seemed to enjoy every bit of the day's programme. After watching the jumping for a good while, I had a look round the stalls and saw some fine hunters.

Lady Aberdeen insisted on my seeing the Irish Industrial Section, which had really been got up in connection with this show through her Excellency's energy, and she showed me round it herself. Some of the Irish laces exhibited were very fine fabrics indeed. Just as we were leaving the place, the parade of carriages and pair horses had begun ; so we saw some fine turnouts. In the afternoon, we returned to Whaley Abbey.

On the 31st of August, I had to come in again to Dublin as the Lord Lieutenant had very kindly invited me to the Viceregal Garden Party. The lawns of Viceregal Lodge looked very pretty. There was a large concourse of guests, including the King of Italy's cousin, the Duke of Aosta, who with the Duchess was on a visit to Dublin incognito. There was a little out-door play in the gardens ; the piece acted being called "Finn", an episode from early Irish history. Lord Aberdeen was very courteous, and was all attention to his guests, while Lady Aberdeen had to stand at the entrance of the gardens where everyone coming in was introduced by the A.-D.-Cs. who, as at a Levee, read out the names of each guest as he or she came up. It was quite late in the evening when I returned to Rathdrum.

Next day, the 1st of September, saw me motoring to a place called Enniskerry. Here at a house called Kilgarron, I lunched with the Bishop of Nagpur, who was staying with his elder brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chatterton ; the Bishop's brother was agent to Lord Powerscourt, and the house belonged to the Viscount. After lunch, I went to Powerscourt, where Viscount and Lady Powerscourt entertained me at tea and showed me round their gardens which are in Italian terrace style with a foun-

tain in the centre. The house is well furnished, and contains some fine old armour and valuable paintings. This was the first place where I noticed that they charged visitors coming into the grounds, although needless to say, I had not to pay anything. There is also a fine greenhouse within the compound, from which plants are sold to the public.

Taking leave of the Powerscourts and my friend Eyre Nagpur, I motored on to Kilruddery, Lord Meath's house. The fine open-air courtyard at the back of the house is pretty. There was a monastery here, and it was interesting to see the old bowling green of the monks. Lord Meath was entertaining the officers of the Italian battleship that was visiting Kingstown at the time. The Kuar Saheb of Patiala was also present. We had tea, the Earl's daughter playing the part of hostess. I well remember that here I tasted the best peaches that I ever had in Europe. I had a stroll through the gardens with the Earl, an elderly man, and, though Irish, with very loyal feelings towards England. We had a very interesting discussion about the Empire-Day movement, of which he is one of the prime movers in the British Isles.

On the 3rd September, I lunched at Shelton Abbey, near Arklow, with the Earl and Countess of Wicklow and the dowager Countess. The Earl's bright and cheery little baby son was most amusing. Shelton Abbey is a fine place, but the exterior seemed to be in a neglected condition.

The 7th of September saw a whole lot of us motoring out to Glenmalur not very far off from Rathdrum. It is a pretty place amidst the Wicklow Mountains.

We then motored on to Glendalough and rowed

about the upper lake, and saw the little cave called St. Kevin's Bed, St. Kevin's Abbey, commonly known as the kitchen, and the ruins of the Seven Churches. All are full of historical associations of the 5th Century A.D. In those days, Glendalough was an Irish city in a flourishing condition. It was destroyed by the English King John. Glendalough is certainly well worth a visit.

On the 9th of September, I left Whaley Abbey, Rathdrum, for Dublin, *en route* for London, which I reached the next day.

As to my parting with my friends, like all partings it was sad, and I cannot help repeating that the five weeks' stay at Whaley Abbey with my friends was one of the happiest periods of my stay in Europe, for I lived with them as one of the family and enjoyed my stay thoroughly. The parting was not quite final as my friends had contemplated a tour on the Continent, and as a return for their hospitality, as well as to have the pleasure of their company, I had invited them to come and stay with me for about a month on the French Riviera, regarding which mention will be made in a subsequent chapter.

I felt grieved at leaving the Emerald Isle which is very pretty indeed and contains a cheery race with whom, if you steer clear of Home Rule and other imaginative Irish aspirations, you will find you will get on as well as with any other race in the world. For, young and old, men and women, all have a warm welcome for you and, in their hearty fashion, will treat you right royally.

CHAPTER XXVII

KILLARNEY AND CORK

From Rathdrum to Killarney—Incidents on the way—Killarney
—A lace factory—The Gap of Dunloe—A Trip
on the Lakes—Motor trip to Cork—Blarney
Castle—Queenstown—A Regatta

ONE of the most pleasant trips that I took in Europe was by motor from Rathdrum in Co. Wicklow to the lakes of Killarney in the south of Ireland. Sending my staff on by train, with my Abbey friends I left Whaley Abbey at eight o'clock in the morning on the 8th August, and reached the Killarney Lake Hotel at half past nine in the evening. We ought to have arrived earlier, for the distance we travelled was roughly speaking only about one hundred and eighty miles ; but then one had to take into account a puncture and other motoring troubles. Amongst other places, we passed *en route* Enniscorthy, New Ross, Waterford, Dungarvan (where we had lunch at the Devonshire Arms), Fermoy and Mallow. In spite of occasional showers, the run was very enjoyable. This was the first time since I began motoring that my car ran over anything, and I was very angry at the chauffeur's negligence when he deliberately killed half a dozen chickens and a couple of hens. The second car, containing the rest of our party, having had its fair share of " *moorgi* * sandwiching " managed also

* *Moorgi*—The Indian name for fowl.

to kill a dog which suddenly rushed out from a field. The scenery reminded me of the country between Kalka and Simla, and even parts of the Bengal Dooars. When we got to the Lake Hotel, we were pretty tired, and after a light dinner were glad to go to bed.

The morning view of one of the lakes from the hotel window was pretty. After breakfast, we had a drive round the little town, visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral—a fine imposing structure with a beautiful altar-piece in the interior—and a convent, where they make Irish lace. We saw some of the girls at work, and the fine lace produced here can well compete with the choicest Venetian or Brussels.

We motored out in the afternoon to Muckcross Abbey which is now in ruins, but with still pretty grounds. It has been bought by an American gentleman. The Abbey dates back to the 14th Century and is supposed to have been destroyed by fire in the 17th Century. There is an old yew tree in the cloister court-yard which has a railing around it as a barrier, for the superstition is that anyone plucking a leaf of it will die within a year. We also visited, during the course of the afternoon, the ruined Ross Castle, the steps leading to the tower being indescribably uncomfortable.

We attempted to make a motor trip towards Waterville, but our motor went wrong at a place called Glenbeigh, so we had lunch and returned to Killarney by rail. Glenbeigh is a very pretty place almost on the sea-shore of Dingle Bay. We had better luck on our next trip, and visited Sneem, Waterville, Valentia Harbour, Cahier Cavern, returning through Glenbeigh and Killorglin. We did about one hundred miles in the day. At Waterville,

which is in the west of Ireland, we had our lunch in an hotel overlooking the pretty Ballinskelligs Bay. As it came on to rain after leaving Waterville, we could not get any boats to go to Valentia Island to see the terminus of the New York cable; so we had to content ourselves with touching Valentia Harbour and then working inland again. The wilds of Kerry, through which we motored, were indeed romantically picturesque, and yet how desolate all the surrounding country seemed! The roads we motored over on this day were the most bumpy and uncomfortable that I remember. This is characteristic of Ireland, where there is such a great lack of public spirit, and where all enterprise is hampered by the tremendous immigrations of every year, the flower of the race going abroad in such huge numbers, leaving mainly the old and decrepit in this Isle so beautiful and yet so desolate! It is really wonderful that the Irish peasants should have such a cheery and happy look, for underneath it all a great sadness lies, which only those that care to study will be able to find.

Another great expedition was a ride on *tats*, * peculiar to Ireland, through the famous Gap of Dunloe, amidst wild scenery. Occasionally a guide shouted, awaking resounding echoes of a weird nature. We rode on till we came down to the upper lake, where we had luncheon in a cottage on the lake-side, belonging to a local magnate. Then we embarked in boats and went along the upper, the middle and the lower lakes, eventually getting out at a landing stage in front of the Lake Hotel. This row with lonely wild mountain scenery around

* Abbreviation of the word tatoo, (Anglo Indian) meaning a small horse or pony.

us was very invigorating, while our boatmen singing wild Irish songs added to the wildness of the experience, which brought to a close our very pleasant stay in Killarney.

Leaving Killarney after breakfast next day, we reached Cork just about dinner time. The scenery all along was pretty, particularly the tunnels on the Kenmare Road. We passed Kenmare River and Waterfalls, Bantry Bay, and Glengariff with its pretty harbour. We originally intended stopping a day at Cork, but were so charmed with the City and its approaches that we did not get away till the morning of the third day.

I enjoyed walking up and down the streets, and from one or two shops in Patrick Street I picked up quite a number of bog-oak souvenirs and some really good Irish blackthorns. The houses, situated as they are on hill-slopes, give Cork its famous picturesque. Blarney Castle, where, right on the very top, on the exterior of the Castle Tower, is the famous Blarney Stone, kissed by the superstitious as it is supposed to be a wishing stone, is only a short run. To kiss the stone, one has to lie on one's back, then through a hole, half of the body has to be lowered, hanging so to speak in the air, and then to kiss the stone which is supported by iron bars suspended as it were in space. We saw a woman go through the operation, which seemed to me a very dangerous one, to say nothing about the silliness of the whole thing. That night, I remember, we witnessed "The Sign of the Cross" at the local theatre, the piece affecting our party deeply.

Mr. A. E. Nicholson, a gentleman of the town and a member of the Cork Royal Yacht Club, having heard of my arrival, of his own accord very politely

called and invited me and my party to go in his motor launch to Queenstown to witness the local annual Regatta. So after breakfast, on the 15th August, we went on the River Lee. The harbour, supposed to be the second finest in the world, was wearing a gala appearance. At the invitation of my kind host, we had lunch at the Yacht Club, the oldest of its kind in existence. After watching some of the events of the Regatta, I thanked Mr. Nicholson for his hospitality, and motored back to Cork. Leaving Cork at half past seven next morning we got to Rathdrum in exactly twelve hours, after many stoppages on the road ; a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, which works out at less than fifteen miles an hour on the average. This delay was due to bad roads and, of course, the usual automobile troubles. These eight days at Killarney and Cork, I enjoyed very much, and by motoring through it, I saw a good bit of southern and south-western Ireland, which I should otherwise have missed. Ireland is not a big country, but it is difficult to see it to advantage if one relies upon the railway for getting about.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BELFAST

Dublin to Belfast—The City of Belfast—Visits to a Tobacco and Linen Factories and Shipbuilding Yards—The City Hall—Luncheon with the Lord Mayor

ON the 4th of September, leaving Whaley Abbey with some of the members of the family, and accompanied by my staff, I went to Dublin, and after lunch at the Shelbourne, left from Amien's Street Station for Belfast, which we reached towards evening. The country we traversed was flat but fertile. Drogheda, of historic fame, was really the only point worthy of notice during an uninteresting journey.

At Belfast, we stopped at the Grand Central Hotel, an enormous building, in rather a neglected state. Whilst in Dublin, I had arranged through Lord Aberdeen's Private Secretary, Lord Herschell, about a visit to Harland & Wolfe's famous Shipbuilding Yards, and soon after our arrival, Mr. Carlisle, Manager of the works, called on me and I fixed a time for our visit.

Belfast is quite a fine city, with a good number of decent streets, and has many industries. Gallaher's Tobacco factory was quite interesting. By machine power the finished tobacco is rolled and packed, and cigarettes are turned out by hand as well as by machinery with marvellous dexterity. The girls

make up and pack cigarettes with remarkable rapidity and invariable neatness. Mr. Bell, one of the shareholders, conducted us round. He told me that they turn out about three hundred thousand cigarettes daily and that over fifteen hundred hands were employed either at tobacco sorting or cigarette making. There are fifty huge stores in this factory, which contain tobacco packed in hogsheads. The process of snuff manufacture is a little trying, for we found it impossible to avoid sneezing violently. The duty on tobacco, which is mostly of the American Virginian brand, is pretty high at three shillings a pound.

At the large spinning looms and lace factory in York Street, we saw the different species of flax, such as Russian, Dutch and Belgian, and it was instructive to have the differences in the textures of the materials explained. Belgian flax is supposed to be the finest. I watched the spinning and weaving operations going on, and saw several beautiful samples of table linen. There are about four thousand five hundred labourers employed here.

Our next move was to Harland & Wolfe's famous shipbuilding yards, where Mr. Carlisle met us by appointment and took us round, pointing out everything worth seeing. We saw the White Star Liner, "Adriatic," being built. The Manager told us that the ship would be a twenty-five thousand tonner when launched. We saw a British India boat also being built and the keels of several steamships were laid out in the enormous yards. An incomplete ship looks rather like a skeleton of some huge prehistoric animal. We were next shown round the various departments in connection with shipbuilding. Mr. Carlisle told me that the com-

pany originally started with five acres of land, and now, even with two hundred acres, they were pressed for space, which showed how this business has grown since its foundation. Over ten thousand workmen are employed here daily, and the pay roll alone comes to about £4 a minute, the whole place costing over two and a half million sterling a year to keep running. There are huge electrical engines to work the different workshops.

In the morning, the Lord Mayor of Belfast had kindly called at the hotel and had invited us to lunch with him at the City Hall; so, after our morning's round, we went to the Town Hall, where Mr. Money Penny, Secretary to the Lord Mayor met us. At lunch, I was introduced to several ex-Lord Mayors, Aldermen and City Clerks, whom the Lord Mayor had invited to lunch to meet me. After lunch, we had a look through the apartments of this magnificent building. The marble columns in the hall and the reception rooms are very fine. From the top of the building, we obtained a good view of Belfast, which is an Irish city in name only, for it is inhabited by any number of Scotsmen and Englishmen, who do a roaring trade from which they have largely ousted the native Irish. Belfast is the great centre of Protestantism in Ireland and the head-quarters of the Orange Society. A statue of Lord Dufferin within the Town Hall grounds is very similar to that at Calcutta.

We had a pleasant afternoon drive round other portions of the city, passing Queen's College, an imposing structure in red with a tower resembling somewhat that of Magdalen at Oxford.

CHAPTER XXIX

LONDON AGAIN

Visit to the India Office—Trip to Glasgow—Cambridge—
Last days in London—Departure for Brussels

THOUGH it was with great reluctance that I left Ireland and my Irish friends, yet it was pleasant to be back in London, which we reached on the morning of the 10th September. London is one of those places which grows on one ; in its ugly hugeness, it has a fascination which is overpowering and draws one into its whirlpool of life. On arrival, after breakfast, I paid a visit to the India Office to get certain letters of introduction to the different embassies that I was about to visit on my second Continental tour, and which I found—thanks to Sir Curzon Wyllie's good arrangements—all ready for delivery. This stay in London was in name only, for I was very little in town. On the 11th, I paid a visit to the Royal Colonial Institute in Northumberland Avenue, of which I had been elected a Fellow through the kindness of Lord Ampthill. The Secretary took me round through the library and reading room, which looked very cosy and well-fitted.

On the 16th (Sunday), accompanied by my friend Fisher and staff, I left Liverpool Street Station for Cambridge, returning to London the same evening. The country between London and Cambridge was

uninteresting, excepting the acres upon acres of glass-houses one noticed after leaving London, in which vegetables and fruit are grown for the London market. We also passed Eley's well-known cart-ridge factory. On arrival at Cambridge, we drove to the University Arms Hotel, where Sir Edward Candy, Kt., C.S.I., a retired Judge of the Bombay High Court, met me, as Sir Andrew Fraser had kindly informed him of my intended visit. He took us round some of the college grounds, and, passing Emmanuel, and Sidney Sussex Colleges, we drove out to Madingley. On our way we just had a peep into the grounds of Girton, the well-known ladies' college. After having a distant look at Madingley Hall, where our present King used to live as an under-graduate, we turned Cambridgewards. On the way to Madingley, I noticed an inn with the quaint sign of "The man loaded with mischief." On the return journey, we stopped at Trinity College, walked through its spacious quad, then went into King's College. King's Chapel is a fine massive structure, and though not exactly handsome from outside, the interior is beautiful, the stained glass windows and the fan-vaulting of the roof being exquisite. As at Oxford, a good many Cambridge Colleges date back to the 14th or 15th Century. The town of Cambridge is disappointing and it did not strike me as being half as pretty or so well planned as Oxford. But some of the college buildings here compare favourably with those of the sister university; in fact, Trinity and King's at Cambridge are both, perhaps, finer than any college in Oxford. Ruskin has likened the King's College Chapel to a billiard table, upside down with its legs in the air, a sweeping assertion, though, from a distance, it cer-

tainly could be imagined to resemble what Ruskin has pictured. We returned to the hotel in time for lunch ; after which, we took a walk. We had intended to walk through the gardens of Emmanuel College but were thwarted by the porter who, it being Sunday and the college being closed, would not let us enter though we tried our best to coax him. We had, therefore, to content ourselves by walking about the Downing College grounds and then we drove out to Shelford to Judge Candy's house. It is a nice little place on a higher level than that of Cambridge with a few acres of land attached to it, containing orchards, etc. We had tea with Sir Edward, Lady Candy and family, and then, bidding good-bye to them and thanking Sir Edward for all the trouble that he had taken to show us round the colleges, we left for the station and returned to town. The famous river Cam at Cambridge is, it may be mentioned, no bigger than an ordinary Indian canal, and, at places, it strongly reminded me of a moat that I have around my Summer Palace at Burdwan.

On the 18th September, I had a little farewell lunch with my friend Cecil Fisher at the Ritz Hotel, where I met the Gaekwar of Baroda and his very radical Maharani. In the afternoon, I paid some farewell visits and had some Anglo-Indian friends to tea. This being my last day in the British Isles, where I had spent nearly four delightful and happy months, I was very sad at parting from what to me had always been in my fancy and now, after my visit, will always be in reality, my second home or Fatherland, India being the ever dear motherland.

Next morning, the 19th of September, saw us depart from Charing Cross for Brussels. It was a

wrench to part with my friend, Cecil Fisher, who is like an elder brother to me. The first Continental trip had taught me not only to travel with as little baggage as possible but as few servants as one could manage with. So I left four out of my six servants in charge of a very nice Moulvi * at Brixton, whom I had come across during my stay in London, and to whom I shall ever remain indebted for the very kind way he treated my servants and made them comfortable until they joined me on the 15th of October at Nice.

* Moulvi—a Mohammedan teacher.

CHAPTER XXX

BRUSSELS AND ANTWERP

From London to Brussels—Arrival—The Field of Waterloo—Antwerp

WE arrived at Brussels on the afternoon of the 19th September. As it was a clear day we had not lost sight of the English coast until we were quite close to Calais Harbour. We had a fair crossing though there was a strong breeze blowing.

At Calais, we went through the usual Customs examination and we saw a fellow being hauled up for carrying cigars and cigarettes, which were, after some haggling, handed back to him as they were under a hundred. Between Calais and Brussels, we passed Lille and Tournai, both historical towns. At Blandain, we went through the Belgian Customs Office. After entering Belgian territory, the country is mostly flat, but reminds one here and there of English scenery. The approach to Brussels is through innumerable dirty and shabby-looking workmen's houses; Brussels railway station is one of the dirtiest I remember seeing on the Continent. We stopped at the Hotel Metropole, which is very comfortable and is situated right in the heart of the city in front of a pleasant square.

The City Hall, or Hotel de Ville in the square known as the Grand Place, has many fine tapestries in its different State Rooms and Halls. The Mar-

riage Room, where all the civil marriages are contracted, is a fine salon and the Gothic Hall is renowned for the historical ball given in it by the allied armies on the eve of Waterloo, rather a good description of which is given in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." In front of the Town Hall on the opposite side of the square, the old Palace built by the Spanish King, Charles V. is still to be seen. The magnificent Palace of Justice is supposed to be the finest of its kind in existence, with an interior which is plain but imposing. The spacious central hall, named the "Hall of the Lost Steps", is nearly two hundred feet long, and from the centre of the hall to the interior of the dome of the building is a little less than two hundred and fifty feet in height. The place has about twenty-two large halls and courts and over two hundred and fifty apartments. Begun by the late Queen Victoria's uncle, Leopold I, it was completed in the reign of the present Monarch in 1883. It is supposed to have cost two million pounds sterling, which many people repudiate as a preposterous sum, contending that St. Peter's at Rome only cost half the amount. But if the labour rates of bygone days and of the 19th Century were compared, I don't think the cost would be found to be fabulous. The story of the architect who planned the building is rather tragic. For, before its completion, the poor fellow lost his senses and died in a madhouse. The eccentricity of the architect, a man called Poelaert, can be seen at once from the hopeless mixture of Doric, Ionian, Corinthian and Egyptian styles in the building. The Chamber of Deputies and Parliament House stand opposite the Royal Palace, the Royal Park, a fine shady place, lying between them. The Parliament House has rather

a poor elevation, but the interior of the House of Deputies and the Senate House are quite fine and the seats in the latter are well arranged in a semi-circle. The picture gallery contains a good number of paintings by old masters, especially by Rubens. Driving through the city, we passed the Hospital of St. Jean, the Congress Column, or the monument of Independence, with the statue of Leopold I, to symbolise the separation of Belgium from Holland and the foundation of Belgian Independence in 1830. The Cathedral of St. Gudule, whose square tower rather resembles a dwarfed Westminster Abbey, has an impressive interior, all in the Gothic style. The stained windows and the beautiful wood carvings on the pulpit deserve close inspection. The Lady Chapel is pretty and the grotto with an image of the Virgin Mary, fantastically illuminated, is rather picturesque. Brussels is a noted place for lace, and Brussels Point is beautifully designed and of course very costly. It is well worth anyone's while to go over one of these factories. The Wiertz Museum, or the 'weird museum' as I nicknamed it, certainly contains a very quaint collection of paintings by that mad artist Wiertz; he was highly gifted, but his eccentricity is sufficiently evidenced by his pictures, some of them being, in gruesomeness, hard to beat. We had a pleasant motor drive through the Boulevards which are pretty, the horse-chestnut trees giving welcome shade. As one passes through some of the residential quarters of Brussels, one notices, that in striking contrast to the City itself, they are kept very clean. The Avenue Louise is pretty, and so is the well-wooded park known as Bois de la Cambre, extending over four hundred acres of land and formed out of a part of the forest of Soignies. There is

a little artificial lake, and the general features of the park resemble the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, though I think the park at Brussels is in several respects prettier than the Bois de Boulogne, having more open stretches here and there, which add to the beauty of the general aspect.

Belgium being a Catholic country, there are, as a matter of course, any number of cathedrals and churches in Brussels. It was in Brussels that I noticed, for the first time, dogs running about the streets muzzled. One also notices the little carts for game and vegetables drawn by dogs singly and in pairs, a quaint sight, but, I think, rather a cruel practice. The streets of Brussels, mostly paved with stones, are not kept in very good condition, ruts being noticeable everywhere, while the tramcars are rather shabby and antiquated. There are several rather attractive small arcades, although the shops do not present any very remarkable features. The city is picturesque in itself, and, no doubt, the plan of Paris must have been kept in view when it was laid out. Through it runs the little river Seine, but this is really more like a moat than a stream. Belgians seem to be well disposed towards foreigners.

The famous battlefield of Waterloo, where the career of the great Napoleon came to its close, is only a motor's drive from Brussels. Leaving our hotel at ten, we drove through the woods of Cambre, and the forest of Soignies, or rather the remains of the original forest, and reached the village of Waterloo, which must have been a very small village in the days of the battle, for it is still only a little place. We first paid a visit to the memorial church, where tablets have been raised to the memory of the English officers and men that fell in action. On the

other side of the road, opposite this church, is a little house, which, the guide tells you, was occupied by Wellington, and it was from here that he wrote his despatches about the progress of the battle. Two beds are shown to the visitors, supposed to have been slept in by Wellington and his A.D.C. Gordon. Then we passed through a little village to Mont St. Jean near the hamlet of which lies the battlefield, the conflict itself being for a long time called by the French the "Battle of Mont St. Jean." This is no doubt the correct name; but as Wellington wrote his despatches from the village of Waterloo, he named the battle after it, though really the village is quite three miles from the battlefield. Near Mont St. Jean is the Lion Monument, a huge hill of mud and earth mounted by a big bronze lion on the top and steps leading up to it. On the pedestal of the lion, there is only inscribed "June 18th, 1815." This bronze lion was erected in honour of the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of Holland, who took part with the English in the battle and was wounded in the fight. The pyramid now stands on the supposed site of the hollow road in which Napoleon's Imperial Guards got disordered. The hollow had been levelled and the road now runs to the little hotel and museum at the foot of the monument. Near this pyramid was also the spot where the Duke of Wellington's centre stood towards sunset, when Blücher had, so to speak, telescoped in the right wing of Napoleon's army and the retreat of the French began. No doubt the thick of the battle must have been round about the place where the Lion Monument now stands, and the fields around are really a cemetery full of thousands of dead bodies of men of the different armies who fell during the

fight. Our guide, a Tipperary Irishman named Welsh, who, as a private, had served for eleven years in India, took us round and explained to us all the points of interest. We visited the monument erected to Major Gordon, brother of the then Lord Aberdeen. From the monument of the Hanoverian Legion we had a good survey of the country around, and a distant view of the hamlet of la Haye, towards which extended Wellington's left flank. I was much touched by the French monument on the roadside, which is supposed to have been erected by some French peasants out of their hard-earned savings. The monument reminds one of the Great Emperor and his last days of glory. It is a bronze eagle with its left wing tucked in and its right wing spread out rent with bullets, while with its claws it is clutching the French Flag. The simile is that the left wing represents the left of Napoleon's army hemmed in by Blucher, while the other, the right wing, is retreating after defeat. This monument is said to have been erected on the spot where Napoleon's old guards made their last stand. Our next move was to the farm of La Haye Sainte, where Blucher met Wellington when the battle was nearly won. Further on is the little interesting inn of La Belle Alliance which Napoleon made his head quarters before the fight. The room occupied by the Emperor is shown to tourists. The place of culminating interest is the little chateau of Hugoumont where the English found shelter, and which with its walls and hedges proved impenetrable to the French, and so greatly contributed to the victory of Wellington. The French several times during the day were supposed to have taken the outer orchard, but the inner orchard was so well defended that it was never

taken, and, towards the end, the English making a sortie, helped in the final routing of the French. The buildings were burnt, but the ruins remain and the little chapel still stands, though in a sadly neglected condition. The interior of the chapel has been greatly disfigured by tourists, who have not only scribbled their names all over the walls but have so disfigured the faces of the Holy Images that they are now almost beyond recognition. On our return journey to the hotel we passed the ditch in which Wellington hid his reserves. From the top of the Lion Monument we obtained a fine bird's-eye view of the battlefield and the whole country around. The steps to the top of the monument are two hundred and twenty-six, a very tiring climb. I bought some Waterloo relics from the museum in the hotel, some of which are genuine, for, as a special favour, they sold to me a few from the collection itself. We passed through some beautiful bits of the woods of Cambre as well as the old exhibition building of 1880, the central archway of which is fine, and, in the course of a drive through the City, we passed the University buildings, and the quaint fountain, which reminds one of some of the curious things to be seen in one or two of the ruined houses of Pompeii.

From Brussels we went to Antwerp, which is only an hour's journey. We drove straight to the little Hotel de la Europe, which I can recommend. Antwerp is an interesting city, the quays particularly being broad and bold. An arm of the North Sea called the Scheldt comes into Antwerp, enabling large ships to ride in the harbour. Antwerp may be said to be full of examples of Rubens, while the picture gallery contains, of course, many paintings by Van Dyck

and most painters of both the Flemish and Dutch schools. The chief attraction in the Church of St. Paul is a model of Calvary, a crucified Christ representing the scene of Crucifixion, with an imitation of the Holy Sepulchre in a grotto at its foot. The church has very graceful Gothic arches inside. The Church of St. Jacques, another fine Gothic edifice, contains the tomb of Rubens. As there was mass going on, we just had a glimpse inside and then drove on to the Zoological Gardens, which, though extensive, seemed to be well kept up throughout. The aviaries are well placed, and one of the principal features of the collection seemed to be the number of lions. The Cathedral is a graceful building, and contains a fine set of holy pictures by Rubens, of which the "Descent from the Cross" is considered his masterpiece. It is interesting looking through Rubens' work to find that whenever he painted a group of figures, he always introduced the portraits of himself and his two wives : this can even be noticed in his holy pictures. Right on the exterior walls of the Cathedral some public latrines have been erected, the sight of which, I remember, vexed me very much at the time and really are a public disgrace. In Cathedral square, there is a fine statue of Rubens. We saw Antwerp in less than six hours, reaching the Hague in the afternoon. Though Brussels has nearly double the population of Antwerp and is the capital, Antwerp is the commercial centre of Belgium.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE HAGUE AND AMSTERDAM

From Antwerp to the Hague—Sight-seeing—A glimpse of the
Queen of Holland—Scheveningen—Amsterdam
—Visit to a Diamond factory

ON the 22nd September, we got to the Hague in the afternoon, after a couple of hours journey from Antwerp. En route we passed through flat country resembling the Bengal plains, only ever so much greener than the monotonous ploughed fields of India. Passing Rosendaal, the Dutch Customs station, one notices that one is in Holland by the large number of wind-mills all over the fields on both sides of the railway line, and by the numerous piebald cows grazing about. These cows are mostly black and white, which catches the eye. Before coming into Rotterdam, we crossed over an arm of the sea. Leaving Dordrecht, we crossed the River Maas, on which stands Rotterdam, a big place with a population of over three hundred and fifty thousand souls, with many large buildings and squares that one can see from the railway line, which practically bifurcates the city.

On reaching the Hague, we drove to that very fashionable and expensive hotel, the Hotel des Indes. Clean, with rows of symmetrical buildings, none of them very magnificent, the city is not otherwise noteworthy.

We had the good luck to see the Queen of Holland with her Consort come out of the Royal Palace and drive away to Church, and, at church, I had a good opportunity of seeing the young Sovereign and her husband at close quarters. She seemed pretty and fresh, but wore a sad expression, while he looked a heavy-built man, if anything, a little bit coarse-looking. The young Queen is very popular and goes about quite simply amongst her people.

The church was the New Lutheran ; the inside very bare without any altar, the pulpit standing where in other churches the altar generally is placed. There was singing of hymns and a sermon from the pulpit, but not a regular service. The preacher, an elderly man, seemed to be sermonising the whole time, banging his fists down on the pulpit railings, and shaking his beard and looking so fiercely at his audience that he very nearly made me laugh outright, and reminded me of the Brindisi banquet. There was nothing calm or penetrating and worthy of a minister of Christ in this man's preaching. We motored out to the beautiful Bosch, a wood of lovely avenues about two and a half miles long by half a mile broad, containing beautiful shady trees, little ponds, nice walks and drives, all neatly kept. In the middle of the wood stands the old Palace called " Huisten Bosch, " or the house in the wood, the last occupant being the present Queen's grandmother. Since her death it has been kept up as a show place for the public. The first International Peace Conference, suggested by the present Czar of Russia, was held here. These conferences are fiascos, for, what is the good of having them or of building a ' Peace Palace ' when the majority of the Powers who propose them go on increasing their armies and

navies, and land-grabbing obtains everywhere. The Palace in the woods is very interesting. There is a Chinese Room and a Japanese Room, each of which contains immense collections of art treasures from those countries. The famous Orange Room contains some very fine allegorical paintings alluding to events of Dutch history. It is a strange coincidence that on a panel of one of the doors of this room, in which the first peace conference was held, there should be an allegorical picture of Minerva and Hercules, the Goddess of Wisdom and the God of Strength, making room for Peace, personated by Venus, coming in between them. The allegory was put up years ago to commemorate peace coming to Holland after eighty years of warfare. We next motored through the villages of Voorburg and Rijswijk, through which passes the canal to Delft. These are charming villages, forming the suburbs of the Hague, and contain many nice private villas. We then passed by the Stadhuis or Town Hall, and the pond called Vijverburg, on the banks of which is the Binnenhof, i. e., the Houses of Parliament. These are plain but substantial looking structures; the chambers inside, called States General, are quite fine, and so is the Council Chamber where the Sovereign or the President consults the Cabinet before going into the house to discuss matters. Within Parliamentary Square is an interesting old building like a church, where, in Spanish times, the interesting ceremony of investing knights with the Order of the Golden Fleece used to take place. The old Spanish prison contains some very horrid-looking instruments of torture. We next paid a visit to the cathedral, once a Roman Catholic church, but now Lutheran. The Royal Museum and Picture

Gallery contain many very fine Rembrandts, Rubens, Van Dycks, Holbeins and a good number of Jan Steens. Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson" is a fine picture, and Paul Potter's "Young Bull" a beautiful painting. After lunch, we inspected the Municipal Museum which contains a conglomeration of paintings, glass, porcelain, medals, etc.

Motoring through beautiful woods, we reached Scheveningen, the Brighton of Holland. The sea line is picturesque. The pier is a good one. On the sea-banks, there are very fine hotels and the place looks very pretty. The North Sea is more like a bay here. Near Scheveningen are some of the moving sand-hills of Holland called the Dunes. It was interesting to see the sand constantly shifting. The peculiar head-dresses of the fisher-women at Scheveningen are rather quaint, though some of them I thought to be quite becoming. Scheveningen is the summer resort of the Dutch fashionable folk, and a good number of Germans and Russians also frequent the place.

Motoring round about the Hague, one notices nothing but canals and irrigation channels all over the country. It might be a good thing for Bengalis to go and study the canal system of the Netherlands, which seemed to me very well planned and laid out. Bengal and Holland present much the same physical features. I must say I was much charmed with the Hague and its environs, for they were all so quaintly picturesque. The Dutch are peaceful and industrious.

On the 24th September we got to Amsterdam from the Hague, the railway journey occupying us about an hour. Amsterdam is a huge place, the biggest city in Holland, with a population of six hundred thousand souls, that is, almost double that

of the Hague. Here the present Queen was crowned like her predecessors, for though, politically, the Hague is the Dutch capital, Amsterdam is, commercially, the first city of the Netherlands. There are so many canals in the city, that, in a way, it reminds one of Venice, though, architecturally, and, in its picturesqueness, Venice is unique. The canals were all giving out an obnoxious smell, and did not seem to be kept very clean. The River Amstel runs through the heart of the city but it is difficult to differentiate it from any of the canals in the place. The Amstel Hotel, where we stopped, is a fine building, and is looked upon as one of the sights of Amsterdam. Soon after our arrival we started off to see the Royal Palace, with its famous marble hall. This building, it is said, was originally meant for a Town Hall. The Sovereign stops here for only six days in the year. The square in front of the Palace is called the "Dam," while the street leading to the square is called "Damrak," not perhaps very euphonious appellations. The Royal Exchange is an ugly building like a warehouse. Amsterdam is a quaint city, but in its way, imposing. Many houses out of perpendicular are noticeable. The New Church, which we next visited, and where the present Queen was crowned, has a fine stained window to commemorate the event, and contains the tomb of the celebrated Dutch Admiral De Ruyter. It was full of dust and had a neglected look about it. We enjoyed our visit to the Rijks Museum, which has a unique collection of paintings and is looked upon as the national museum of Holland. Here Rembrandt's famous "Night Watch," supposed to be his masterpiece, as well as many other fine pictures by him, Van Dyck and other great artists, are to be

seen. Then there is a miscellaneous collection including fine specimens of Delft ware, as well as a curious collection of naval, military and colonial exhibits, and the various costumes of the Dutch people. The museum is well worth a visit. We visited Vondel Park, a small but shady and well-kept little place with a statue of the Dutch poet after whom the park has been named.

At Coster's Steam Diamond Factory, we saw diamonds first given the brilliant and rose cuts by hand, and afterwards polished by a machine, the polishing wheels of which make about two hundred revolutions a minute. The whole process was interesting. There were thousands of pounds worth of diamonds in this place, and we saw some very fine specimens. I bought a small one as a souvenir. Cape diamonds are mostly to be found here, as the fine Indian Golconda diamonds are so very scarce now.

After doing a little shopping, we went to the Zoological Gardens which are extensive, nicely laid out, and contain quite a number of animals. I observed that both the Dutch cities I visited were kept scrupulously clean, excepting, of course, the Amsterdam canals. Another thing one notices in a Dutch city is the crowd of children in the streets, very often sitting and chatting in the middle of the road ; one has, therefore, to be very careful motoring through these streets, and to be prepared to get chips of wood, stones and other trifles thrown at you by naughty urchins. While at Amsterdam, we saw some quaintly dressed fishermen hailing from the Island of Marken, where the Russian Czar, Peter the Great went, as a humble carpenter, to learn shipbuilding.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE RHINE

Cologne—The Rhine between Coblenz and Rudesheim—
Wiesbaden—Frankfurt

WE reached Cologne on the afternoon of the 25th September. On the way from Amsterdam, we passed Utrecht (of 1613 Treaty fame); Arnheim; and Wesel, in Rhenish Germany. The bridge at Cologne over the Rhine is a fine structure, and the river is wide, at least, according to European notions, for, in Europe, they know little of the Ganges or the Brahmaputra.

Cologne is a large and impressive town. The famous Cathedral is quite near the railway station. After tea at the Hotel Disch, where we stayed, we went to see this gem of Gothic architecture. The steeple is over five hundred feet high, and is supposed to be the tallest of its kind in the world. This building, though begun several centuries ago, was not completed till 1880. The sacristy contains a number of early Christian relics. The Cathedral reminds one somewhat of that at Milan.

The Church of St. Ursula, which we next visited, dates from the 12th Century. It is interesting because in this church St. Ursula, originally an English Princess and an early Christian martyr, is supposed to have been buried with twelve thousand virgin followers, who, along with the saint, were

massacred by the Huns. In the sacristy walls, in the spaces underneath the different altars, and in fact everywhere inside the church, one notices in a long line of niches skulls and bones boxed into the walls, the fronts of them covered with glass, some of the skulls being partly covered up with embroidered cloths. Among other relics in the Church, are St. Ursula's skull and right leg. There is also a broken stone jar alleged to have been one of the jars used by Christ at the Wedding of Cana. People from Jerusalem and antiquaries have examined it and have said that the broken jar is undoubtedly a specimen of the kind that was in use in the Holy Land during the times of Christ. We next had a drive round the city which contains several good streets and some statues of the German Emperors.

Leaving Cologne we reached Coblenz,—passing through Bonn, the seat of the famous German University,—in time for *déjeuner*. From Cologne to Coblenz the railway line in many places runs very near the river banks, which enables passengers to get glimpses of some pretty bits of Rhenish scenery. We stopped at Coblenz till lunch time, and, during those few hours, we first went and saw the colossal statue of Emperor William I erected at the confluence of the Rhine and the Mosel. It is one of the finest equestrian statues that I have yet seen. After lunch at the Hotel Belle Vue, we crossed the Rhine over the Bridge of Boats, and then drove up to one of the outer gates of the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, a very imposing structure perched on a hill overlooking the Rhine. In the olden days this stronghold was supposed to be impregnable, but under the conditions of modern warfare it would be easily blown to pieces. A sergeant-major took us round and showed us over

the barracks. From the Castle ramparts we obtained a splendid view of the Rhine and the surrounding country. At the time of our visit there were about a thousand soldiers here, and like everything military, that is up-to-date in Germany, they had the most modern guns in the place. While thanking our guide for showing us round, my friend, the Doctor, who had been practising a few German words in bidding "good-bye", suddenly blurted out "Guten Abend": meaning of course, "Guten Morgen." The sergeant looked up in wonder at being bidden "good evening" in the middle of the day, and after our carriage had come out of the Fort gate, we laughed heartily at the Doctor's expense.

We then left Coblenz by steamer, reaching Rudesheim about eight in the evening. We were simply entranced with the beautiful scenery that we passed through. Ruined castles, pretty hills on the river-side, and the sharp bends of the river here and there all added to the romance of the trip. There was a honeymoon couple on board who sickened many of the passengers by their silly behaviour. Amongst the notable Rhine castles that we passed, was the Castle of Stolzenfels,—where once the late Queen Victoria was entertained by King Frederick William of Prussia,—one of the few in fair condition. The Castle of Marksburg, the gloomy fortress in which Emperor Henry IV was imprisoned by his sons in the Dark Ages, stands out on a precipitous piece of rock behind the little town of Braubach. The most extensive ruins we passed were those of the Castle of Rheinfels. Nearing Rudesheim, we passed the Mausethurm, or the Mouse Tower, regarding which I had read, as a school-boy, the verses of Southey about the wicked Archbishop Hatto of Mayence who

was devoured by mice. One passes Bingen just before reaching Rudesheim. The latter is famous for the sparkling white wine of the Rhine. From Rudesheim, we trained into Wiesbaden, reaching it near midnight.

Wiesbaden is a very pretty place, and I fell quite in love with it. There are quite good shops in the arcades situated on the sides of the square in the front of Hotel Nussaurhof, where we stayed; in front of it there is also a fine statue of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. Between these two rows of shops, the new Kursaal was being constructed. During the morning of the 27th, we paid a visit to the Hof Thermal Springs. Many such springs are situated in Wiesbaden. Walking through a little garden, we went into the hall, where there were thousands of people waiting to take the waters. Many were already taking it, and glasses for its use were to be seen in large numbers on the tables. We all sipped a little of the water, which had a nasty smell about it. To get to the tap from which it was being given, we had to go in a line, one by one, to the bar where the barmaids were kept busy pouring out glasses of the tepid water, at a charge of sixpence apiece. The spring here is in the shape of a well, the water of which is constantly bubbling and boiling, and the whole place has a strong smell of sulphur which gives it a distinct copperish taste. To take the cure regularly, one has, I believe, to drink several glasses a day, walking about meanwhile, for many weeks. The temperatures of the springs are about 156° F. These waters are specially efficacious for gout, rheumatism, sciatica, diseases of the respiratory organs, catarrh of the stomach and also obesity—the latter, I should say, is a very prevalent malady

in Germany. Attached to the springs are rooms for inhalation and gargling, for which season tickets are issued. The baths at and near Wiesbaden are supposed to be finer and better than at Carlsbad and Marienbad, although the latter place has been much popularized by our King patronizing it regularly of late years. During a motor trip round the town we passed many charming villas. On the top of a hill there is a pretty little Greek Church, its gilt domes standing out prominently. The interior is richly adorned with carved and grained marbles: the Ikons—the chief features of a Greek church—being very beautifully decorated. This church has been erected to the memory of a Russian Princess, the Duchess of Nassau, who died at Wiesbaden and is buried in this church. We then had a look at the old Kursaal, which is situated within the park on this hill. Wiesbaden also contains some fine looking churches and an old Palace. The fixed population of the place is a hundred thousand souls, which is doubled during the season, that is, April, May, August and September. In the afternoon we motored through the Taunus Range of mountains in the Rhine valley, passing Sonnenberg and Schwalbach, the latter containing some more thermal springs, the waters of which are impregnated with iron and carbonic acid, and used for both external and internal application and mostly for nervous and female complaints. At Schlangenbad, there are more springs, efficacious for skin diseases, debility and other hysterical ailments of the fair sex. From here we motored down to the banks of the Rhine, passing by Eltville and through Biebrich; and at Castel, crossing the Rhine by a fine bridge, got into the old town of Mayence.

Mainz or Mayence, an old town dating from the Roman period, is essentially a military station, for a quarter of its population are soldiers. It has an arsenal, and from its position, it is a coign of vantage from a strategic point of view. By the time we got back to Wiesbaden, we were fairly tired.

We left Wiesbaden next morning for Berlin, stopping on the way at Frankfort for a few hours, which we devoted to sight-seeing. Frankfort on the Maine is an old Prussian town, and contains the celebrated Romer or Town Hall, an interesting edifice where the old German Emperors used to be crowned. As it was undergoing repairs, we could not get access to the famous hall of paintings. We were distinctly "sold" when we went to find out the Rothschild Museum, for the hall porter told us that it no longer existed, the family having divided the collection amongst themselves. The picture gallery of Frankfort is poor, and contains few good paintings, but the Ariadneum, or Bethmann's Museum, contains that beautiful statue "Ariadne on the Panther" by Dannecker. We paid a visit to the Cathedral and afterwards to the house in which Goethe was born and spent his boyhood, and then, taking another drive round the place, returned to the hotel, and after lunch continued our railway journey to Berlin.

CHAPTER XXXIII

BERLIN

Berlin—The British Ambassador—Disappointment at not meeting the Kaiser—The Sights of Berlin—Potsdam

IT was nearly midnight when we got to Berlin on the 28th September. We had a motor tour next morning round the city, and did some shopping in the Unter den Linden. At noon I went to the British Embassy to call on the Ambassador. Sir Frank Lascelles received me most kindly, and I found him an extremely agreeable man. We went on talking so long that I was asked to stop to lunch, which I enjoyed, as it was a real pleasure to have a conversation with this veteran diplomat.

The India Office, through the Foreign Office, had arranged for an interview for me with the Kaiser, but unfortunately, my delayed departure from the British Isles upset everything, and when I arrived in Berlin, to my great disappointment, I found that the German Emperor had left for his shooting box, but, had kindly left a message for me with Sir Frank expressing his regret at not having been able to grant me an interview. I felt this disappointment keenly at the time, for I wanted very much to pay my respects to this warrior monarch of Europe, who, though at times he startles himself and the world alike, is certainly, at the present moment, one of the greatest of European Sovereigns.

After lunch with the Ambassador I proceeded with my party to see the Schloss or the Royal Palace, a building of the 18th Century, with a very fine suite of rooms richly decorated and furnished. The Throne Room is magnificent; the tiny room in which the Royal marriage contracts are signed; the room in which the Crown Princess is crowned after the wedding ceremony with the Heir-apparent; the room generally known as the White Room, where the Emperor opens in State the Reichstag and the Landtag; all these were absorbingly interesting. The present Emperor has improved the rooms greatly during his time. We next proceeded to the Parliament House. The Reichstag is the national parliament of Germany, the Landtag being the Diet of Prussia. It is an imposing building with a fine set of Council Chambers. The new Lutheran Cathedral, which had just been completed, contains some beautiful modern stained glass windows. The Pergamon Museum has an interesting collection of antiquities from Asia Minor, which the Emperor has brought away from Turkish Territory with the Sultan's permission, but with German capital of course. It is a pity that Turkey should have allowed this, for every sensible nation should try to preserve such art treasures: but then I suppose the "sick man" is so sick with everything from his Harem down to the tactics of European Powers, as to understand little the value of such relics of the past. The national picture gallery was under repair and closed; so we had a walk though the old gallery which contains casts of all the famous statues all over the world, beautifully arranged and catalogued. The square in front of the Palace, the statue of Frederick the Great, the national monument to

Emperor William I, and the Alley of Heroes, are some of the things worth seeing in the city of Berlin. In the afternoon we paid a visit to the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, where King Frederick William III of Prussia reposes with his Consort, the famous Queen Louise. Here there are also the tombs of King Frederick William IV and of the Emperor William I and his Consort. The beautiful marble figures over the tombs are imposing. The bluish white light coming through the blue window-panes gives a fantastic effect to the room, and reminds one somewhat of those scenes of light effect so much in vogue on the stage now-a-days.

Berlin is a fine city and is growing larger daily. Some of the mansions are magnificent, but that it will ever outdo Paris, as some affirm, I greatly doubt, for the many unsymmetrical blocks of small wretched-looking houses adjoining its finest buildings and palaces, spoil the artistic effect altogether.

Next day, the 30th, we motored out to Potsdam, about seventeen miles from Berlin. We passed through beautiful woods, but the roads were shockingly "bumpy." We halted on the way at Babelsberg Palace, a favourite resort of Emperor William I, a nice comfortable little place, very unostentatious looking, but situated in the midst of a pretty park. On reaching Potsdam, we first had a look round Sans Souci, the famous old Palace of Frederick the Great. The Palace building is approached by walking up seven terraces, a large fountain plays at the bottom and fruit and flower gardens are laid out on each of these terraces. The exterior of the Palace is insignificant, if anything rather like the Grand Trianon of Versailles; the interior is all in rococo style. The room in which Frederick the Great died,

and Voltaire's room, are interesting, the latter particularly so, for, as Voltaire used to criticise Frederick's actions freely, the King took his revenge by inviting Voltaire to stay with him and giving him a room to live in, the interior walls of which had been painted full of parrots, storks and other birds with crooked beaks, to remind Voltaire of his own proboscis. Walking to the other palaces, we passed by the famous wind-mill known as the one Frederick the Great wanted to remove, as its noise disturbed his sleep. It will be remembered the miller appealed to the King in a clever way, saying that the mill had existed from the time of Frederick's forefathers, and he would not like to remove it, but as justice seemed to have vanished from Potsdam, he feared he must abide by the Royal command. This plucky retort to the King's threat had the desired effect, and down to this day the old mill stands unchanged. The two wings of the Orangery Palace are used as glass houses where orange trees are grown. The centre contains a suite of rooms made by Frederick William IV, who resided much here. These rooms are very richly furnished and contain some beautiful art treasures. It is at present used as a guest house. In front of this house, placed on the lawn, are to be found the famous astronomical instruments brought away by German soldiers from the Pekin Palace during the Chinese troubles of 1901. The New Palace, which has extensive parks and an avenue leading up to it from Sans Souci, is the only Royal German abode which is imposing to look at from outside, the interior being magnificently fitted up. The marble hall, in which the Crown Princes are christened and the big family ceremonies take place, is a lofty and spacious room, while the Shell, or the

Shell and Crystal room, is unique. All the walls of this room are made to look like shining crystals, and all sorts of stones, and shells, and crystals, have been plastered into the walls and ceilings, which give a very glittering effect. Returning that evening to Berlin, I presented myself at dinner time at the British Embassy, where the party was essentially English, consisting of the Ambassador, his Secretary and the naval and military and commercial attachés and their wives. Our last day in Berlin was a very interesting one. In the morning Col. Trench, the Military Attaché to the British Embassy, called for us at the Palast Hotel where we were staying, and with him we went and saw the arsenal, a sort of military museum, something like the United Service Museum in London. Everything in this place is very well arranged, and, among other things, we noticed old arms, guns and paintings representing battle scenes. From here we returned to the Embassy, where I bade goodbye to Sir Frank Lascelles and thanked him for all his kindness. Then with Mr. Gastrell, the Commercial Attaché, we all went to see the new Rudolf-Virchow-Krankenhaus. This was the only European hospital that I went through thoroughly, and going over the place was a revelation to me. That a medical institution could be brought to such an acme of perfection I had never dreamt for a moment! It is a general hospital, has magnificent quarters for nurses, resident surgeons, and physicians, quite fine cubicles for the servants, separate blocks for eye and skin and infectious diseases, a beautiful steam laundry, an ideal kitchen, a fine operating theatre, a nice little church, well equipped pathological and anatomical departments, and twenty detached cottages, each having place for twenty-eight

patients. In each of these cottages, one finds a single room for one patient, double room for two patients, and a large well ventilated ward with twenty-five beds, half of them for medical and half for surgical cases. Everything here is neat and clean, and the little gardens laid out between the cottages are very pretty with their long walks and avenues, and, besides these, there is a beautiful park adjoining, so that the Virchow Hospital is certainly an ideal medical institution. Besides these wards, the apothecary's room, where medicines are compounded and distributed, the room for Swedish gymnastics, containing all sorts of machines for massaging, so to speak, every muscle in the human body, and the antiseptic medical baths, such as the electric, sun, hot, cold, vapour, etc., baths, were most instructive, being explained by the medical officers who took us round. The whole place can accommodate two thousand patients, and I was told that, when quite completed, it was to have a hundred doctors, forty compounders, forty-five apprentices, one hundred and eighty nurses and one hundred and twenty-five menials, and will cost about fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand pounds a year to keep up. The fees to be levied seemed to me to be very moderate, being two marks fifty pfennigs or two shillings and sixpence a day, which is very small when all the comforts and advantages to be had in this hospital are taken into consideration. The place has cost about seven hundred thousand pounds, and every penny for the maintenance of it, as well as the outlay expenditure, will be and has been contributed by the citizens of Berlin. Here is an example of public enterprise! The day I visited was, by a strange coincidence, the opening day of the hospital, and Dr. Franz Winklen,

the Chief superintendent of the whole institution, who took us round, said that the day before about forty thousand Berliners had come to see it, and that within an hour of opening sixty patients had been admitted. I felt very proud when I was told by the learned doctor to sign my name and put my remarks down in the Visitors' Book, and I was justified in my feelings, as I was the very first signatory in a book, which no doubt, as time rolls on, will claim the autographs of many of the most eminent men in the world. From here we returned to our hotel, where Mr. Gastrell stayed with us till lunch.

Travelling through Germany, one cannot help noticing how very fond ladies are of wearing Tartan materials for their dresses. Big checks, like the Scotch Clan Tartans, are to be seen everywhere, the poor and rich alike of the fair sex using them for skirts and blouses, as well as for children's dresses and coats. In the streets, one notices that in comparison with the chic Parisienne or the London brunette, the Berlin lady is more soberly dressed. Mr. Gastrell informed me that he had been nine years in Germany, and had noticed that German ladies dressed elegantly at social functions, but when walking in the streets, even the wives of the well-to-do went about very plainly and, one may say, almost dowdily dressed.

CHAPTER XXXIV

VIENNA

Vienna—Sight-seeing in the Austrian Capital—A Motor Ride on a Rough Road—The Battlefield of Wagram

WE reached Vienna on the 2nd October, late in the evening. Dresden, the capital of Saxony,—a city that I had much wished to visit, but want of time prevented my doing so—was the chief place of interest on our way from Berlin. But we passed through Bohemia and its capital Prague, Moravia and its capital Brunn. At Bodembach, we went through the frontier Custom House with its usual examination. The drive from the Vienna railway station to the Hotel Bristol, though in the dark, was pleasant, for the city was so well-lit that we could see the places we were driving through.

I called at the British Embassy only to find that the Ambassador was away. Instructions had however been kindly left with Mr. Brooke Boothby, Secretary to the Legation, to arrange for me to see the Royal Palaces. Another disappointment awaited me, for an interview with the Emperor had been arranged for me by the India Office, but on the day of my arrival the Emperor was lying so seriously ill that he could not see anybody. In the Imperial Art History Museum in the fine Maria Theresa Square, is a picture gallery which contains innumerable gems by Rubens, Rembrandt, Guido Reni,

Titian, Tintoretto, Velasquez and a host of other great masters. The collection of coins and medals, and the industrial art section of this huge museum, as well as the collection of antiquities, repay careful inspection. The statue of Maria Theresa in the square is a fine one, and on the opposite side of the museum is the Natural History Museum building. The Church of St. Stephen, the cathedral of Vienna, is an imposing structure, with a graceful spire, but the interior is bare and uninteresting. The Viennese streets are broad and fine, particularly the Graben, the principal business thoroughfare. In the afternoon it came on to drizzle, so we motored out to the picture gallery, located in the old Palace building of the Liechtenstein Princes. There is a great collection of paintings in this place, but the rooms are so badly lit that one can hardly see the pictures clearly. The Houses of Parliament look very imposing from outside. We could not get in as the Imperial Parliament was sitting. The Hofburg Theatre, in the later Renaissance style, is a little gem, with an interior possessing marble pillars, and is richly decorated and painted. It is the classical theatre of Vienna.

A visit to the enormous Hofburg Palace, with its eleven hundred rooms all of which are well decorated and tastefully furnished, though in much more simple and artistic style than any of the German Imperial abodes, I found a serious undertaking, as I was not very well. In the Palace there are many beautiful pieces of Gobelin tapestry. The Imperial Library is a lofty and spacious hall, containing over eight hundred thousand volumes, and is supposed to be one of the finest libraries in the world. It is certainly a huge place, but not half so

pretty as Napoleon's library in Fontainebleau. The Riding Schools located on the ground floor of the Palace are well arranged, and we noticed some fine Spanish greys in the stables attached to this place. One has to see the Palace by special permit, which—thanks to the British Embassy—we were able to obtain. The Imperial Treasury, located in one wing of the ground floor of the Palace, contains the magnificent collection of jewellery of the Austrian Royal Family, as well as some relics of the Holy Cross.

The Capuchin Church was interesting. Here in bronze sarcophagi in a separate vault, are deposited the bodies of the deceased members of the Royal Family. Amongst the tombs of all the former sovereigns, those of the Empress Maria Theresa, Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife, and of their little son, the King of Rome (the uncrowned Napoleon II) and the tombs of the late Empress Elizabeth and her unfortunate son, Prince Rudolf, were most interesting. The Church of St. Augustine contains a fine monument by Canova of Princess Christian, a daughter of Maria Theresa, while in a small room in a corner of the church are kept, in little urns, the hearts of almost all those buried in the Royal vault in the Capuchin Church. The present Emperor did not allow the hearts of the late Empress and Prince Rudolf to be taken out after their deaths, and one hopes that this revolting practice will now be discontinued, and the bodies of the dead laid to rest unmutilated. This church is directly connected with the Royal Palace. The High Altar is new, having been erected by the present Emperor in memory of his murdered wife and of their marriage here. The Royal Stables located opposite the Palace are extensive, the harness rooms and carriage houses

in the stables being beautifully kept and neatly arranged. The carriages are all in a room on the first floor, and are brought down by lifts. We were informed that there were here six hundred and forty-two carriages of all sorts and denominations, three hundred carriage and eighty riding horses. Most of the animals, I noticed, were greys, with a sprinkling of bays and a few blacks : the majority of them hail from the Royal studs in Bohemia. Many of the horses come from England, but the greys are mostly crossbreeds between Spanish or Italian mares and Arab stallions or *vice versa*. This was the only Royal stable I saw in Europe, and it was certainly well worth going through. In the afternoon we motored to the Imperial Palace of Schonbrunn, the frontage of which is very fine, while the Royal apartments are magnificent. At the time, the Emperor was lying here very ill. The gardens of the Palace are the prettiest imaginable. This was the residence of Napoleon from 1805 to 1809. His son, the Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II) died in 1832 in one of the Royal bed-rooms, once occupied by his Imperial father. The greatest attractions in the place are the alleys of linden trees, cut and pruned beautifully in the shape of arches and niches. The avenues reminded me of the similarly beautiful alleys of beech trees at Lord Meath's Irish seat near Dublin. On the way back our motor went wrong, with the result that we had to get into a carriage, and then had quite a pleasant drive through the Prater, the extensive public park of Vienna.

A visit to the Imperial Academy of Arts, where there is a fine Murillo amongst many other masterpieces, is well worth paying. We got into the Houses of Parliament the porter having thoughtfully

secured tickets for us, so that we were able to go into the spectators' Gallery and watch for a while the sitting of the Deputies. It was not edifying. The speaker opened the proceedings, and then began a regular hubbub ; the Deputies all shouting at one another in great excitement.

In the afternoon we motored out to the little village of Wagram, near which was fought the famous battle between the French and Austrians on the 5th and 6th July, 1809, resulting in a bad defeat of the Austrians. There is nothing to indicate the scene of the fight, and I suppose as the Austrians got beaten in their own territory, they did not like to demarcate it. The only relic to be found is in the cemetery, where there is a small monument raised to the memory of the Austrian soldiers killed in the battle. The tablet marks the names of five generals, and besides these one hundred and five Staff Officers and five thousand five hundred and seven soldiers were killed in action. To get to Wagram we passed through some quaint villages, and for nearly a mile or so we actually had to motor across country on a road cut through fields, resembling greatly the *Kutch* * village roads of Bengal. Once or twice our motor very nearly gave way, and some of the bumps were terrible. Wagram is twelve miles from Vienna, and on our way back we crossed the Danube by a fine bridge.

* *Kutch* — means " unmetalled, " literally " raw. "

CHAPTER XXXV

MUNICH AND PARIS—(REVISITED)

The Bavarian Capital—Paris again—Disappointment at not meeting the French President—The second meeting with Sir Francis Bertie—Some former haunts

WE reached Munich just about dinner time on the 6th of October. The journey from Vienna was interesting, as we passed through much picturesque Tyrolese scenery. At Salzberg we recrossed into German territory. The Munich hotel was fairly comfortable and had quite a jaw-breaking name, "Vier Jahreszeiten," meaning the hotel of the four seasons.

We paid a visit next day to the picture gallery, which contains an invaluable collection of masterpieces by Rubens, Van Dyck and others, as well as quite a number of good modern paintings. It being a Sunday, we could not get into the Royal Palace which was erected in Versailles style by the unfortunate Ludwig II of Bavaria. Madness seems to prevail in the Bavarian Royal Family, for King Otto, Ludwig II's brother, is also insane, and is shut up in his own Palace, while his uncle is acting as Regent.

The huge allegorical statue of Bavaria with the Hall of Fame behind it, the Monument of Victory, the very fine Town Hall, the Palace of Justice and other imposing public buildings make Munich quite a fine city. Round the quays the River Isar is

pretty. Munich is so large that one ought to devote two or three days at least to it. Had I been able to afford the time, I should certainly have gone to the Opera, so famous for interpretations of Wagner. We were lucky enough to see the great October Fête, a very characteristic function, with the inevitable merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judy shows, circuses and other attractions. It was indeed a sight to watch thousands and thousands of people enjoying the fair.

In the evening, we left for Paris, and were glad to have one more look at this great city of the French. This time we stopped at the Hotel de l'Athènes which we found to be more comfortable than the Grand where we had stayed in May. I called at once at the British Embassy to find out what had been arranged about my seeing the French President. To my dismay I learnt that President Fallières was away and had fixed the 15th of October for the interview. As it was not possible for me to wait till then, I had, with infinite regret, to forego the long looked-for pleasure of seeing the President. I had the pleasure of seeing Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador, and was very glad of the opportunity, as I had the pleasantest recollections of our first meeting in the Spring. At his suggestion, I went to the Elysée Palace with the Legation Secretary and wrote my name in the President's Visitors' Book, and I got an acknowledgment of my official call by a visiting card of the President, which I received by post at Nice. The last time that we were in Paris, we were unable to get into the Church of St. Denis, so we now motored out there and had a walk through the church famous for the old tombs of the French Kings. The crypt is dark and has a musty smell, while the number of tourists on the day of our visit

made it almost suffocating. A drive through the Bois de Boulogne in the evening was very refreshing. We went over the Chamber of Deputies, the interior of which is well decorated, and the Petit Palais, the smaller of the two fine buildings of the 1900 Exhibition. Here we saw some statuary and paintings, which, though modern, were quite good. We then had another walk through the enormous Louvre Picture Gallery and paid a visit to Pinaud's Factories, where we saw perfumes and soaps being manufactured. The processes employed in the distillation of scents have been brought to great perfection in France, which is the centre of the industry.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GENEVA

A Picturesque City—The Greek Church—The Lake—
Trip to Chamonix

ANOTHER peep at the beauties of Swiss scenery proved too irresistible an attraction to be resisted, and the 11th October found us in Geneva, after passing on our way the blue Rhone and the Jura Mountains, commonly known as the Black Alps. It was a real pleasure to be in Switzerland again. In many respects Geneva is unlike a Swiss city. There are no snow-peaked heights round about it like Lucerne, nor is it in that sense so picturesque, but, with its beautiful lake, it has nevertheless attractions all its own. We found the Hotel National on the lake-side quite comfortable, and from my sitting-room window I had a fine view of the distant Mont Blanc Range.

A bridge separates the lake from the Rhone, and near it is a little artificial island named after Rousseau, containing a statue of this great son of Geneva. The Calvin Reformation Hall is a preaching hall, with a small museum containing some relics of Calvin and a fine model of Jerusalem. Geneva, of course, is a great Calvinist centre, and the people in Geneva are mostly Calvinist Protestants with a sprinkling of Roman Catholics.

The little Greek Church is pretty, but the cathe-

dral is a bare place like all Lutheran churches, the only interesting object in it being a fine rose window which has certainly been most exquisitely coloured. The Water Station on the Rhone from which electricity is drawn to supply the town with light is worth studying. On a hill-top close by is a pretty little public park from which you can obtain a good view of Mont Blanc as well as of the pretty bends of the River Rhone, and especially of the junction of this river with the Arve. The difference in the colours of the waters of these two rivers is striking, that of the former being a very dark blue and of the latter a light silvery blue. As we went by the quays, we were shown, at a corner of the Angleterre Hotel, the spot where the poor Empress Elizabeth of Austria was brutally assassinated by an anarchist who is now serving his sentence of penal servitude for life in a lonely dingy cell of the local prison. The Rath Museum and Picture Gallery has a poor lot of paintings, while the Ariana Museum, located on a small hill, has, on the other hand, a splendid collection of European and Oriental china, and some good modern paintings, Brussels tapestries, and laces. From the landing place near the museum we went on the lake in a motor launch, keeping towards the narrow part of it. The lake water is beautifully transparent, and, even in places where it is from eight to ten feet deep, one can clearly see the bottom with its stones and rocks. This is the only blue lake in Switzerland. The shore on the Geneva side resembles somewhat the English coast as seen about the Isle of Wight, only, of course, the houses here are in a totally different style.

On October 12th, a date long to be remembered, for the first time in my life I stood at the foot of

the snows of the Mont Blanc range. Leaving our hotel at seven in the morning, we got to Chamonix by motor in about two hours and a half, passing, en route, the graceful Saleve Peak of the Jura Mountains. The road was good the whole way. We crossed into French territory at Annemasse, a couple of miles from Geneva, and the scenery all along the route of the beautiful valley of the River Arve and of the rugged and bare peaks of the mountains in the foreground was incomparably grand. At Chamonix, was the grandest sight of all. Mont Blanc with the Dôme-de-Goûter and other fine snowy peaks towering miles above us : huge glaciers coming right down to the valley and the Glacier de Bossons, the foot of which is scarcely six hundred yards from the roadside, kept us spell-bound. After feasting our eyes on this heavenly scene, watching the clouds for a long while and being lost in reverie about the eternal snows and their Eternal Creator, we wended our way Geneva-wards. From Geneva, we had started in cloudy weather, but nearing Chamonix, we were very lucky, as it cleared up thus affording us a grand panorama of wonderful Alpine scenery. From a distance, Mont Blanc resembles somewhat the graceful peak of Kinchinjunga of the Himalayas, but a near view of it makes it look, in shape at least, like a single-poled Swiss cottage tent. It was about tea-time when we got back to Geneva, and we wound up the day, somewhat inconsistently, by turning to the works of man, going over the watch factory of Messrs. Vacheron and Constantine, established in 1785, where the best Geneva watches are made.

CHAPTER XXXVII

GENOA

The Journey between Geneva and Genoa—The Simplon Tunnel
—Genoa and its Sights—The Italian Riviera

IT was near midnight on the 13th of October before we reached Genoa, after an eleven hours' journey from Geneva. It would certainly have been very tedious travelling if we had not passed through the superb scenery of the Rhone valley and the beautiful Alpine Ranges.

Before getting into the Simplon Tunnel at Brieg, the engine was changed and an electric one coupled on so as to be smokeless while in the tunnel. The train went, relatively, almost fast, getting us through the ten miles in twenty minutes. At Iselle, we passed the Italian Customs House, and soon after had another glimpse of Lago Maggiore.

When we got up next morning, we found, to our disgust, that it was raining hard ; so we did not go out of our hotel till quite late in the day. The Hotel Savoy situated near the railway station and perched upon a hill looks pretty ; in front of it below, there is a nice little square, containing a colossal marble statue of Christopher Columbus, the great discoverer, who was a native of Genoa. The Genoese can claim quite a number of Italian celebrities, for Americo Vesputchi, after whom America was named, and Mazzini, were both natives of the city.

We went and saw the Royal Palace, located in the heart of the city, which contains a few fine apartments but is hardly ever used by the King of Italy. In another Palace called the Palazzo Bianco, we saw some fine specimens of Majolica ware and some good paintings. All the Genoese Palaces seem to have courtyards similar to those in houses in India called *Anginas*. We then had a peep into the Council Chamber of the Town Hall. The Church of the Annunciation is the finest in Genoa; the interior is magnificent, and the roof vaulting and dome are richly decorated with gilt cupolas and fine paintings on the ceilings. The Cathedral of San. Lorenzo is also a fine old building, the interior of which is, however, rather bare. Amongst the interesting relics in this church, there is a sarcophagus which is said to contain the remains of John the Baptist, brought away from Palestine.

In the afternoon, it began to clear up, and we drove round the quays and saw the blue Mediterranean and the harbour of Genoa. Genoa la Superba, as it is called, is certainly a fine city, though some of the quarters in it are very dirty. With its hills, with the blue Mediterranean, known as the Gulf of Genoa, and its hill-sides, it reminds one strongly of Naples, and is considered the first seaport of Italy. The small dingy houses in the midst of palatial buildings are a great eye-sore. There are several fine streets, some of them on slopes like those of Naples and Rome. Many of the private villas are palatial. In the old as well as in some of the new buildings, stucco work on the exterior seems to be much affected. Though Genoa is a great commercial centre, the cost of living is, I should say, rather high. Fortifications are to be seen all around

the hill-tops. The sea-waves beating against the rocky portions of the coast and the line of mountains stretching away to the French Riviera make a pretty picture indeed. Genoa is in what is known as the Riviera di Levante and is joined by the Riviera di Ponente. As it was quite clear towards the afternoon, we paid a visit to the famous cemetery at Staglieno, a little bit out of the city. In this Campo Santo, the tombs are arranged in a quadrangular gallery while the square inside is covered with hundreds of tombs, and, above it, many graves are to be seen in tiers on the sides of a hill. A good number of these tombs are fixed into the walls of the gallery. Some of the monuments on the graves are fine and represent allegorically mourning figures, which are much more suitable than the ludicrous statues in the cemetery of Milan. To go to the upper galleries, one has to ascend by steps, and in the centre part of it, there is a rotunda-shaped pantheon. The whole place is on a hill-side, and, from the exterior, the central dome and the galleries resemble more a church with colonnades than a cemetery. Some of the statues in Genoa, like those of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini and Columbus, are fine. The City is also famous for its silver and gold filigree work, of which I bought some very fine specimens.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

NICE

Scenery between Genoa and Nice—Nice—Occasional motor trips to Cannes, Monte Carlo and other places on the French Riviera
—Italy revisited—Grasse—Last days at Nice—Marseilles
—The Journey back to India—Return to Burdwan—Concluding Remarks

IT is a pretty railway journey from Genoa to Nice. The coast of the Mediterranean and the pretty little towns of the Italian and French Riviéras make one feel desirous to spend months exploring them. At Ventimiglia, we crossed into French territory, though Nice was at one time Italian too. Passing Mentone and Monte Carlo—fantastically illuminated—we reached Nice on the 15th October just about dinner time. That the Riviera with its palm trees, its bracing climate and its blue Mediterranean, is a sort of Garden of Eden, is a truism, nor is there any difficulty in completing the simile and finding all sorts of Adams and Eves, with the serpent hunting them in many a shape. For the Riviera with all its beauty is also a pleasure-seeker's ground, and a gambler's den. On arrival at Nice, we drove straight to the Hotel Beau Rivage on the quays. As Nice was our headquarters for the rest of our stay in Europe, and as I had asked my Irish friends to come and stay with me there, I had taken a whole wing of the hotel, and we were all very comfortable.

Next day, the 16th, my Irish friends joined us with some of the servants that I had left in charge of the good Moulvie in London.

I shall not write this chapter in a daily diary form as there were many quiet days spent at Nice, but just mention the days and events which might interest my readers and would not be out of place in this book. Many a day did we enjoy delightful walks on the Promenade des Anglais, which joined the Quay de Midi in front of our hotel. The Casino building and the bathing places on the beach at Nice are all crowded in the season. The Jardin Publique, with the little grotto in it and to the north of which are some of the principal shops and to the east the Municipal Casino, is the prettiest and the most frequented corner of the town. Here, during our stay, we heard the band playing occasionally and watched people going about and sitting out at all times of the day, excepting when the sun was too hot, which we found to be rather often the case, the glare being so strong that wearing tinted glasses was an absolute necessity. Cimiez, a part of Nice so to speak, is situated up country on a hill. Here the hotels are excellent and imposing-looking buildings, and the Grand Hotel, where the late Queen Victoria stopped in 1894 and 1896, has a tablet recording these Royal visits. Near Cimiez is a little Zoological Garden which we visited and found in rather a neglected condition. As we intended visiting Monte Carlo, we bought a roulette table and spent a few evenings at this silly game.

On the afternoon of the 17th, we motored up the steep Corniche Road, from the top of which we obtained a fine view of the Cote-d'Azur. Some of the curves on this road were to my mind quite

dangerous for motoring. Leaving the Corniche Road, we came down to Roquebrune, and then by a lower road through Monte Carlo, Condamine, Monaco, La Turbie, Beaulieu, Eze, and Ville Franche, we got back to Nice. The houses and hotels in Monte Carlo are very fine.

On the 20th, we had a motor trip by the lower road to Mentone and roamed about the beautiful woods of the Cap Martin Hotel, which is situated overlooking the sea. Our first visit to the Casino of Monte Carlo was on the afternoon of the 22nd October. The Casino gardens are prettily laid out. Admittance to this fashionable gambling den is by tickets. Girls with their hair down are not considered old enough to gamble, and are, therefore, not admitted. In my Irish friend's family there was a girl in her teens, and on the first day of our visit, she was not admitted. The next time we went she put her hair up and wore a long frock, so she got in all right; though the porter, when admitting her, smilingly remarked in French that mademoiselle had grown up in two days. The interior of the Casino is well decorated. It was an interesting sight to watch dozens of people at each table looking at the roulettes going round and round and the little fateful balls at last settling down to a number, those on "pair" or "impair," "rouge" or "noir," "passe" or "manque," as the case might be, winning, while the rest of the money on the table was scooped in by the bank croupiers with their little rakes. There were six roulette tables going on the day of our first visit, and on each there were many piles of silver and gold. This particular afternoon our party lost about ten to fifteen francs each on an average. I had taken a hundred francs with me, not actually to gamble,

but just for the fun of the thing, and I came out, that afternoon at any rate, with twenty-five francs of the bank money in my pocket. I never put anything on a number the first day. The sight was one that has remained impressed in my memory, and I can still in imagination hear the parrot-like cry of the croupiers incessantly shouting out, "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs" and "Rien ne va plus." The clinking of the glittering gold and silver pieces on the table, and the expressions of the winning and losing faces were in themselves a study. The Garden of Suicides, and the shady bits of the Casino grounds where reckless gamblers, having lost everything, went and blew their brains out, are still to be seen, but these tragedies are not allowed within the Casino grounds any more, for the bank authorities, when they find players have been financially ruined (which is notified by the detectives at the gambling tables) give the unlucky victims a thousand francs each as a *viaticum* and deport them.

On the 24th October we motored out to St. Raphael, but had to return from Cannes as the roads were under repair and motoring was impossible. We passed on the way a little town called Cagnes on a hill-top, which reminded one of Ali Masjid in the Khyber Pass, India. Antibes is very picturesque. Cannes possesses quite a host of good hotels and pensions, and any number of private villas, many of which are let. Foreigners, mostly Russian Grand-Dukes and rich Germans, come here in the season. Next to Nice, this is the biggest town on the French Riviera, but it did not strike me as a place that I would care to live in.

On our second visit to the Casino at Monte Carlo, I lost all my winnings by trying numbers, but the

young lady who, as before related, had grown up so rapidly, won nearly a couple of pounds, a clear case of beginner's luck, for being uninitiated, she just staked wherever she liked and won by pure chance. I have heard dozens say that the only way by which one can win at Monte Carlo is by chance. Anyone starting with a system is bound to be ruined sooner or later, for the system of the bank started by the clever head of Monsieur Blanc is one that cannot be beaten.

My friends Col. French-Mullen and family while staying with me at Nice had contemplated an Italian tour, and finding that there was not much going on at Nice, and as the touring spirit was still on me, I joined them and revisited Italy. We left Nice on the morning of the 25th October, returning on the 3rd of November. We spent two days at Genoa, and on the 27th October we got to Florence by the Pisa route, thus affording me an opportunity of having a distant view of the famous Leaning Tower, which looks like a Mahommedan Taboot or Tazia. While at Florence we went to the Verdi Theatre to witness "Aida," which was beautifully staged and sung. On the 30th October, amidst a terrible downpour, we ran into Venice, but our whole stay there was spoiled by rain. The canals were full to the brim, and the Square of St. Mark's was flooded on the next night during a terrific storm, the force of the wind breaking nearly every window pane in the hotel. The Mediterranean littoral is rather subject to these sudden hurricanes. The *mistral* is an aerial current of frightful rapidity which sweeps up the valley of the Rhone.

The afternoon of the next day saw us at Milan. The Exhibition was still on, though things had

begun to look shabby and weatherworn. This second visit to Italy was very interesting to me, for, not only was it a pleasure to see these beautiful cities again, but, having visited them once, I was able to act as a sort of guide to my friends, and was pleased to find that I had not forgotten much of what I had seen during May. The evening we paid our last visit to Monte Carlo and its Casino I was cheated by a lady who claimed my stake, and not wanting to make a fuss, I let my winnings go. This is an example of those cases mentioned in Sir Hiram Maxim's book, in which he speaks of the many habitués who make a living by regularly claiming other people's winnings whenever they see the least chance of "bluffing" them. The trente et quarante tables were as usual piled with any number of twenty-five franc gold pieces. This was a game I did not understand nor indulge in. At one of the tables I noticed a lady, beautifully dressed, laden with jewellery, and quite handsome, though not in her first youth, and evidently well-known in the Casino, staking heavily time after time, and on each occasion losing about a hundred francs ; but though all the time that I was there she seemed to be losing every stake, not a muscle of her face moved, and she went on nonchalantly, as though nothing the least disconcerting was taking place. Monte Carlo, no doubt, grows on one, and some of the types of habitual gamblers one notices at these roulette tables are really interesting. All the three days that we were there I noticed an old crippled consumptive man gambling, and I was told that he came in every morning and remained in the Casino until it closed for the day. Seeing him, a friend of mine remarked to me that this was probably a good way to die ; to

go on staking and staking, until the hand could rise no more, nor the voice shout out "La premiere douze, numero pleine," or some such gambling expression, and when the lifeless form had been taken out of the room, perhaps the spirit would be left still to hover over the roulette table,—a gruesome conception, but typical of the *genius loci*. Indeed the way people sit at these tables from morning till evening and gamble without stopping, makes one wonder whether they are devils or human beings, and the Casino a living hell or a fools' paradise. This last visit of ours was paid purposely in the evening to hear the concert in the combined Theatre and Concert Hall. The orchestral music here was splendid. The decorations within this hall, particularly over the stage, are most satirical. Painted devils with golden tongues, paintings of men and women worshipping the golden calf, and nude women in almost indecent postures holding coffers of gold on their heads, are very much in evidence. These are satires on the folly of gambling, and yet this is the hell that invites one to degradation. Monte Carlo, in the little principality of Monaco, has a naive law which forbids all natives to gamble (they are not even allowed to enter the Casino.) If its own inhabitants are to be protected against this ruinous vice some restraint might be devised for "the strangers within their gates." Even the Devil has his own ideas of propriety.

The 10th November saw a party of us motoring out to Grasse. Snow lay on some of the mountain peaks, the road we travelled being hilly, and in places very steep and narrow, and looking down into precipitous gorges and ravines. From Cagnes we worked inland, and, passing Le-Bar, we got to

Grasse, with the lovely valleys below a mass of exquisitely scented flowers and blossoms. Nearly all the flowers required for perfumes are grown here, dried, compressed, boxed and trained to Paris, and other places. Grasse is a pretty little place with quite a number of private villas. Leaving Grasse, we motored through the valley to Cagnes, and late in the evening got back to Nice.

The Prefect of Nice, M. Jolly, with his daughter and Secretary, who had given us the pleasure of their company at luncheon a few days before, kindly called for us next day and took us in motors to one of the fortifications near Nice, perched up on a hill-top. The road leading to this place was very steep and zigzaggy, and the motors did wonders, for we got to a height of two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. The fort of d'Aspremont on the top of Mount Chauve is grandly situated. We went round the fortifications, saw the guns, shells, magazines and the barracks. We also got a splendid view of the snowy range known as the Maritime Alps. We were told that from this place, on a fine day, the Island of Corsica was clearly visible, and at the time of our visit arrangements for putting up heliographs here and at Corsica were in progress, which, when completed, would enable the men up in the Fort to communicate with the soldiers in Corsica. From the Fort we could plainly see how very carefully the surrounding country was fortified. On our way back we were all invited to the Prefecture, where we had tea with Monsieur and Madame Jolly and family, and met an Italian Duke and Duchess; the latter, though an English lady, spoke her mother tongue with a foreign accent, and strange to say, she turned out to be the niece of Sir William Ward, a

former Chief Commissioner of the Province of Assam in India.

The Palace at Monaco, belonging to the Prince, is a nice building with fresco work on its exterior walls and has a big court-yard inside. We paid a visit to this place on the 12th. The Prince was away, for, being a great oceanologist, he does a great deal of yachting, and we saw near the Palace a fine building under construction, which, when completed, was to hold a collection of sea-treasures and an Aquarium. The Casino at Monte Carlo gives the Prince an allowance of eighty thousand pounds a year from its winnings.

Before leaving Nice, we paid a visit to the ruined Chateau, and an artificial waterfall on the top of a hill, one of the favourite sights. I remember buying at this place quite a number of quaintly shaped pumpkins. Throughout our stay the weather was fine, excepting when we were in Italy, when those of my party whom I had left behind had a rough experience, the sea waves coming right into the ground floor of our hotel. Just a day or two before our departure from Nice we got a touch of cold weather.

On the 14th November, we all left for Marseilles, reaching there in the evening, and stopped at the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix. The 15th we devoted to sight-seeing. We began with Cook's Office, close by, where I had to make the final arrangements for departure on the morrow, and then we walked about the dirty streets of Marseilles with its motley crowd. Marseilles is a big place with quite a number of fine buildings, but the beggar nuisance here is almost as bad as in India. In the afternoon we drove out to the lift which took us up to the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, a fine edifice on the top of a huge

hill of chalk and rock formation combined. From here we obtained a fine view of the city and its harbour, and within the latter, of the little Island with a chateau called the Chateau d'If, so much mentioned in Dumas' *Monte-Cristo*. The lift up to the church is ingenious, and goes up on the side of the rock. Later on we took a drive through the town, passing by the Colonial Exhibition grounds, and had a look into the public park of Marseilles. This was our last day in Europe proper.

Next morning, the 16th November, after spending six and a half delightful, instructive and enjoyable months in Europe, we left the harbour of Marseilles for India, with no small regret departing from European soil.

It was a strange coincidence that the P. & O.S.S. "China" was also an Australia-bound boat, and we had colonial passengers on our voyage back to Mother India, just as on our journey to Europe. I spent most of my time on board playing "Patience" and collecting the notes that have been recorded here in these "Impressions." On the 18th, we passed through the Straits of Messina. Stromboli was in action, but it being night time, we hardly saw anything of Sicilian soil. On the 20th we got to Port Said, and, as the steamer moored here for a couple of hours, we drove round the place with its one main street. The Arab town, or native quarter, as it is called, is very dirty. We had lunch at the Savoy Hotel on the quays and then returned to our boat. We did not leave till three in the afternoon, and, from our steamer we witnessed a free fight on the quays between the Somali and Port Said Arabs. The affray sprang up, so to speak, out of nothing, and in a few minutes we saw hundreds running, shouting and

throwing stones at one another ; then suddenly all of them made for the Treasury Gate. A few armed Policemen soon came up and dispersed the crowd, arresting a few of the ringleaders, whereupon the rest returned to their work and all was quiet. These little street fights are, I believe, of almost everyday occurrence amongst these excitable people. In the Suez Canal, we saw some wonderful mirages and a glorious sunset. Next morning, we got to Suez. On the evening of the 25th, we reached Aden, had dinner on board the "China" and then about seventy of us transhipped on to the "Oriental". The Australians cheered us as we left, and we returned the cheer heartily. On account of the arrival of mails and baggage, our steamer did not get off till near midnight. On the return journey, one of the fellow passengers on board, with whom I had many a delightful chat, was Lord Massereene, an Irish Peer who had just succeeded to the title, and having been in the Indian Army, was coming to India to take away his belongings. He seemed to be a keen politician, with quite sober views for an Irishman. On the 30th November, at 3 p. m. Bombay was sighted, and we got into the harbour at 4.30 p. m.

It was indeed a pleasure to see the shores of one's native land again. I had brought Mr. Mantelli, our courier in Europe, to visit India. So, at Bombay, new experiences for him began, while ours ended. We left on the evening of the 1st December, and got to Madhupur on the East Indian Railway. Here we made a halt for that day so as to get to Burdwan in the morning, as, on reaching Bombay, I had a request by wire from some of my townsmen to arrive in the morning as they wanted to accord me a welcome on my return from Europe, a wel-

come which I shall long remember for more reasons than one. Next morning, the 4th December, at the Railway Station of Burdwan, I had a reception that I had hardly anticipated, my fellow townsmen having gone to the trouble of decorating the town and putting up arches, which made the place wear a gala look.

Thus ended a tour long to be remembered and cherished ; which has educated me in a way only possible by travel, and has left in me a strong hope of repeating experiences which instruct and elevate the mind, and take away many a hidebound and narrow view of life.



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